

THE
Glorious LOVE R.
A
DIVINE POEM,

Upon the Adorable Mystery of
Sinners Redemption.

By B. K. Author of *War with the Devil*.

The Third Edition with Additions; and Illustrated with Copper Cuts, relating to the chief passages in the Book.

O thou that wert the King of Heav'n and Earth
How poorly wert thou attended at thy Birth!
A Manger was thy Cradle, and a Stable
Thy privy Chamber, Mary's knees thy Table:
Thieves were thy Courtiers, and the Cross thy
(Throne.
Thy diet Gall, a wreath of Thorns thy Crown.
All this the King of Glory endur'd and more,
To make us Kings that were but Slaves before.

John 3. 16. *For God so loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*

John 15. 13. *Greater Love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his Friends.*

L O N D O N,
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The PROEM.

YOU Gentle Youths, whose chaster Breasts do bear
 With pleasing Raptures, & Love's generous hear;
 And Virgins kind! from whose unguarded Eyes
 Passion oft steals your hearts by sound surprize;
 All you who Amorous Stories gladly hear,
 And feed your wand'ring Fancies by the Ear;
 Those treacherous Delights a while lay by,
 And lend attention to our History:
 A History with Love and Wonders fill'd,
 Such as nor Greece nor Rome could ever yield.
 So great the Subject, lofty the Design,
 Each part is Sacred, and the whole Divine.
 If you its worth and nature well shall weigh,
 'Twill charm your Ear, your best Affections sway,
 And in 'dark Minds spring an Eternal Day.
 My Muse is rais'd beyond a vulgar flight:
 For Cherubs boast to sing of what I write.
 I write---- But 'tis, alas, with trembling hand:
 For who those boundless Depths can understand?
 Those Mysteries unveil, which Angels do
 With dread Amaze desire to look into?

Thou glorious Being! from whose Bounty flows
 All good that Man, or does, or speaks, or knows;
 Whose Altars once mean Turtles entertain'd,
 And from the mouths of Babes hast strength ordain'd;
 Purge with thy Beams my over-clouded mind;
 Direct my Pen, my Intellect refine,
 That I thy matchless Triumphs may endite,
 And live in a due sense of what I write.

And you, dear Sirs, that shall vouchsafe to read,
 Charity's Mantle o're my failings spread.
 High is my Theme, but weak and short my Sight;
 My Eyes oft dazzled with Excess of Light.
 Yet something here perhaps may please each Guest;
 'Tis Heavenly Manna, though but homely drest.

The Proem.

Paul became all to All : and I would try
By this Essay of mystick Poesy,
To win their Fancies, whose harmonious Brains
Are better pleas'd with soft and measur'd strains.
A Verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprize-----
Convert Delight into a Sacrifice.-----
How many do their precious time abuse
On cursed products of a wanton Muse ;
On trifling Fables, and Romances vain,
The poisned froth of some infected Brain ?
Which only tend to nourish Rampant Vice,
And to Profaneness easie Youth entice ;
Gilt o're with Wit, ~~black~~ Venom in they take,
And 'midst gay Flowers hug the lurking Snake.
Here's no such danger, but all pure and chaste ;
A Love most fit by Saints to disbrac'd :
A Love 'bove that of Women : Beauty, such,
As none can be enamour'd on too much .
Read then, and learn to love truly by this,
Until thy Soul can sing (Raptur'd in Bliss)
My Well-beloved's mine, and I am his.

Samuel Johnson

BOOK

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

The Excellencies and Perfections of the glorious King, the Lord JEHOVAH, discovered: Shewing how he had but one Son, the express Image of the Father, the delight and joy of his Heart; and of the glorious and eternal Design of this most High and Everlasting JEHOVAH to dispose of his Son in Marriage. Moreover, how the matter was propounded by the Father and whom he had chose to be the intended Spouse. Shewing also how the Prince readily consented to the Proposal; and of his first grand and glorious Achievements in order to the Accomplishment of this happy Design.

IN the fair Regions of approachless Light,
Where unmixt Joys with perfect Love unite;
Where youth ne're wasts, nor beauty ever fades;
Where no disease, nor paining-grief, invades;
There reigns, and long hath reign'd, a mighty
From whom all Honours, and all Riches spring (King
His vast Dominions reach from Pole to Pole,
No Realm nor Nation but he could controul;
So great his Pow'r, there never yet could be,
An absolute Monarch in the World but he.
What e're seem'd good to him, he freely did,
And nothing from his piercing Eye was hid.
To him the mighty Nimrods all did bow,
And none durst boldly question, What dost thou?
Justice and wisdom waited on his Throne,
And Through the World his Clemency was known.
His Glory so Illustrious and Bright,
It sparkled forth, and dazled Mortals sight.
Immense his Being; for in every Land
He present was, and by each Soul did stand.

No Spies he needed for Intelligence
 In Foreign parts, to bring Tydings thence.
 And vain to him was Court-diffemblers Art,
 He saw each corner of the subtlest heart,
 View'd acts unborn, and plain discoveries wrought
 Ere labouring Fancy once could mould a Thought,
 Beheld mens minds clearly, as were their faces,
 And uncontain'd, at once did fill all Places;
 His awful frown could make the Mountains shake,
 And Stoutest heart of Haughty Princes quake.
 All things were his, who did them first compose,
 And by his wisdom doth them still dispose;
 To serve his Friends, and to destroy his Foes.
 His Azure Throne with Holiness is spread,
 The pure in heart alone his Court may tread;
 No vicious Gallant, Proud, Imperious, Vain,
 In Court, nor Kingdom will he entertain.
 He's th' essence of true Vertue, spotless, pure,
 And no ungodly one can he endure.
 No wicked person to him dares draw nigh.
 Though ne're so Rich, so Mighty, or so High;
 'Tis Righteousness his blessed Throne Maintains,
 Who all Injustice utterly disdains;
 Nay, Holiness doth this great Sovereign cloath,
 And such as wear it not, his Soul doth loath.
 But above all the Glories which did wait
 Upon this High and Peerless Potentate:
 His Pity did the most transcendent prove,
 Matchless his Power, but greater still his Love;
 Such bowels of Compassion ne're were known,
 Nor e're such proofs of vast Affection shown;
 His kindness beyond all that Pen can write,
 Or Heart conceive, or nimblest Brain indite.
 This Sovereign Love our wondrous Subject brings.
 Our Hist'ry from those melting Ardours springs.
 For this great King had a most lovely Son,
 And had indeed no more save only one,
 Who was begotten by him, and brought forth
 Ere Heav'ns blue curtains did surround the Earth;
 Before

Before the World's foundations yet were laid,
Times glass turn'd up, or the Sun's course displaid,
This Prince was brought up with him, and did lye,
In his dear Bosom from Eternity.

He was his only Joy, and hearts delight,
Who ever did behold him in his sight.
And as he made his Father's heart most glad,
He was sole Heir to all the Father had ;
Who freely gave all things into his Hand,
And made him Ruler over every Land,
Designing still to raise his Dignity
Above each Earthly Prince, or Monarchy,
And him intitle with a glorious Name,
Which none of all the Heav'nly Host dare claim.
What glory is there in each Seraphim !

Yet must they all do Homage unto him ;
The Cherubims likewise must all submit,
And humbly worship at his Royal Feet.
With trembling Reverence ; for he doth bear
The expresse Image of his Father dear ;
And his Majestick Glory doth unfold,
Too bright for any Creature to behold,
Until transform'd into an Heav'nly mould.

The Lustre of his Face, the loveliness
Of compleat Beauty, and of Holiness.
His Personal Sweetness, and Perfections rare,
No tongue of men, or Angels, can declare :
For, 'tis recorded by unerring Pen,

He fairer was than all the Sons of men.

Which in its proper place will more appear :
But mind at present what doth follow here.

This mighty King, whose Glories thus did shine,
Had long on foot a very great Design,
Which was, in Marriage to dispose this Son,
The blessedst Work that ever could be done :
This Secret then to him he does disclose,
And whom for him he had already chose,
Tells him the way, and means, whereby to bring
About this strange and most important thing ;

What

What he must do ; and all things doth declare:
 To which the Son doth lend attentive ear,
 Who never did his Father disobey,
 Nor him displease, would not in this say nay?
 But straight-way shew'd with joy & chearful mind
 He was that way himself long time inclin'd :
 For with a Heav'nly smile he made reply,
 That Creature is the Jewel of mine eye.
 Great King of Kings, thy Sacred Sovereign Will
 With greatest joy I'm ready to fulfil.
 My heart's inflam'd with love, and will be pain'd
 Till she for my imbraces be obtain'd,
 With secret transports long have I design'd
 That happy Match in my Eternal mind,
 To people with a new and holy Race
 Th' Immortal Mansions of this Glorious Place.
 Such is the Love which unto her I have,
 'Tis strong as Death, and lasts beyond the Grave.
 Where e're she be (for well I understand
 She's spirited of late to a strange Land)
 Winged with Love I'll search the World about,
 And leave no place unsought to find her out.
 If any Foe doth Captive her detain,
 I'll be her rescue, and knock off her Chain:
 Or, if half stifled, she in Prison lye,
 I'll break the Bars, and give her liberty.
 I will refuse no Labour, nor no pain,
 Thee (dearest Soul !) into my Arms to gain.
 Such was this Prince's love, and now tis fit
 We tell you who the object was of it.

Within the Limits of the Holy Land,
 Whose Glory once shone forth on every hand ;
 And near the Borders of rare *Hazelah*,
 Where Creatures of each kind first breath did draw ;
 Where *Pilon's* streams with *Euphrates* did meet ;
 Where did abound all joy and Comfort sweet,
 Without the least perplexity or wo ;
 Where *Bdelium* and the *Onyx Stone* did grow ;
 Did a most choice and lovely Garden lye,
 Renowned much for its antiquity :

For Sacred Story has proclaim'd its name,
And rais'd up *Trophies* to its lasting fame.
Within that Garden dwelt in Ancient time
A very lovely Creature in her Prime,
Mirror of Beauty, and the World's chief glory,
Whose rare composure did out-vy all Story:
Fair as the Lilly, e're rude hands have toucht it:
Or snow unfa'n, before the Earth hath smoucht it:
The perfectt work which wondring Heav'n could
Of Nature's Volumn, blest Epitome; (see,
Her glorious Beauty, and Admired Worth,
What Mortal tongue is able to set forth?
True Vertue was the Object of her will,
There was no stain in her, no Feature ill,
No scarr, nor blemish, seen in any part?
Her Judgment uncorrupt, and pure her Heart?
Her *thoughts* were noble, *words* most wise, not lavish;
Her natural sweetness was enough to ravish
All that beheld her; from her sparkling Eye,
A thousand Charms, a thousand Graces fly:
No evil passion harbour'd in her breast,
Or with bold Mutinies disturb'd her rest; }
For what's not born yet, needs not be repress.
Her Lineage Noble, of such high degree,
None e're could boast a greater Pedigree:
A Dowry too she had, a fair Estate,
Conferr'd upon her at an easy Rate.
In brief, in all Indowments she did shine,
Stampt with his Image, who is all Divine:
But that which most unto her bliss did add,
Was the great Honour which some time she had,
Of the sweet presence of a glorious King,
From whom alone true Happines doth spring;
He oft declar'd her his grand Favourite,
And that with her was his endear'd delight:
For precious love to her burn'd in his heart,
And nothing thought too dear for to impart,
Or unto her most freely to bestow,
Of all the Treasures he had here below.

This

This was her state at first, none can gain-say ;
 But then, mark what befel her on a day.
 She did not long in this condition stand,
 Before a cursed and most traiterous Band
 Of Rebels, who shook off Allegiance,
 And 'gainst their Sovereign did bold Arms advance ;
 Intic'd her to their Party, and destroy'd
 All those rare Priviledges she enjoy'd.
 Which grand offence did so the King displease,
 That she his wrath by no means could appease ;
 Nor had she any Friend to speak a word,
 To stay the Tortures of the Flaming Sword.
 No purpose 'twas, alas ! for her to plead,
 Why Sentence should not against her proceed ;
 Who well knew in her conscience 'twas but right
 She should thenceforth be banisht from his sight,
 And his most glorious Face behold no more,
 As she with Joy had seen it heretofore.
 The rightful Sentence passed, though severe,
 Which might strike dead the trembling Soul to hear,
 Exil'd she was from him with fearful Ire,
 And laid obnoxious to Eternal fire :
 Turn'd out of all her Glory with a curse,
 No state of Mortal Creatures could be worse.
 And now she's forc'd to wander to and fro,
 Finding no rest, nor knowing what to do.
 A foreign soil, alas ! she must seek out,
 And where to hide her self she looks about.
 A wretched Fugitive she straight became,
 A shame unto her self, to all a shame,
 Yet this vile wretched Creature, so forlorn,
 The Subject of contempt and general scorn,
 She she's the Object of this Prince's Love,
 She 'tis to whom his warm Affections move.
 'Twas in her fallen state he cast his eye,
 Although he lov'd her from Eternity.
 Who wandering thus into a Foreign Land,
 Far off of him : he soon did understand
 There was no other thing for him to do,
 But must a Journey take, and thither go.

If he'll accomplish this his great Design,
Of making Love, a Love that's most divine.

The Father now doth part with his dear Son,
Who's all on fire, and zealous to be gone :
And what though it a grievous Journey be,
Its bitterness he is resolv'd to see.

His high Achievements nothing shall prevent,
His mind and purpose is so fully bent.
That he in his own Kingdom will not stay
One Minute after the appointed Day.

But that you may more fully yet discover
The matchless flames of this most glorious Lover,
Permit us to present unto your view,
The Court he left, the Dungeon he went to.

The Kingdom, where this High-born Prince did
All other Countries vastly doth excel, (dwell,
Its Glory splendid is and infinite,
It cannot be beheld with fleshly sight.

Ten thousand Suns, ten thousand times more bright
Than ours is, could never give such light.

None ever there beheld a Cloud, nor shall ;

Nor ever was there any Night at all.

No cold or heat did ever there displease

No pain nor sorrow there, nor no disease.

No thirst nor hunger there, do any know,

Nor any foes to seek their overthrow,

Disturb their peace, or them i'th least annoy ;

Nor is there any Devil to destroy.

And if one would that Kingdom search about,

There is no finding of one poor Man out.

No sooner any such do thither get,

But on their Heads a glorious Crown is set.

Congratulating Angels round them wait,

And cloath them all in long white Robes of State.

They live in boundless Bliss, with such content,

It raises Joy unto a Ravishment.

There's Rivers too of Pleasures, fill'd to th' Brim,

In which the Prophets and Apostles swim.

There Beauty fadeth not, nor Strength decays ;

No weary old Age, neither end of Days.

Impossible

Impossible it is for them to dye,
 Whose Souls have tasted Immortality.
 All there is Love, and Sempiternal Joys,
 Whose sweetness neither gluts, nor fullness cloyes.
 Friends always by ; for absence is not known,
 Their loss, or departure, none can bemoan,
 Within the confines of this blisful Land
 There doth a spacious foursquare City stand,
 The noblest Structure 'tis that e're was rais'd,
 By men admired, or by Angels prais'd.
 The Founder of it was a mighty King ;
 Yet without hands 'twas built, amazing thing !
 As for th' Marterials, which did it prepare
 From a good Author this description hear
 ' The Luke-waam Blood of a dear Lamb being spilt,
 ' To Rubies turn'd, whereof its parts were built,
 ' And what dropt down in a kind gellied Gore,
 ' Became rich *Saphier*, and did pave her Floor.
 ' The Brighter flames that from his *Eyeballs* ray'd,
 ' Grew *Chrysolites*, whereof walls were made.
 ' The Milder glances sparkled on the ground,
 ' And groundfil'd every Door with *Diamond* :
 ' But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
 ' A Battelment of purest *Sardonex*.
 ' Its Streets with Burnisht *Gold* are paved round,
 ' Stars lye like *Pebbles* scattered on the ground.
 ' Pearl mixt with *Onyx*, and the *Jasper* Stone,
 ' The *Citizens* do always tread upon.
 Here he with's Father in great state did sit,
 Whilst Millions bow'd themselves unto his Feet.
 Here 'twas he kept his Court, here was his Throne,
 From hence through all the World his Glory shone,
 And if ought could unto his Greatness add,
 Mark what a rich Retinue there he had.
 He Servants kept of very high Degree,
 Who did bow down to him continually
 Though they were Nobles all, and far more high
 Than proudest of the *Roman* Monarchy ;
 And mighty great in Power too are they ;
 For one alone did no less Number slay

Than

Than near two hundred thousand in one night,
 Of valiant Souldiers, trained up to fight.
 These Troops still ready stood at his command,
 To execute his will in every Land.
 Of them he'd an Innnumerable Host,
 Though some of them in ancient times were lost :
 Yet the selected number Millions were,
 Who still to him do true Allegiance bear :
 True Love and Zeal burn'd in their breasts, like fire ;
 To do his Will's their business and desire :
 'Tis his great Int'rest which they wholly mind,
 Aiding his Friends, whose welfare they design'd :
 And likewise evermore to frustrate those,
 Who did their Prince's Sovereignty oppose.
 Their Nature's quick and clear, as Beams of light :
 Creatures too pure for Mortals grosser sight.
 And if we shall consider well their worth,
 Meer Empty Nothings are all Kings o'th' Earth,
 When to these Servants they compared be ;
 So much excells their glorious Dignity.
 What of their Sovereign Lord then shall we say,
 On whom they do attend both night and day ?
 When they before his dazling Throne appear,
 Their Heav'nly faces straightway cover'd are ;
 As if not able on his Face to look ;
 Or else with glorious blushings, Heaven-struck.

Such, such his Court, such his Attendants were :
 Who could with this great Prince of light compare ?
 Oh what celestial Glory didst thou leave,
 Almost beyond mans credence to believe !
 That thou shouldst thus thy Fathers house forsake,
 And such a tedious dismal Journey make !
 Could not that charming Melody above,
 Allure thy thoughts, and hinder thy remove ? }
 Oh no ! there's nothing can retard thy Love. }
 Hark how the glorious *Seraphims* do sing,
 Whose warbling notes do make the Heavens ring !
 What Mortals ever did such Musick hear ?
 Spirits made perfect, are quite raviht there.

Oh! how they listen whilst the Strains rise higher,
And joyning gladly with th' All-charming Quire,
Sing forth a loud, inspired with his flame,
All Glory, Glory, Glory, to his Name,
One strain of this Celestial Harmony,
Could Mortals hear, they soon would thither fly:
They straight would shake off all their carnal shackles
And quit these dull and loathsome Tabernacles;
Like towring Larks, still upwards would they soar,
And ravished, would think of Earth no more:
Or like to herds of Cattle, great and small,
They'd leave their feedings, and run thither all.
But yet could not this lovely Paradise,
These Honours, or this Melody intice
The love-sick Prince unto a longer stay,
So much he longed for the Marriage day:
Nothing could his Design divert, or move;
So constant was he in his Royal Love.

His Travels next will you be pleas'd to hear
Which raises wonder in me to declare.
Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
Of Angel-measur'd Leagues from th' Eastern shore:
Of Dunghil Earth this glorious Prince did come.
Did ever Lover go so far from Home
To seek a Spouse? What brave Heroick Spirit
That e're did love of vertuous Princess merit,
Would not have found his trembling heart to ake,
So vast an Enterprize to undertake;
Such dangers to expose himself unto,
Such pleasure, and such glory to fore-go!

But some 'tis like may ask a question here,
Unto what Parts or Region did he steer?
Or whither did he travel, whither go?
A very needful thing for all to know.
Was't to some *Goshen*-Land, of precious Light?
Or into some *Elysian* Fields, which might
With Boundless Pleasures thither him invite?
Was it a Kingdom somewhat like his own
For Bliss and Glory? or what kind of one

Was this ſtrange Land, to which this Lover went,
To find the Soul, forc'd into Banishment ?

Alas ! dear Sirs ! this may you ſtill amaze,
And to a higher Pitch your wonder raiſe.
As far as Darkneſs differs from the Light,
Or doleſome Earth falls ſhort of Heaven ſo bright ;
As Heavens higher are than Earth or Seas,
A thouſand times, ten thouſand of Degrees ;
So far that place where this ſweet Prince did dwell
The other (to which he travelld) did excel.
As that tranſcends for lovelineſs moſt rare,
So this in wickedneſs exceeds compare.

Egypt was once a dark and doleſome place,
When no one could behold his Brother's face.
Though there the ſacred ſtories plainly tellt,
The darkneſs was ſo great, it might be felt.
Yet was that but a figure, you muſt know,
Of the black horror of this Land of Wo,
Whither the wretched wandring Soul was gone,
And whence her Lover now muſt fetch her home :
It was indeed an howling Wilderneſs,
A Region of diſpair, and all diſtreſs :

Where *Dragons, Wolves, Lyons*, and ravenous Beaſts
Had their cloſe Dens, and Birds of Prey their Neſts.
Beſides, throughout the ruined Land
A Black and fearful King had great Command,
Who had revolted many years before
From his Liege Lord, and to him ſince has bore
Moſt cruel ſpight and curſ'd malignity,
Aſſuming to himſelf the Sovereignty ;
The greatſt Uſurper that e're being had :
Sylla, nor *Nero* never were ſo bad.

For 'tis well known he was the original Syre
Of Tyrants all, and taught them to aſpire ;
Ambitious through the World to ſpread his Arms,
He fill'd the Earth with Blood and ſad Alarms :
And like a ravenous Lyon rang'd about
To ſeek his Prey, and find new Conqueſts out.
Full of State-Policies, and Subtil wiles :
Where's Force attempts in vain, his Fraud beguiles.

Most cruel to those Slaves he can betray,
 And yet the Fools, besotted to his sway,
 Court their own ruine, and blindly obey. }
 His Ancient Lord he hated most of all,
 And such as were his offspring, great and small,
 He was resolv'd to be reveng'd upon, }
 And them for to destroy e're he had done,
 From whence his name was call'd *Apollyon*. }
 A name which doth his Nature full express,
 And you of him thereby may further guess.
 This greedy *Dragon*, hungry of his prey,
 With *wide-stretch'd Jaws* stood waiting for the day,
 When this dear Prince should come; nay for the hour,
 That so he might him instantly devour.
 Oh Tyrant Love! dost thou no pity take!
 Wilt thou the *PHENIX* of both Worlds thus make
 A prey to such a Fiend, who by some snare
 Hopes to entrap this long-expected Heir,
 And then to take Possession, and alone
 Rule on an undisturbed Hellish Throne?
 See how the Troops of his Infernal Power
 Combine, this Sacred Person to devour.
 Needs must that be a sad and dismal Land,
 Where this damn'd Monster hath so great Comand.
 What Prince would come from such a Mount of bliss
 Unto a Cave, where Poysonous Serpents hiss?
 Come from his Father's Bosom where he lay,
 To be the *Wolves* and *Dragons* chiefeſt prey?
 To leave his glorious Robes and Cloath of Gold,
 And cloathed be with Raggs and Garments old!
 From ruling Men and Devils, now to be
 Tempted by both of them, scarce ever free?
 To leave a Paradice of all Delight,
 And come into a Land as black as night?
 A glorious Crown and Kingdom to forsake,
 That he his Bed might on a Dunghil make?
 To leave a sweet and quiet Habitation,
 To come into a rude distracted Nation?
 Where Wars, Blood, and Miseries abound,
 Where neither Truth, nor Faith, nor Peace is found?

To

• To leave his Friends, who loved him most dear,
 To dwell with such as mortal hatred bear
 To him, and to his blessed Father, and
 All such as do for them most faithful stand?
 To come so many Millions of long miles
 To be involv'd in Troubles and sad Broils?
 And all this for a creature poor and vile,
 A Traiterous Vagabond, and in Exile?
 Yea, one that still remain'd a stubborn foe,
 Hating both him and his blest Father too?
 Who ponders all in extasy, can't miss
 To cry out, *Oh! what manner of Love is this?*
 Sure this is Love that may our Souls amaze,
 And to the height our wondring Spirits raise,
 In grateful Hymns to celebrate its praise.

C H A P. II.

*Shewing what entertainment the Prince of Light met with
 at his first arrival. How there being no room for him
 in the Inn, he was forced to lie in the Stable, and
 make his bed in the Manger. As also how he having
 laid aside his Glorious and Princely Robes, was not
 known by the people of that Country; and how he was
 wronged, and abominably abused by them.*

A Wake my Muse! I hear the Prince is come;
 Go and attend him, view the very Room
 Where he at first doth lodge: see how they treat
 A King, whose Pow'r is so exceeding great.
 Much Rumour of his coming, I am told,
 Was spread abroad amongst them there of old,
 And many waiting for him, long'd to see
 What kind of King and Person he should be.
 Oh! what provision now to entertain
 Him did they make? my Soul's in grievous pain
 To hear of this. Doth not the Trumpet sound,
 And Joy and melody sweetly abound.

14 *The Prince of Light his bad Entertainment.*

P'th hearts of all, who heard of this good News ?
 How did they carry't to him, or how use
 This lovely One, whom Angels do adore,
 And Glorious Seraphims fall down before ?
 Ah ! how methinks should they now look about-
 Some curious stately Structure to find out,
 Some Prince's Palace for his Residence,
 Or strong fair Castle for his safe Defence !
 Don't people leap for Joy, whil'st Angels sing,
 To welcome in their long expected King ?
 Do not the Conduits through all streets combine ;
 Instead of Water wholly to run Wine ?
 Do not great Swarms of people 'bout him fly,
 Like to some strange and glorious Prodigy ?
 What dost thou say, my Muse, Art wholly mute ?
 Doth this not with thy present purpose suit ?
 Ah ! yes, it does, but how shal't be express'd ?
 The grief that seizes on my panting Breast,
 My heart into a trembling fit doth fall,
 To think how he contemned was of all.
 The Savage Monsters did this Prince reject,
 And treat him with affronts and disrespect :
 When he for them had taken all this pain,
 They neither would him know nor entertain :
 The very Inn, where first he went to lie,
 For to vouchsafe him Lodging did deny.
 No Room (alas !) had they ; but if 'twere so
 He would be there, to th' Stable he must go.
 To th' Stable then goes he contentedly,
 Without the least reflection or reply.
 The silly Ass, and labouring Ox must be
 Companions now to Sacred Royalty ;
 Expos'd by Greater Brutes, he must (alas)
 Take up with the Dull Ox, and painful Ass,
 Who their great Maker and Preserver was ;
 And in the Manger's forc'd to make his Bed,
 Without one Pillow to support his Head.
 Let Heav'n astonisht, Earth amazed be
 At this ungrateful Inhumanity :

Let

Let Seas rise up in heaps, and after quit
Their Course, these Barbarous people to affright.
Oh ! what a mighty condescension's here !
What story may with this, *wish this*, compare ?
Is this the entertainment they afford !
And this a Palace for so great a Lord !
Is this their kindness to so dear a friend !
Do they him to a filthy Stable send !
Is that a Chamber suiting his Degree !
Or fit the Manger should allotted be,
For him to lay his Glorious Body in,
(Of whom the Prophet saith *he knew no Sin* ?)
Whose Footstool's Earth, and Heaven is his Throne,
What ne're a better Bed for such an one !
That has so vast a Journey undertook,
And for their sakes such Glory too forsook !
Is this great Prince with such mean Lodging pleas'd,
So that he may of love-sick pains be eas'd !
O what a Lover's this ! Almighty Love !
How potently dost thou affections move ?
What shall a Prince be thus o'come by thee,
And brought into contempt to this degree !
Sure this may melt an heart of hardest Stone,
When 'tis consider'd well and thought upon.
But no less worthy note is it to hear
The manner how this Sovereign did appear.
Was it in Pomp end outward Splendor bright ?
Which doth the sensual heart of man invite,
To cast a view, and deep respect to show,
As unto haughty Monarchs here they do :
Like to a Prince, or like himself, did he
His beams display that every eye might see
In his blest Face most radiant Majesty }
No, no, so far was he from being proud,
That he thought fit his Glories all to shroud ; }
And, like the Sun, envelop'd in a Cloud,
Did veil his Heav'nly Lustre, would not make
Himself of Reputation, for the sake
Of that poor Soul he came for to seek out :
He saw 'twas good, that he might work about,

His blest Design, himself thus to deny;
And shew a pattern of humility.
His glorious Robes he freely did lay off,
Though thereby made th' object of men's scoff,
Who viewing his despised mean condition;
Welcom'd him with contempt, scorn, and derision:
For 'twas i'th' form of a poor servant he
Appear'd to all, the very low'st degree,
Which amongst all the sons of *Adam* are
And doth not this still wondrous Love declare!
The people of that Country too I find
To gross mistakes so readily inclin'd,
They judg'd him a poor Carpenters Son born,
And stigmatiz'd him with it in great scorn,
Nay, some affirm he worked at the Trade,
For which they did him mightily upbraid.
However this we must to all proclaim,
He that all Riches had, most poor became;
That so the Soul through his sad poverty
Might be enriched to Eternity.
The *Foxes* of the Earth, and Birds of th' Air
Had more (alas!) than fell unto his share.
In holes the one, in nests the other fed;
But he, (poor he!) no where to lay his head.
Not one poor Cottage had this precious King,
Although the rightful Heir of every thing.
The meanest man almost of *Adam's* Race
Seem'd to be in as good, nay better case,
Respecting outward Wealth and Glory here;
Those things no Price in his affections bear.
Silver and Gold (the Muckworm Worldling's Gods)
He knew to be but more refined Clods
Of that same Earth, which he himself had made
Ripe by a Sun, scarce fit to be his shade.
No Money, doubtless, had this Prince at all
In Purse or Coffer: for, when some did call
For *Cæsars* Tribute, then, behold, must he
Dispatch in haste a Servant to the Sea
In an uncertain Fishes mouth to spy
A piece of Coyn (Oh wondrous Treasury!)

With

• With which he straight did *Cæsars* Tribute pay,
 (Though small Engagement on the Children lay)
 Rather than he'll be disobedient thought,
 To raise the Tax, a Miracle is wrought.

on:

But here 'tis like some may desire to know
 The cause why he abas'd himself so low ?

The *Answer* to which *Query's* very plain ;
 His Errand so requir'd, if he'd obtain
 The Soul, for whom his Country he did leave,
 He of his Glory must himself bereave.

'Twas Love that brought him into this disguise,
 To come *incognito* to haughty Eyes,

To lay aside awhile his Robes of State,
 And thus in *Pilgrims* weeds upon her wait :

Without this Form assum'd, these Rags put on,
 The mighty Work could never have been done.

She grov'ling lay below, unable quite
 Once to aspire unto his Glorious Sight.

Therefore must he a Garb suitable take

To raise her up, and his dear Consort make ;

He must descend, that she might mount above,

And joyn in a fit Entercourse of Love.

So the kind Sun-beams do the *Dunghil* gild,

That it to Heaven may Exhaltions yeild,

With pregnant Show'rs to fertilize the Field.

}

CHAP. III.

s)

Shewing how upon the arrival of the glorious Prince, the
Vice-Roy of that Country contrived in a barbarous
 manner to take away his Life. And of the horrid Mas-
 sacre that fell out upon it in the Town of *Bethlehem*.
 And how the Prince escaped and fled into *Egypt*. Also
 discovering how the Creature he came to be a suiter to,
 was preingaged by the black King to the Monster of
 deformity, a Bastard of his own begetting, called
Lust. And of the great and fearful Battel that fell out
 between the Prince of Light, and *Apollyon* Prince

h:

of Darknes, and how Apollyon was overcome;
and, after three amazing Incounters, forced to
fly.

THOUGH Goodness still's oppos'd by envious Hate,
Vertue (like Palms) thrives by th' oppressing
Our Princes Welcome is in part exprest, (weight.
But what ensues is worse than all the rest.
Of his sad usage further I'll declare,
And the curs'd cruel Foes he met with there.
No sooner flutt'ring Fame the news had told
Of his arrive; and that some Seers of old
(Heralds of Fate) proclaim'd him on Record
To be a high-born Prince, and mighty Lord:
But presently the Vice-Roy of that Land
Was fill'd with Indignation on each hand;
Fearing, 'tis like, he might depose be,
Or much diminish'd in his Dignitie;
That this great stranger might assume his Crown,
Or quite eclipse his perishing Renown.
For when the Sun doth rise and shine so clear,
The Moon and Stars do all straight disappear.
Not knowing what strange evils might arise;
He therefore did a bloody Plot devise.
Such was his Rage and undeserved spight,
He needs would butcher this sweet Lamb of Light;
Who though to none he thought one dram of ill,
Yet he resolves his precious Blood to spill:
But failing of one Treacherous Design,
He and his Gang do in a worse combine:
Which was by strict Inquiries for to hear,
When this bright Star did first to men appear?
That so he might exactly know the Day
When he arriv'd, and in a Manger lay.
Which known, to make all sure he straight contrives
To sacrifice a thousand harmless Lives,
And kill the *Males*, yea every one of them
Which had been born in famous *Bethlehem*,
From two years old or under, ever since
The late prediction of this new-born Prince.



front p^e 18 page of 3^d first, Booke



• Judging this way ('tis like) might be the best
To cut off him, unknown, amongst the rest.
Which horrid Massacre he brought to pass,
And one more bloody sure there never was :
If Circumstances were but weighed well,
Both what they were, and why that day they fell
On the poor Babes ; they no compassion have,
But hurl them from the Cradle to the Grave.
The weeping Mothers rais'd a swelling flood
Of their own tears, mixt with their Childrens blood ;
In every street are heard most dismal Cries,
Bewailing those untimely Obsequies :
As had been prophesied long before,
By *Rachel's* moans, refusing to give o're ;
She sighs, and weeps, and has no comfort got,
Because her hopeful Children now are not.
Great was the slaughter ; yet their hopes were crost,
The precious Prey these raging Blood-hounds lost :
For th' Prince of Peace had notice of this thing,
And fled to *Egypt* from this wrathful King ;
And there remaining graciously was fed,
Until this Savage Murderer was dead.
And when he heard what had that wretch befel,
He hastned back to th' Land of *Israel*.
But news being brought of *Archilau's* Raign,
Soon found it needful to remove again.
So being warn'd of God, to *Galilee*
He turn'd aside ; and there at present we
Shall leave him, whilst we may more fully hear
The great design of this his coming there.
Some possibly may say, was't not to take
Unto himself a Kingdom, and so make
Himself Renowned, Great and very High,
Above each Prince and Earthly Monarchy ?
Was't not to take the Crowns of every King,
And all their Glory to the Dust to bring,
To set their *Diadems* on his own head,
That so the Nations might be better led ?
Was't not to take Revenge upon his Foes,
And grind to Powder all that him oppose ?

Was it not to commence his glorious Raig,
 That so he might the pride of Nations stain?
Herod, tis like, as you before did hear,
 Such things might dream, and it might vainly fear:
 But wholly groundless: for (alas) he came
 Not as a King to punish, but a *Lamb*,
 To offer up in sacrifice his Life,
 To put an end to all tormenting strife,
 And only gain a poor, but long'd-for Wife,
 His sole design, I told you, it was Love,
 'Twas that alone which brought him from above,
 These hardships, and these pains to undergo,
 And many more, which yet we have to show:
 For these are nothing, in comparisn
 Of those which must be told ere we have done.

He in those parts had been but thirty year,
 And little had he done that we can hear
 About obtaining of the Creatures love,
 But gloriously did then the matter move,
 Unto the Soul, who little did it mind,
 For she (alas) was otherwise inclin'd:
 For the Black King that had usurp'd that Land,
 An Ill-shapt Bastard had, of proud command,
 Whom having drest up in a much Gallantry,
 He did appear so pleasant in her Eye,
 That he before had her affections won,
 And in her heart established his Throne;
 Though he design'd no less than to betray
 And murder her in a perfidious way:
 Of which the silly Soul was not aware,
 But fondly blind could not discern the snare.
 Too like (alas) to many now a days,
 Whom fawning words and flattery betrays.
 This Imp of Darkness, and first-born of Hell
 Transform'd by Witchcraft, and a cursed Spell,
 Like a brisk-gawdy Gallant now appears,
 And still false locks, and borrowed Garments wears:
 Then boldly sets upon her, and with strong
 And sweet lip'd Rhetorick of a Courtly tongue

Salutes

Salutes her Ears, and doth each way diſcover
The Amorous Language of a wanton Lover.
He ſmiles, he toys, and now and then lets fly
Imperious glances from his luſtful Eye ;
Adorns her Orient Neck with Pearly charms,
And with rich Bracelets decks her Ivory Arms :
Boaſts the extent of his Imperial Power,
And offers Wealth and Wordly pleaſure to her.
Jocund he ſeem'd, and full of ſpightly Mirth,
And the poor Soul never inquir'd his Birth,
She lik'd his Face, but dream't not of the Dart
Wherewith he waited to tranſfix her Heart.
There is no foe to ſuch a *Dalilah*,
As pretends love, yet ready is to draw
The Poyſonous Spear, and with a treacherous kiſs
Bereaves the Soul of everlaſting Blifs.
If you would know this treacherous Monster's name
(As you before have heard from whence he came)
'Tis he by whom thouſands deceiv'd have bin,
Heav'n's foe, and Satan's curſed Off-ſpring, *SIN*.
A violater of all Righteous Laws,
And one that ſtill to all Uncleanneſs draws ;
Author of Whoredoms, Perjuries, Diſorders,
Thefts, Rapines, Blood, Idolatries, and Murders.
From whom all Plagues, and all Diſeaſes flow !
And Death it ſelf to him his being doth owe.
This Monster of Pollution, the undone
Poor Soul too long had been enamour'd on ;
And by the Craft his Sire *Apollyon* lent,
Doubted not to obtain her full Conſent.
But when *Apollyon* ſaw this Prince of Peace,
His wrathful ſpight againſt him did encrease :
So brave a Rival he could not endure,
But ſought all means his Ruine to procure.
Shall I, ſaith he, thus loſe my hop'd-for prey,
See my Deſigns all blaſted in one day,
Which I have carried on from Age to Age,
With deepeſt Policy, and fierceſt Rage ?
My utmoſt Stratagems I firſt will try,
And rather on the very Spot I'll dye.

Thus

Thus Hellishly resolv'd, he does prepare
 Straight to commence the bold and Impious War,
 And now the sharp Encounter does begin
 A Fight so fierce no eye had ever seen,
 Nor shall hereafter ere behold agen. }
 But first be pleas'd to take a prospect here,
 Of the two Combatants as they appear :
 The first a Person of Celestial Race,
 Lovely his shape, ineffable his Face ;
 The frown with which he struck the trembling Fiend
 All smiles of humane Beauty did transcend :
 His head's with Glory arm'd, and his strong hand
 No power of Earth or Hell can long withstand.
 He heads the mighty Hosts in Heav'n above,
 And all on Earth, who do *Jehovah* love.
 His Camp's so great, they many millions are,
 With whom no one for Courage may compare,
 They are all chosen men, and cloathed in white,
 Ah ! to behold them, what a lovely sight
 Is it ! And yet more grave and lovely far
 To join and make one in this Holy War.
 The other was a King of Courage bold,
 But very grim and ghastly to behold ;
 Great was his power, yet his garb did show
 Sad Symptoms of a former overthrow :
 But now recruited with a numerous Train,
 Arm'd with despair, he tempts his fate again.
 Under his Banner the black Regiments fight,
 And all the Wicked Troops which hate the light :
 His Voluntiers are spread from North to South,
 And flaming Sulphur belches from his Mouth.
 Such was the grand Importance of their fight,
 It did all eyes on Earth and Heaven invite
 To be spectators, and attention lend :
 So much did ne're on any Field depend ;
 No not *Pharsalia's Plains*, where *Cæsar* fought,
 And the Worlds Empire at one conquest caught.
 Alas, the Issue of that famous Fray,
 May not compare with this more fatal Day.

Should

Should the Black monstrous Tyrant Prince prevail,
 The Hearts and hopes of all mankind must fail :
 But above all, she who caus'd their contest
 Would be more miserable than all the rest ;
 She, she, poor soul ! for ever were undone,
 And never would have help from any one ;
 'Twas for Her sake alone the War begun.

Some fabulous Writers tell a wonderous story,
 And give I know not what St. George the Glory
 Of rescuing bravely a distressed Maid.

From a strange *Dragon*, by his Generous aid.
 This I am sure our blessed Captain fought
 With a fierce *Dragon*, and Salvation wrought
 For her, who else had been devoured quite
 By that Old *Serpents* subtilty and spight.
 But now 'tis time their Combate to display
 Behold the Warriors ready in Array.

Apollyon well stor'd with crafty wit
 Long time had waited for a season fit,
 That so he might some great advantage get.
 And knowing well the Prince of Light had fasted
 Full forty days, then presently he hasted
 To give him Battel, and a Challenge makes,
 Which no less cheerfully Christ undertakes.
 The King of Darknes the first onset gave,
 Thinking his foe to startle, or out-brave :
 He flung at him a very cruel Dart,
 And aim'd to hit him just upon the Heart.
 He'd have him doubt or question, if 'twere so ?
 Whether he were the Son of God or no ?
 But the blest Lord did use his Sword so well,
 That down the others weapon straightway fell :
 It made him reel, and forc'd him back to stand,
 And beat his Lance at once out of his hand.
 At which this disappointed wrathful King
 Doth gnash his threatning teeth, and shews his sting ;
 Is mad and foams, and fain the Dog would bite :
 He swells like to a *Toad*, enough to fright
 A mortal man, on him to cast an eye,
 And then breaks out with sad and hideous cry.

Apollyon

Apollyon King of Darknes.

Shall I be foiled thus ? or thus give o're,
 Whom never any could yet stand before ;
 Have not the Mighty fallen by my hand,
 Enforc'd to yeild to me in every Land.
 Whole Kingdoms (*Sir*) have truckled to my pow'r :
 If once I'm mov'd, Millions I can devour.
 Nay, with one stroke, thou very well dost know,
 I all the World at once did overthrow.
 My very Name is frightful unto all,
 Who trembling fly, if I upon them fall.
 My voyce is like unto a mighty Thunder ;
 And with a word I keep the Nations under.
 See how they faint, and shrink, and shreek for fear,
 If of my coming once they do but hear :
 They quiver all, and like a Leaf do shake,
 And dare not stand when I approaches make,
 Besides all this, much more I have to boast :
 Which of the Champions of thy Earthly Host
 Have I not overcome, and put to flight ?
 None ever able were with me to fight.
Noah that Servant (Holy Just) of thine,
 I did o'recome by th' juice of his own Vine :
 And Righteous *Lot* I next may reckon up,
 A Trophy unto my victorious Cup,
 Whereby he into Incest fell two Times :
 And these thou knowest are no Inferiour Crimes :
 Thy *Jacob* too, though he could wrestle well,
 Yet by my Arm most grievously he fell :
 And so likewise did his most Zealous Mother :
 By Lies I made him to supplant his Brother.
Joseph for thee, although he was sincere,
 I quickly taught by *Pharoah's* Life to swear.
 And *Judah*, from whose Loins thou dost proceed,
 I worsted much, do but the Story read.
Moses himself, thy Captain General,
 By me receiv'd a shrewd and dismal fall,
 Although so meek, when I did him engage,
 I mov'd him into passion and great rage,

By

v'r:

w,

ar,

• By which I did so vex his troubled mind,
 That he could not the Land of Promise find.
Sampson was very strong, I know, yet he
 Was overcome by *Dalilah* and me:
 And *David*, though a King, and most devout,
 Sustain'd by me almost a total Rout;
 Although he slew a *Lion* and a *Bear*,
 And my *Goliath* likewise would not spare,
 But with his sling that Champion did destroy,
 Who did the Camp of *Israel* annoy:
 For all these mighty Acts, when once I came
 To try his strength, I brought him unto shame:
 The people numbred, and his God forsaken,
 By Adult'ry and Murder over-taken.
 And *Solomon* a mighty King and Wise,
 Did I by force and subtilty surprize;
 I planted for him such a curious Net,
 As soon Intangled his unwary feet;
Strange Womens charms withdrew his heart from thee
 To doting Lust, and curs'd Idolatry.
 The time would fail me, should I number all
 The Noble Worthies, I have caus'd to fall.
 Ne're any yet upon the Earth did dwell,
 But by my conquering Sword they vanquish'd fell:
 And thinkst thou, Man, that I to thee will yeild,
 When flesht with Victories, basely quit the Field.
 Mistake not thus, I'll have the other blow,
 I want no Strength nor Courage thou shalt know.

Prince of Light.

Thy pride, *Apollyon*, and thy Hellish Rage,
 Long since thy utter Downfal did presage.
 Vain are thy Boasts, these Rants no good will do,
 I know thou art a cowardly bragging Foe.
 Forbear with Lies my Servants to condemn,
 'Twere only *foils*, not *falls*, thou gavest them.
 Lurking in Secret, thou didst treacherously
 At unawares sometimes upon them fly;
 But rallying straight they did renew the Fight,
 Quencht all thy Darts, and soon put thee to flight:
 And

And now beyond thy reach, in full renown,
 For thy reward; enjoy an endless Crown.
 And though on some thou hast prevail'd too far,
 With me thou art unable to wage War.
 'Tis for their sakes that forth my wrath is spread;
 Thou *bruise'd their Heels*, but *I will bruise thy Head*.

Apollyon.

Stop there I pray, let's try the other bout,
 And see if thou canst me so quickly rout.
 I am resolv'd my utmost force to try,
 For all my hopes I find at Stake do lye:
 E're I'll be baffled thus, and lose my Prey,
 Upon thy back still sharper Strokes I'll lay.

Prince of Light.

What is the Cause thou art so furious now,
 And thus on me dost bend thus Brazen brow?
 What is thy fear? why dost thou rage? or why
 Dost tremble thus, and look so gashfully?
 Why doth thy fading Colour come and go?
 Speak, Hellish Fiend! what I command thee, do.

Apollyon.

Great Reason's for't; I partly understand
 The Cause why thou art come into this Land:
 And having found what thy intentions are,
 Needs must the same me terrifie and scare.
 I do perceive what did thee chiefly move
 To leave the Glory which thou hadst above;
 'Twas love that thou didst to a Creature bear,
 Which unto me in truth is very dear;
 And I will make my glistening Spear to bend,
 E're I to thee in this will condescend;
 Before I will her lose, I'll tear and roar,
 And all Infernal Pow'rs I will Implore,
 That I Assistance of them may obtain,
 Against a Foe I do so much disdain.

Prince of Light.

But why should this stir up thy hellish rage,
 If I in love am moved to engage
 The precious Soul, and her betroth to me,
 What wrong can that (vile monster) do to thee?

Thy

Thy horrid pride hath wrought thy overthrow,
And thou wouldst fain have her be damned too.
But know this Match in Heav'n's made, & thy hand
Cannot prevent nor break this Sacred Band.

Apollyon.

She's preingag'd to one, whom I do Love,
And I concern'd am; for 'twas I did move
The question to her, did first the Contract make,
And I'm resolv'd she never shall it break.
The party too is mine own offspring dear,
And I to him most true Affections bear:
And reason there is for't, 'twas he alone
Founded my Kingdom, and first rais'd my Throne,
'Tis he who every where doth for me stand,
Yea, and maintains my Cause in every Land.
My Subjects he brings in both great and small;
Without his Aid soon would my Kingdom fall.
And if this contract should be broke, I see
But little Service more can he do me.
Blame me not therefore, if I grow inrag'd,
And thus in furious Battel am engag'd.

Prince of Light.

Thou canst not hide from me thy curst design,
Most horrid hatred is that love of thine.
Thou seek'st her life, her blood, nought else will do
But her most desperate final overthrow.
I likewise see how the sad game is laid,
How she by treacherous Loves to *Sin's* betraid:
But I that League resolve to break afunder,
Dissolve your Charms, & quickly bring thee under;
Although I know thou art a Son of Thunder. }
I'll spoyl all your designs, and make appear
That only I that Soul do love most dear.
I'll spill my dearest blood upon the Ground,
But your Infernal Plots I will confound.
I am her friend, and will so faithful prove,
That all shall say I'm worthy of her love.
My life is in my hand. I'll lay it down
E're she shall miss of the Eternal Crown.

Thou

Thou damned art, and wouldst (I fully know)
Bring her into the same eternal woe :
But know, vile Fiend, 'tis more than thou canst do,
Unless thou canst this day prevail o're me,
Those dreadful Torments she shall never see.

At this *Apollyon's* parched Lips did quiver,
These words, like darts, struck through his heart and
He gnaw'd his very tongue for pain and wo, (liver,
And stamp'd, and foam'd, and knew not what to do,
Till e're a while, like to a Lyon bold,
Upon his Spear he furiously takes hold,
And doth the second time the Lord engage,
With greater violence and fiercer rage.
As when loud Thunder roars, and rends the Skie,
Or murdering Cannons let their Bullets fly :
So did he cause as 'twere the Earth to quake,
When he at him the second time did make ;
And by the force of his permitted power,
Snatches him up, as if he would devour
Him, like the prey which hungry Lyons eat ;
But not prevailing, down he did him set
Upon a Pinacle o' th' Temple high,
And then again upon him does let fly :
But finding he no hurt to him could do,
He strives him headlong down from thence to throw
Pretending if he were so great an one,
His foot could not be dash'd against a Stone.
But then our Prince did draw his Sword again,
Not doubting in the least he should obtain
Another victory against this foe ;
And did indeed give him so great a blow,
That he fell down, being forced to give o're,
And shamefully retreated, as before.
Now would one think the Battel quite were done,
And time for the Black Prince away to run :
But he reviv'd, and did fresh Courage take ;
As men would do, when all doth lie at stake,
And a third Battel was resolv'd to see,
What e're the fatal Consequence might be.

Apollyon

Abollyon now to his last shift was driven,
Almost of all his Magazine bereaven.
But one poor Weapon more he had to try ;
If worsted there, resolv'd was to fly.
And here indeed God suffer'd him once more
To take him up, as he had done before.
Ah ! 'twas a sight most dismal to behold,
What foe was e're thus impudently bold !
That so was baffled, forced to retreat,
And found his Enemy too wise and great
A thousand times for him, yet would essay
By force of Arms to carry him away.
Don't Heaven and Earth, and all amazed stand
To see the Prince of Light in Satans hand,
Or rather in his Arms carry'd on high,
As if he would have kill'd him secretly ;
But on a mighty Mountain him he set,
Hoping he might some great advantage get ;
A cunning Stratagem he did devise,
Thinking thereby our Saviour to surprize,
And him o'recome by subtile Policy,
And that was to present unto his Eye.
The Glory of this World, the only Snare
By which poor Mortals often ruin'd are.
This Hellish Prince is full of Craft and Wiles,
And with's inventions all the World beguiles.
From him the Politick *Achitophel*,
And our more modern famous *Machiavel*,
With other States-men learn't their puzling Arts
To plague the World, that Science he imparts,
To imbroil Nations, and cheat honest Hearts. }
Sly Stratagems in War, most wise men know
Have oft prevail'd, where Force no good could do.
The Walls sometimes of Castles down do fall,
When ne're a Bullet hath been shot at all,
Unless discharged from a Silver Gun ;
Thousands (alas !) this way have been undone.
Strong Cities Gates (we know) have open'd been
With Golden Keys, and Enemies let in,

Which

Which force nor strength could ne're have made to
Nor been broke down by fiercest Battery. (fly,
The Maxime's true, which frequently we read,
That Policy doth very far exceed
The Strength and Pow'r of great & haughty Kings,
And to subjection mighty Nations brings.
But all the Strength, nor Craft, nor Power either,
Which Satan hath with all his Fiends together,
Could with this Glorious Lord prevail i'th' least,
Who hath the strength of Heaven to assist,
And was himself Omnipotent in Power:
Doth Satan think he can a God devour?
Can fading Glories of vile Earth intice,
Or break his purpose off, when Paradise
Could not upon him any Influence have,
To turn his love from her he came to save?
How soon deep Policy is overthrown,
And crafty fraud to foolish madness come!
Art thou, *Apollyon*, such a wretched Sot?
Hast thou no other Bait, nor weapon got?
Is this thy wit, and canst thou do no more
Than give him that which was his own before?
How prodigal thou seem'st? wilt thou bestow
At once on him all Kingdoms here below?
What then will all thy flattered Subjects do?
If thus thou rashly giv'st them all away,
What wilt thou do thy self another day?
What! is poor *Soul* worth more than all the world?
That all thou hast shall thus away be hurl'd,
Rather than thou of *Soul* would'st be bereav'd?
'Tis time for her to see she ben't deceiv'd.
What! all the Kingdoms of the world! Pray who
Did give them all, or any unto you?
Ah! what a Traytor's here! Is't not a shame
Before thy Sovereign's face to make a Claim
Unto those Kingdoms, where thou hast no right?
Thou know'st they do belong to th' Prince of light.
Thine if thou call'st them, 'tis by Usurpation,
No other right hast thou to any Nation.

But we discourse too long : behold a sight,
Apollyon rallies all his scattered might.
 Now nothing else than a full Conquest will
 The haughty Wretch his wild Ambition fill.
 How fain would he Majestick Steps have trod,
 And worship'd be, nay worship'd by a God ?
 But the wise *Prince of Light* doth straight advance
 To check his bold and vain Extravagance,
 Declares his pow'r, and shakes the awful Rod ;
Thou shalt not (what ?) *tempt* (who ?) *the Lord thy God ?*
 This well-plac'd stroak did Satan quite confound ;
 He cannot stay, yet's loth to quit the ground.
 But seeing that he needs must now be gone ;
 Looks back, and grins, and howling, thus goes on.

Apollyon.

Although I find thou art for me too strong,
 Yet I'll revenged be, for all the wrong
 I have sustain'd, either on thee or thine ;
 For which the powers of Hell shall all combine,
 To engage thee in another sort of Fight,
 Although at present I am baffled quite.
 Moreover, this I further have to say,
 So long as thou dost in this Country stay,
 Be sure of troubles thou shalt have thy fill,
 I'll set my Servants on thee, and they will,
 By help from me, add sorrows to thy days,
 Strew all thy Paths with Thorns, and cross thy ways.
 I'll render thee as odious as I can,
 That thou mayst be disown'd by every man.
 What I, and all Infernal Powers can do,
 To make thee miserable, or o'rethrow
 The great Design, which thou art come about,
 We are resolved now to work it out.
 And though thou thinkst this *Soul* for to obtain,
 I tell thee now I have her in my Chain ;
 And doubt not but I there shall hold her fast,
 Till Tired out, thy love be over-past.
 Nay let me tell thee further in thine Ear,
 She unto thee doth perfect hatred bear :

Thee,

Thee, nor thy Portion doth she like at all,
 Although for her thou dost thy self inthrall,
 And into Troubles and afflictions bring:
 What wise man ever would do such a thing?
 What love, where thou no love art like to have,
 Tho thou the same a thousand times shouldst Crave
 If this proves not most true, then me you shall
 The Father of Lies hereafter Justly call.
 Boast not this Conquest, though I go my way,
 Ile meet thee better Arm'd another day.
 A hideous Clap of Thunder then was heard,
 And straight the cursed Spirit disappear'd.

C H A P. IV.

Shewing what joy there was in Heaven amongst the Angels, upon the great Victory obtained over the black King. Shewing also how affectionately in a sweet heavenly manner, the Prince of light after this saluted the Soul he came to save, for whose sake he had passed through all these sorrows. And how the ungrateful blind and deluded wretch slighted and despised him in her Heart; choosing rather to hearken to, and side with, Apollyon, King of Darknes, and to entertain the Monster of Pollution, sensual Lusts, than to become a Spouse to so glorious a Prince; pretending she knew him not, neither would she believe he was the Son of God, the blessed and eternal Potentate; demanding signs of him. Shewing upon this what strange and wonderful Miracles he wrought amongst the people, who notwithstanding all, went about to kill him. And how he was forced to fly from one Country to another, to preserve his Life. And what hardships and difficulties he passed through, for love he bore to the poor Creature.

NO sooner had this overthrow been given,
 But Troops of Angels did descend from Hea-
 Unto this Prince with great Congratulation, (ven,
 Yeilding to him all humble Adoration.

Ah!

Ah! how the glorious *Seraphims* did sing,
Bringing fresh Bays of Triumph to their King.
They come to serve him, as was just and right,
Because his En'my he hath put to flight.
Let Heaven rejoyce, and Earth resound his praise,
For victory o'er him, who did always
Disturb the Earth, and whom none could withstand;
Such was his strength and force in ev'ry Land.
Now might one hope the Prince from trouble's freed
And quickly will in his Affairs succeed,
Wherein he hath such great obstructions met,
Since first his feet upon the Earth were set.
Kindly he now doth the poor *Soul* salute,
And with such fervency begins his suit;
And in such sort he did himself declare,
That none in Wooing could with him compare.
No Orator on Earth like him could speak,
So powerfully, and sweet enough to break
And melt a breast of Steel, or heart of Stone,
If well his words be weigh'd and thought upon.
He to this purpose doth salute her Ears
Sometimes with sighs, sometimes with bitter tears.

Prince of Light.

Look unto me, dear Soul! behold 'tis I,
Who lov'd thee deeply from Eternity;
Who at thy door do stand, oh let me in,
And do not hearken to that Monster, *SIN*.
Refuse me not because my thoughts descend
Below themselves, so far to recommend
My dearest Love to thee; although that I
No Beauty can at all in thee espy:
I love not as your Earthly Lovers do;
'Tis Beauty that engages them to woo,
Or the great Portion, or the Vertuous mind:
There's none of these in thee that I can find,
Yet my Affections burn, and Love's so much,
No mortal ever did experience such.
Why dost thou frown? Ah doth thy hardned Brow
Not made at first to wrinkle, wrinkle now?

I am a Person of no mean Degree,
Although my heart is fixt and set on thee.
My Father, who hath sent me, is most high;
He rules above, and all beneath the Sky.
All Kingdoms of this World they are his own,
Whether inhabited, or yet unknown.
To this great Monarch (*Soul*) I am most dear,
What e're he has is mine, I am his Heir,
His choice Delight, his Joy, and only Son;
Moreover, He and I am only one.
My Father is in me, in him am I,
And was with him from all Eternity.
There's many Mansions in his House, and there
Of all Delight thou shalt enjoy thy share.
I'll raise thee unto Honour and Renown,
And arch thy Temples with a radiant Crown:
In Robes of State I'll clothe thee every day,
All glorious within shall thy Array
Be wrought of finest needle-work so bright,
As shall transcend and dazele mortals sight.
Then clear thine Eyes, and purifie thy Mind,
Accept my Love, and to thy self be kind,
All these Advantages thou sure shalt find,
But oh! such stubborn dulness who can bear?
This *Soul* seem'd not to mind, or lend an Ear
To any thing the Lord did thus declare;
But lay like one asleep or rather dead,
Being by other Lovers falsely led.
She rather entertains him with a scoff,
And frames slight answers for to put him off;
Would not believe he was of such descent;
His sighs, nor Tears, could move her to relent,
But joyns in League with other bitter Foes,
Who did contemptuously his Grace oppose.
Signs they demand, and tokens to be given,
To make it known that he was sent from Heaven.
He graciously to this did condescend,
That from Reproach he might himself defend,
To manifest he no Deceiver was,
Strange things in sight of all he brought to pass.

The Miracles he wrought did all amaze,
And highest wonder in the People raise.
The Lame and Impotent he made to walk,
The Blind he caus'd to see, the Dumb to talk ;
Nay, such as were born blind, he made to see ;
Which never any did, nor could, but he.
His Love was such, he daily went about
To find the Sick, and the Distressed out.
All kind of sad Diseases he did heal ;
No Friend like him unto the Common-weal.
The *Feaver*, *Phrensy*, and the *Leprosy*,
Were all remov'd by him most speedily ;
Yea, *Bloody-fluxes* too by him were cur'd,
When all the Doctors could no help afford :
Though all they had were on *Physicians* spent,
Yet whole by him they all were *gratis* sent.
'Twas meer Compassion, Bowels, and sweet Love,
And not Reward, did this *Physician* move.
By these blest'd deeds he soon obtain'd a Name,
And all the Country *Eccho'd* with his Fame ;
So that vast multitudes did daily croud
After Him, and implore his Help aloud.
Poor wretches who with *Devils* were possess'd ;
And sorely griev'd, could see no hopes of rest,
Were all delivered by his mighty Hand.
Such Pow'r had he Hell's Power to Command,
That if he said, *Satan, come out*, straight-way
He forced was this Prince for to obey.
Thus as with smallest touch he heal'd their Evils,
He with a word *cast out* the foulest *Devils*.
Nay more than this, that he might quite remove
All doubts from her he did so dearly love,
That she might know he power had to save,
He rais'd the *Dead to Life*, though in the Grave
The Corps had buried been full four days ;
This very thing must needs his Glory raise.
He still went on, and more strange things did do,
Though very few to him did kindness show.
Is it not plain he can do what he list,
Who holds the mighty Winds as in his fist ?

He that gave bounds unto the Sea and Land,
What is not in his Power to command ?
He that doth suck the Clouds out of the Seas,
And makes them fall again where e're he please ;
He that doth break the amazing Thunder-Crack,
And bid the raging frightful Seas go back ;
That doth the dreadful angry Ocean still,
And call Heaven's Meteors to obey his Will ;
That counts the Sands, and doth the Stars survey,
And Hills and Mountains in a Ballance weigh ;
No other Name for him can be Assign'd,
But God most high, *Jehovah* unconfin'd,
The precious Name, which to this Prince is given
Shews who he is ; he's call'd *The Lord from Heaven*.
Another Title doth the same expresse,
He is *Jehovah, our Righteousness*.
Do not his Works, and his most glorious Name,
His blessed Nature unto all proclaim ?
Shall not the Soul this gracious Lord receive ?
Who worketh Wonders, that she may believe.
Sure if the Soul did doubt of his descent,
She now has cause with sorrow to repent.
The vilest *Atheist* it might satisfie,
Touching his glorious Birth and Dignity ;
But notwithstanding this those Evil men,
In most base sort did this great Prince contemn :
Him impiously they grand imposture call,
And with foul Blasphemies upon him fall.
Though in his life there was no stain nor spot,
Yet they would needs his Conversation blot :
Behold, said they, *a person gluttonous !*
You seldom read of any charged thus.
But that's not all, *Drunkenness* next did they,
Unto the charge of this Just Person lay.
They did him often a *Wine-bibber* call,
That odious they might render him to all.
His holy Doctrine too they did despise,
And horrid things on that Account devise,
As if he taught all men to violate,
Gods Holy Law, and thereby tolerate.

All kind of sin, pollution, and offence;
Though of the Law he had such reverence,
As none had more, and daily shew'd his Love
Unto the same, in striving to remove
Those false and evil Glosses, whereby they
Its purer spiritual part had thrown away.
His Company and Country they upbraid,
Yea, and the Education which he had.
But that which may all persons most amaze,
Was those Reports which they of him did raise,
As if that he some curs'd Familiar had.
They cry, *he hath a Devil, and is mad* :
When he the unclean spirits does cast out,
By th' Prince of Devils he brings it about ;
Those strange and wondrous things we see are done,
Are all perform'd by *Belzebub* alone.
Thus did *Apollyon* shew his hellish spight.
And them to coyn Black-slanders still invite, }
Against this glorious Prince of Peace and Light }
But though they did blaspheme, and him disdain;
He bore it all, reviling not again ;
But still retains his kindness, hopes to find
The Soul hereafter in a better mind.
For now he saw she was of sense bereav'd.
And by the Devil grievously deceiv'd.
But Oh ! consider what a Lover's here
Who all these oft-repeated wrongs would bear,
And not be gone in fury and disdain,
Leaving her subject to Eternal pain.
To suffer thus in's Person, and his Name,
And undergo all this Reproach and Shame,
And yet continue constant in his Love,
This from her breast might sure all scruple move ;
Nor was this all, for still he's tost about,
And Malice daily finds new projects out,
How to torment and grieve his tender heart,
Yet nothing could from her his kindness part.
They now with sly temptations on him set,
To draw him in, and some Advantage get.

This with kind Anger curled his blest Blood,
 To see how stoutly they withstood their good.
 It fill'd his Heart with sorrow, made him grieve,
 They so hard-hearted were not to believe;
 Tho he most mighty Works among them wrought,
 Yet to ensnare him they occasions sought.
 Their tempting him, I find did grieve him more,
 Than all the vile Affronts he met before.

Here might I stop, to reason with the *Jews*,
 Who him deny, and slight the Gospel news.
 May not his Miracles convince you quite,
 He was the true *Messias*, *Prince of Light*;
 How dare you to deny matter of Fact,
 That he those great and mighty things did act?
 For they were not in private Corners done,
 But before all, in open face o'th Sun.
 Your Fathers might with ease laid ope the cheat,
 Shame the Imposture, and the Plot defeat,
 If any grounds they had for to decry,
 The Man himself, or his strange works deny.
 Besides (you know) *Josephus* he doth own,
 There was at that same time such a blest One,
 And for him had so great a veneration,
 That thus I find of him he makes Relation:
In the time of Tiberius's Reign (saith he)
One J E S U S liv'd, a Man (if't lawful be
 To call him so) for he strange things did do,
 Yea mighty Miracles—— This Records show.
 But you perhaps in your forefathers stead,
 Are apt to think he by the Devil did (read.
 Those great and wondrous things of which we
 Now this is so absurd, ridiculous,
 And vain, 'tis strange men should be cheated thus,
 Can any think the God o'th Universe,
 Would be unfaithful, as to change the course
 Of Nature, meerly to assert a Lye?
 What Odium here is thrown on's Majesty!
 Could Satan all these real Wonders do,
 He all Religion quickly might o're-throw:

The fouleſt Errors make the World believe ;
 And him for the true God men would receive.
 This is to ſet the Devil in God's place,
 And bring the Holy One into Diſgrace ;
 T' aſcribe his glorious Attributes to one,
 That ſain would be exalted in the Throne.
 What help or Touchſtone then can Mortals have,
 Their precious Souls from Satans wiles to ſave,
 If real Miracles perform he can ?
 This too would ſhow God mindleſs were of Man :
 And *Mofes* who in *Egypt* Wonders wrought,
 Might into ſhame and great contempt be brought ;
 If this once granted be, which you would have,
Mofes of old your Fathers might deceive.
 Why might not he by th' Devil's power do
 Thoſe mighty Miracles which Scriptures ſhow
 He wrought in *Egypt*, and at the *Red-Sea* ?
 Againſt your Law 'twould be as ſtrong a plea,
 And thus both Teſtaments 'twould throw away, }
 To the Magicians could the Devil have given,
 Such power as *Mofes* had receiv'd from Heaven,
 He would ſuch equal works have made appear ;
 None ſhould have cry'd, *The finger of God is here*.
 But now as *Mofes* did this way confute
 His faithleſs foes, who did with him diſpute,
 By greater deeds, and all their Arts o're-throw,
 The ſelf-ſame thing did *JEſus* alſo do.
 The ſtrongeſt Arguments he then did uſe,
 For to convince the unbelieving *Jews*,
 Were the great Signs & wonders which he wrought,
 And did this way reſel whate'er they thought,
 Againſt his Perſon, or his Doctrine either,
 And they thereby were ſilenc'd all together :
My works, ſaith he, *to me do witneſs give*,
And for their ſake you ought me to believe.
For if that I ſuch mighty works do'nt do,
As none e're did or can pretend unto,
Believe me not : but if they witneſs give,
How unexcusable then will they you leave ?

He also had a witness from Great *John*,
Besides his works which were divinely done ;
And God himself from Heaven witness bore,
So great a Witness ne're was heard before.
The written Word likewise this Truth did tell,
If they the same would have consider'd well :
And therefore search the *Scriptures*, Sirs, faith he,
For they are those which testifie of me,
Thus every way you see the proofs are plain,
He was the true *Messias* you have slain ;
Therefore repent you unbelieving *Jews*,
With feigned scandals longer don't abuse
Your blessed Lord, nor's Gospel more refuse.
The dangerous troubles of the *Prince of Light*,
The scandals that he met with, and the spight ;
The hatred by that *Soul* unto him shown,
Whom he design'd the Consort of his Throne ;
Her weak pretences for this causeless scorn,
And with what wond'rous patience it was born !
How she receiv'd him with a scornful Brow,
We have in part set forth, and also how
By mighty Signs and Wonders he did prove
Both his divine Ascent, and matchless Love.
But now the *Reader* with attentive Ear,
And longing mind, desires, 'tis like, to hear
How the poor blinded *Soul* behav'd her now :
Does she not straight unto his Scepter bow ?
Doth she not yield, and readily consent
To close with him and heartily repent
She ever did his precious Love abuse,
And such a Proffer wilfully refuse ?
He ample proof and witness now hath given,
That he was sent down to her out of Heaven ;
His Noble Birth, and Sovereign Dignity
Sure now she can't, nay dares not to deny :
What can she further say, I pray what more
Hath she to urge, to keep him out o'th Door ?
Or, has he left her, and will come no more ?
What Prince would ever put up so much wrong,
Or wait upon a stubborn *Soul* so long ?

Or who would ever make another tryal?
 That has so often had such flat denial?
 Ah, no! he can't, his Love's so great and strong,
 He hopes still to obtain her Love e're long.
 See how with tears and sighs, and melting heart,
 He wooes, intreats, and doth his Love impart,
 As one resolv'd he'll no denial have:
 True Lovers press their suit ev'n to the Grave.

Prince of Light.

'Tis not Ungratefulness which yet change
 My purpose, or my heart from thee estrange.
 My strong Affections on thee are so fixt,
 That nought has them remov'd, or come betwixt
 My Soul and thine; but had I lov'd thy face,
 And that alone, my kindness had giv'n place;
 My slighted suit should long e're this have ended,
 And never more on thee had I attended.
 Or, did I love thee for thine Heav'nly Eye,
 I then might court Angelick Majesty:
 Or, if the smoothness of thy Whiter Brow
 Could charm mine eyes or mine affections bow
 To outward Objects, polish'd Marble might
 Have given as much content as much delight.
 No, no, 'tis neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
 Nor any outward thing I can espy,
 That has or could surprize my tender heart:
 I know thy Nature, who, and what thou art.
 Nor is it Vertue in a homely Case,
 Wherein lies hid much rich and precious grace,
 Together rarely mixt, whose worth doth make
 Me love the Casket for the Jewels sake:
 'Tis none of this! My eye doth pierce within,
 But nothing there can I behold but Sin.
 The reason of my Passion wholly lies
 Within my Self, from whence it first did rise.
 And though thou canst not it at present see,
 Thou shalt, if thou wilt hearken unto me.
 O come, poor Soul! and give me but thy heart,
 And unto thee choice Love I will impart.

I come to call thee, and do call again :
 O shall I not of thee my Suit obtain !
 Dost not perceive what I for thee endure ?
 And may not all this thy Love to me procure ?

The Soul seem'd not at all to mind this Friend,
 Nor would she yet to him attention lend :
 She could not in him any beauty see,
 Nor did she know her own sad misery.
 She bid him then depart, and said to all,
He had no form nor comeliness. And shall
 I 'gainst my fancy foolishly admire,
 Where I no beauty see to tempt desire ?

Whilst he was thus extending forth his Love,
 And studying all obstructions to remove.
 That so he might the Souls affections get,
 Behold, his Enemies with malice set
 Themselves against him with such horrid rage,
 It seems no less than's ruin to preface.
 Ah ! for this Prince methinks my heart doth ake,
 To see what head against him they do make.
 But that which doth the greatest trouble bring,
 Is to see th' Soul combine against the King.
 Did ever creature deal thus by a Lover,
 Or ever such inhumaneness discover ?
 What hurt did this dear Prince unto her do,
 That she would seek his utter overthrow ?
 Is this to recompence his fervent Love ?
 What will she now a Traitor to him prove ?
 If she his Love will not accept, must she
 Expose him thus to shame and misery ?
 Is love to Sin, and filthy Lust so sweet,
 That *Jesus* must be trodden under feet ?
 Because he would that Contract break asunder,
 This surely is Earth's shame and Heavens wonder.
 What ? he that went about still doing good,
 And in the gap of danger always stood.
 Them to defend from Ruin, ah ! shall he
 The object of their Rage and Malice be ?
 He that to them no harm did do or think,
 And yet must he this bitter potion drink ?

Ah, precious Lord! how doth my spirit grieve,
To think what wrong from them thou didst receive:
So strange their malice, and so fierce their spight,
That if God's Word did not the same recite,
Who thereunto would any Credence give,
Or the Relation of their Deeds believe?

But, *how was he expos'd, what did they do?*

'Tis that (say some) that we would have you show:
Their hearts were fill'd with wrath, & up they rise,
And thrust him out o'th City: then devise
To get him up to th' brow of a great Hill,
And cast him headlong down, from thence they will
Break all his bones, and kill him out o'th way;
This they designed Holy Authors say.

Not that their Cruelty performed was,
For through the midst of them he free did pass.
His Pow'r Divine did his Protector stand,
And rescued him from all this treacherous Band.
Again, as he stood tendering his Love,
Striving their vain Objections to remove,
That so they might not all be ruin'd quite,
And blind-fold led to shades of endless night.
The common Rabble in a Tumult got,
Threaten to kill him on the very spot; (take,
With hearts more hard than stone, up stones they
And throwing, vow they'l his Sepulchre make:
By which cruel show'r of Flints he now must die,
Unless through them he's able to escape by;
Which by his mighty Power indeed he did,
And carefully from them himself he hid:
And yet all this was on no other ground,
But because he their wisdom did confound:
'Cause he stood up the Truth to testifie.

And witness to his own Divinity:
Because he said, he was sent down from Heaven;
From Place to Place this Prince was daily driven.
No sooner were his feet out of one snare,
But ten i'th room thereof devised were.
Of killing him in Fury was a talk,
To Galilee therefore he thought fit to walk:

But

But staid not long, for to *Ferusalem*
 He quickly went to shew himself to them :
 And though he knew his Life they daily fought,
 Yet in the Temple openly he taught,
 And did again his Suit of Love renew,
 Yet would the *Soul* no kindness to him shew.
 Long had he not been here, but presently
 The *Scribes* and *Pharisees* did him espy,
 And straight agreed their Officers to send,
 Him without any cause to apprehend :
 But when they came, and did him see and hear,
 Poor Souls ! they all most strangely smitten were }
 With awful Reverence, and trembling fear !
 Untoucht, they leave him, and return again
 To tell their Masters, Violence was vain ;
 They highly spake in his just Commendation,
 And told his Wonders, worthy Admiration.
Have you not brought him then ? the *Scribes* do cry :
 No Sirs (alas) we see no reason why ;
 We never saw, nor heard the like : Who can
 Lay hands on such a blest and God-like Man ;
 Thus did the Prince escape their Rage that day,
 But other Snares *Apollyon* still did lay.

C H A P. V.

*Shewing how the people of that Land in a base manner used
 John the beloved servant of Jesus, the Prince of Light,
 who (for his Master's sake) was barbarously murdered ;
 And how narrowly the Prince himself escaped. As also
 shewing how he again and again tendered his endeared
 love to the Soul, and how unkinly she denied his Suit.
 Moreover, how Vicinus (a Neighbour) hearing of
 this great News, enquired of Theologus concerning
 the Creature this Prince in such a manner had set his
 affections upon. The miserable and deplorable condition
 of the Soul discovered and laid open, being infected
 with a loathsome Disease full of Ulcers and Run-
 ning*

- *ning sores from head to foot, naked, wounded, and in her blood, her eyes also being put out; and this the Prince knew before he came from Heaven, his own Country: shewing, that as she was in her fallen state, she was the object of love and desire.*

BEfore this Prince did in that Land appear,
His servant came his way for to prepare.
Such an Ambassadour he was indeed;
That we of him in Sacred Story read;
That of all those that born of women are,
None was so great, nor with him might compare.
Yet was the King of that same Land so bold,
As on this gracious Person to lay hold,
And into a vile Prison cast is he,
For witnessing against Iniquity.

*Herod would marry one most near of Kin,
But John affirms that 'tis an horrid sin,
For him to have his Brother Philip's Wife:
And for asserting this, he lost life.*

To please a wanton Harlots Dancing pride,
The Propht's head from's body they divide.
This doubtless did his Master greatly grieve,
To see they should him thus of John bereave;
His servant John, whom all the people own
To be a Prophet, yea a mighty one;
Though the chief work that he was sent about,
Was to describe and point his Saviour out.

He faithful was, and show'd his constant Love,
Told them his Prince descended from above:
So Great, in pow'r, the Latchets of his shooes
He was not worthy to unty, or loose.

The loss of such a Servant needs must be
Great ground of sorrow. But, alas! If we
With care do mind what after came to pass,
We shall conclude with him much worse it was.
For Herod now, like to his Predecessor,
Proceeds from sin to sin, until no lesser
A Crime he does attempt, than for to kill
The Prince of Light himself; Thereby to fill

His

His measure up, as some before had done,
For seeking the dear Life of this Just one.
But of this Plot he had such Information,
As quite defeated their black Combination.
Ah! to and fro, how was he daily hurl'd,
Whilst he abode in this ungrateful World.
His persecutions were so great, that He
Was often forced for his Life to flee,
To flit from Town to Town, from place to place;
For, Blood-hound like, they did him daily chase.
From *Fury* to *Samaria* he did go,
And down from thence to *Galilee* below.
From *Nazareth* he fled to *Capernaum*,
And long he staid not when he thither came:
For he was tost about continually,
And found no Harbour nor security.
Sometimes quite beyond *Jordan* he would get,
Yet even there with dangers was beset.
Small Rest, alas, he had in full three years,
His days were fill'd with sorrow, sighs and tears.
Oft may we read he wept, but never find
He laught, or was to merriment inclin'd.
The Prophet said, *with grief he was acquainted*,
When long before he forth his Person pointed.
And few there were did him at all regard,
So blinded were their Eyes, their Hearts so hard.
He was despis'd almost by every one,
Rejected scornfully and trod upon.
And the poor *Soul*, for Love of whom he came,
Expos'd him daily to the greatest shame.
No countenance would she to him afford
Although so high a Prince, so great a Lord.
She bid him hold his peace, his Suit desist,
And all's indearing proffers did resist.
No more would she vouchsafe his face to see,
But hid her self from him continually.
Far from his presence with delight she rould
In filthy Puddles, and in Loathsome holes:
Nay, did combine with his most Cruel Foes,
To lay upon him stripes and bitter Blows;

To break his heart with often saying Nay ;
Or by surprize him bloodily to slay.

Object.

But some may ask, *Whyth' people of that Land*
Did rise against him thus on every hand ;
Why should they manifest such causeless hate,
When he'd not injure them at any rate,
But sought their peace and everlasting good ?
Tis pi y such a Prince should be withstood.

Ans w.

One Reason, Sirs, of this their baneful spight,
Was meerly 'cause he was *the Prince of Light.*
'Twas from that bitter enmity you read
Between the Serpent's and the woman's seed.
Another cause of the Contempt they show,
Is 'cause they neither him, nor's Father know.
But that which most of all their Hatred breeds,
Is his reproving of their Evil deeds :
Because he did expose each horrid Sin,
Yea, and ript up their filchiness within :
Through each Religious Mask, and trim disguise,
Their canker'd Breasts lay open to his Eyes.
He knew their hearts, & them he would not spare,
And thence to him such Malice they did bear.
But 'twas *Apollyon*, (whose deceit and Lies
Abroad amongst the people did devise)
Most of these Troubles which on him rise.
No stone that Monster left unturn'd, that he
Might bring this Sovereign Prince to misery,
Though all in vain : For he miscounts his sum,
Alas ! the fatal hour's not yet come.
Christ still persists the stubborn Soul to woo,
Intreats her, not her self thus to undo.
He is not gone, behold, he's at her door,
And patiently Admission doth implore,
He knocks, he calls, and doth his Suit renew,
Until the Heavens his gracious Head bedew,
Until his Locks with drops o'th Night are wet.
And yet from her can no kind Answer get.

Oh!

Oh ! hark I pray unto his melting words,
Enough to pierce ones heart, like sharpest swords.

Prince of Light.

Soul ! Harken to me or thou art undone,
I cannot leave thee thus, nor yet be gone,
I see thy state ; thy state I pity too,
Thy treacherous Lovers seek thine overthrow.
It is in vain for me to ask thy Love,
Until thou breakst with them, and dost remove
Thy Heart from those that thy Affections have,
Who to vile Lusts thy Faculties inflave.
What dost thou think I can have in mine Eye ?
What self-advantage will accrew thereby ?
What gain I, if thou grantest my request ?
All that I beg's thy greatest Interest.
I ever happy was, and so shall be,
Although at present thus distressed for Thee.
How can'st thou, cruel *Soul*, thus let me stand,
Barr'd out of Doors, whilst others do command
The choicest Room within thy yielding Breast,
Lodgings too good for such destructive Guests.
Believe me, poisonous Toads and Serpents lurk
Within thine Arms, which will thy ruin work :
Those Lovers which thou keep'st so close within
Are Murderers. Trust not that Monster *SIN*,
Nor any of his Hellish Company ;
For though no harm thou dost at present spy,
But wantonly presum'st to sport and play,
And canst not see the fatal snares they lay :
Soul ! o'pe the the Door, and I'll discover all
The secret Plots, devised for thy fall ;
Or, push the Window back, let in some light,
And I will shew thee a most dismal sight :
Thy self I'll shew thee, which couldst thou behold,
Thou'dst see thou art undone, betray'd and sold
To slavery, from whence there's no Redemption,
Torments, from which ther's not the least exemption.
Then wake, look now, behold thy wretched plight,
Or straight thou'rt seized with eternal Night.

The

• The *Soul* is deaf or certainly she's dead,
 Or by some pow'rful Magick Charms misled:
 For she no Answer in the least doth give:
 Sad 'tis with them whom Satan doth deceive.
 How blind are Creatures in their natural state?
 Oh! how insensible and desperate!
 They sleep securely, and will never hear,
 Till direful Thunder bore their stupid Ear:
 Boldly they frolick on Hell's smoaky Brink,
 And never on its gaping dangers think,
 Till swallow'd down, to endless flames they sink.
 But silence now! Here comes a Reversed Friend,
 A Servant to the Prince, pray, Sirs, attend:
 He's sent about the Business that's depending.
 Oh! that it might obtain an happy ending:
 He is a man his Master loves most dear,
 And he to him doth like Affection bear:
 His int'rest he will now be sure t' improve,
 That all obstructions he may quite remove,
 Which in the way of the poor Soul doth lie,
 For whose sad state, lo! tears stand in his Eye:
 His Heart is full, his Spirit greatly griev'd,
 To think how she by crafty Sin's deceiv'd;
 And seeing what his glorious Master bears,
 His Soul's almost dissolved into Tears.

Theologue.

I from the Great and mighty Prince am sent,
 To see, vile Soul! If thou wilt yet repent,
 And o'pe thy Eyes to view what thou hast done,
 In piercing the dear heart of such an one,
 As is that Sovereign Lord thou dost abuse,
 And all his offers shamefully refuse.
 Two things consider throughly: first of all,
 Thy sad and wretched state under the Fall
 Which thou receivedst many years ago,
 When *Eden's* Groves bewail'd thine overthrow.
 Ah! Didst thou know thy lost undone Condition,
 Sure it must move thee unto great Contrition,
 'T would make thee roar, and mightily condole
 Thy woful state, O! thou condemned Soul!

Thy

The second thing is this, O ! mind with speed,
 The worth of him whose Soul for thee doth bleed!
 Didst thou but know his Dignity and Birth,
 Soon wouldst thou say, *none's like him upon Earth.*
 Nor is this all : for further I declare
 No other help thou hast, far off, or near ;
 'Tis he who is thy choice and only Friend ;
 Reject him still, and sad will be thine end.
 Shall he such grief and sorrow undergo ?
 And unto him wilt thou no kindness show ?
 Would he thy guilty Soul from Treason free,
 By making of a marriage-League with thee ?
 Shall not his Love, nor thy distressed Case,
 Court thee in prudence to his safe Embrace ?
 Will nothing work upon thee to Relent,
 Nor be a means to bring thee to Repent ?
 I pray thee, Soul ! these things lay to thy heart,
 And unto me thy true Resolve impart.

Soul.

What mean you thus to vex and grieve my mind ?
 My Heart's to other Lovers more inclin'd.
 It lies not in your power, to command
 Against my will : and well I understand
 What's best for me ; I am for present ease :
 He suits not my Conditions, doth not please
 My curious fancy ; I'll content mine Eye.
 Will you the liberty of Choice deny ?
 You must indeed have some mysterious Arts,
 To change the secret sympathies of Hearts :
 If that you ever make me to comply,
 So as to loath the Jewel of mine Eye.
 What ! force Affection ? who can violate
 The Law of Nature ? weigh my present state :
 Can Earth forget her burthen, and ascend ?
 Or yet, can Flames aspiring downward bend ?
 For if Fire should descend, and Earth, aspire ?
 Earth were no longer Earth, nor Fire, Fire.
 Even so, dear Sir ! I find it is with me ;
 Consenting I no more my self shall be.

As Love is free, so are its bonds as strong
As Death? to break them is a grievous wrong.
Can the kind Heavens do a damage greater,
Than to destroy and ruin their poor Creature?
Or, shall I think the Righteous God will fill me
With such strange Joys, which if enjoy'd, will kill me
Can I believe things 'bove my sense and reason?
And ignorant be when guilty of high Treason?
How can I think my self a Criminal,
When of the fact I nothing know at all?
My present state is good, I know no cause
To blame my self for breach of unknown Laws.
Why shall injurious Friends such things alot,
To have me place my Heart where I love not,
And break the League with those I love so dear?
These hardships are too great for me to bear.
Those Joys therefore in which I have delighted,
Shall not for fancied sweetness ne're be slighted.
He whom you call *The glorious Prince of Light*,
Is not a person lovely in my sight;
He's not so modish, pleasant, Debonair,
As those brisk Gallants, whom my Fancy share.
I must have other Eyes wherewith to see,
Before he can be countenanc'd by me.

This said, away the foolish Soul doth fly;
Will hear no more, but with a scornful Eye
Neglects her Bliss, & Death's dark paths doth trace,
Rather than saving truths of Life imbrace.
Who being gone, a Neighbour does appear,
That would be glad fully her Case to hear;
And that he clearly might have it exprest.
He thus himself to *Theologue* Address.

Vicinus.

Grave Sir! Since in your Reverend face I read
All works which do from Courtesy proceed,
I am emboldned to desire of you
Some satisfaction in a point or two.
I late have heard some Rumours of such News,
As puts my wondring spirits to a muse:

'Tis

'Tis of a Prince unparallel'd for Love,
That took a Journey down from Heav'n above
To seek himself a Spouse; and as I hear
She unto him will no Affection bear;
Though for Descent, Riches and Beauty too,
Never the like did mortal Creatures know.
This Soul-amazing, Sence-bereaving story,
Has fill'd my raviisht Ears: What matchless Glory.
Is his, whose Love is far beyond Expression?
And what Creature is this must have possession
Of such a glorious Heart? Sure she's no less
Than one of High Descent, some Emperefs,
Or Virgin Queen at least, whose Beauty's rare,
Mixt with choice Vertue, both beyond compare:
The total sum doubtless of every Grace,
Makes a composure in her Heav'nly Face;
And there all true Perfection is united,
To make one Phoenix, that has thus invited
This mighty Prince to do her so much Honour,
As seek her Love and set his Heart upon her,
To sue so earnestly, and undertake
Mighty Atchievements only for her sake;
For to encounter with a wrathful Foe,
That sought an universal overthrow
Of mortal Creatures, and in every Land
Subjected all unto his proud Command,
The strangeness of it sets me all on fire,
And kindles in my heart a strange desire,
Impatient of delay, till you discover
The Creature that has got so rare a Lover.

Theologue.

To put a period to thy Admiration,
Come let thy wonder-smitten Cogitation
Now give attention, and I soon will show
The truth of what thou dost desire to know.
The Creature whom this mighty Prince doth grace
With Love, lives very near unto this place.
We all do her as our next Neighbour own;
Much is she talkt of, yet but seldom known.

You

o You sure have heard before, she was by Birth
Of high descent, the splendor of the Earth,
Unblemisht Beauty, neither spot nor stain,
Whilst in her Virgin state she did remain.
To speak her pedigree, in Truth she springs
From no less Root than from the King of Kings:
Whom Scriptures call *The Father of all Spirits* ;
And none but he that Blessed Name inherits.
From him she did at first derive her Name,
And Heaven and Earth eccho'd her glorious Fame :
Fair *Cynthia*, Illustrious Queen of Night,
With all her borrowed Rays, ne're shone so bright,
The King's true Image in her face did shine.
No Glory like to Glory that's Divine.
But that which doth the greatest Wonder raise,
And may the quick'st profoundest Wits amaze,
Is the sad change, and miserable state
She's in since first she did degenerate ;
Her Lustre tarnisht, and her Beauty faded,
Filth and Corruption every part invaded :
Oh ! it was then on her this Prince did look,
When of her God and guide she was forsook :
For though she was indeed thus nobly born,
Her blood is tainted, and her state forlorn.
She that in splendor once appear'd so bright,
Is now deform'd, and blacker than the Night.
Foul putrification doth her Beauty cover.
She's full of Ulcers, and desil'd all over.
Th' infection spreads it self in every part,
Her eyes, her hands, her head, but most her heart ;
Her feet whose loyal steps she once divided
To follow the great God, have so backslided,
That they most swiftly from him run astray
In every sinful and forbidden way.
Her Arms are filled with unchaste Embraces,
She's stain'd her Beauty, and lost all her Graces.
Her Breath once sweeter than *Arabian Spices*,
Whose rare Perfumes makes Houses Paradises,
Offensive is to all that come but near her,
Her Tongue is so unclean, God loaths to hear her,
Whic

Which was her Glory in her youthful days,
 When she with joy sung forth his blessed Praise.
 But that which may sound stranger in thine Ear,
 And seem indeed too hard for love to bear,
 Is her Ault'ries her unchast delights
 Her Amorous Kisses, wherewith she invites
 Her wanton Lovers ; nothing else can prove
 So much d'stafful to unspotted Love ;
 As when the Embers of Lusts raging fires
 Burn in the Bosom of unchast desires.

Vicinus.

But stay, Dear Sir ! What Lover is't would kiss
 A Creature loathsom, and so vile as this ?
 And how came she into so sad a Case,
 That once adorned was with so much Grace ?

Theologue.

If you kind Neighbour, please to lend an Ear,
 These things in order I will fully clear.
 Her Lovers are more loathsom far than she,
 With whom she's joyned in Affinity.
 From them she took the foul disease at first,
 And ever since remains vile and accurst.
 The Serpent did beguile her with such fruit,
 As did her Vitals poison, and pollute.
 Not that the fruit in 'moral sense was evil :
 But 'cause she took it, tempted by the Devil,
 After on pain of Death it was forbid :
 Ah ! 'twas from hence it so much mischief did.
 Besides, she's guilty of another Deed,
 She's made a League with one that did proceed
 From Hell's black Region, where her wanton Eye
 Could see no Object but Deformity ;
 A Contract she has made, I say, with one,
 Begot by proud, but curs'd *Apollyon* ;
 Monstrous by Nature, and as vile by Name,
 Ah ! she has chosen him unto her shame :
 His nature's poisonous, his very Breath
 Is so infectious, that it threatens Death
 To every one to whom he is united ;
 Yet with this Monster is her heart delighted :

Who

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Eye

Who to my Prince is a most desperate Foe,
And to speak plain, the cause of all his woe.
Since first the *Soul* was with base Lust acquainted,
From Top to Toe all over is she tainted.
She that was once so rare a comely Creature,
Sin has not left her now one lovely Feature.
The Splendid Beauty of the whole Creation,
Is thus become a meer Abomination.
For since her self to Lust she prostituted,
Her inward Faculties are so polluted,
That she's become unto *Jehovah's* Eye,
The truest pourtrait of Deformity.
She that sometimes no Evil understood,
Is now become an Enemy to Good:
For this vile monster by *Apollyon's* pow'r,
Did not only corrupt the Soul all ov'r,
But very cruel they did further prove,
Whilst they pretended kindnesses and Love;
For they most wickedly put out her Eyes,
She might not see her own Deformities:
And being thus both blinded, and defil'd,
Was also rob'd, and treacherously spoil'd
Of all the Jewels which her Sovereign gave her,
Whilst she remained in his Love and favour;
Of all her goodly Vestments they bereft her;
And stript her naked, she had nothing left her,
Nothing to hide her shameful nakedness.
But filthy Rags, how loathsome you may guess.
Besides all this, they wounded her full sore,
And left her sadly weltring in her Gore,
Expecting Death each moment she did lie,
A loathsome spectacle to passers by,
Unhelpt, unpitied too by every Eye.

}

Each humane Soul that is not born again,
In this sad state doth certainly remain.
The rich, the poor, the wise, the old, the young,
Though ne'r so high, so beautiful and strong
They seem, or think themselves, in truth they are
In as bad Case as we've described here.

Who

Vicious.

Vicinus.

Sir! You have fully answer'd my Desire;
 Yet let me be so bold as to inquire
 One passage more, since happily I see
 You can inform all such as ign'rant be
 Of these weighty Affairs; blest be the Lord,
 That so much Wisdom doth to you afford.
 O! that there were more of you in our Land,
 That to the Truth might always faithful stand.
 But tell me, if it mayn't too tedious prove,
 Whether this Prince that manifests such Love,
 Knew her sad state when he came from above?
 Did he her filthy bad Condition know
 Before he came from Heaven, or did show
 That precious kindness which his Breast retain'd
 Unto her, even after she was stain'd?
 May be his Eye upon the Soul was plac'd?
 Before God's Image in her was defac'd:
 And as consider'd so, then doubtless he
 Might find some Cause to her so kind to be.
 But if as she did in pollution lie,
 And so consider'd, he did cast his Eye
 Upon the Creature; then I must declare
 It may astonish all that of it hear.

Theologue.

The Question you propound is very good;
 And would 'twere throughly weigh'd and under-
 The Answer's easy; But I greatly fear (stood
 Some mind it not enough, who chosen are.
 Before the World was made he fully knew
 Ev'n what below would afterwards insue:
 He knew the Creature, *Man*, would sin and fall,
 And in sad misery himself inthral.
 The time therefore when first he cast an Eye
 To be her Suiter, (our Security)
 It was not when she did her Grace inherit,
 Then one would think she might his favour merit
 'Twas not when she was in prosperity,
 But when she in her blood and filth did lie.

Her time of sorrow, was his time of Love,
Her misery did bring him from above.
Whilst she in actual bold Rebellion lives,
His Grace and offer'd Pardon then he gives.

Vicinus.

Sir ! You have said enough, I am amaz'd,
Strange wonderment within my Spirit's rais'd.
The nature of his Love who can conceive ?
Such Love as this no mortal Creatures have.
I pray go on, and further now let's know
Concerning her estate, her Bliss, or woe.

Theologue.

You'l find it worse and worse ; and what's behind
Will strange Impressions make upon your Mind :
For now you'l hear what Justice has to say,
What horrid Crimes he to her charge will lay.
And though she seems undaunted without fear,
Once more Ile try if she will lend an Ear.

CHAP. VII.

Shewing how Theologue, the Princes Spokesman, endeavour'd to obtain the love of this poor Creature for his blessed Master, by whom the aggravation of the Creatures sin and misery is laid open ; the Soul is in debt ten thousand Talents, worse than nothing. Moreover, shewing how the Creature was guilty of high Treason against the Sovereign Lord Jehovah ; is also Arraigned and condemned to be burned alive. A Dialogue or discourse between the Divine Attributes : Justice cries for Execution, to have the fatal blow struck ; Mercy steps in. Justice must be satisfied. Goodness and Mercy will not lose their Glory, being alike esteemed by God. Divine Wisdom reconciles all the other Attributes, and makes them meet together in a sweet harmony : the Soul being condemned to die, the Prince sees no other way to obtain her for his own but by satisfying Justice, and

D

becoming

becoming Surety, and yielding himself up to die for her.

Theologue.

HOW is it Soul! art minded yet to leave
 Thy Lusts, and Lovers, and to Jesus cleave?
 Dost not perceive the sad state thou art in
 By curs'd *Apollyon*, and his off-spring, *SIN*?
 Wilt thou for evermore thy self destroy,
 And not accept of Health? wilt not enjoy
 One who in value doth all Worlds excel?
 Wilt thou refuse in paradise to dwell;
 Dost see thy state, thy bloody state? oh speak!
 My bleeding heart for thee doth greatly ake.

Soul.

You had my Answer plain enough before:
 Forbear, I pray and trouble me no more.
 I do not believe what you have said is true;
 Such pains I never felt, nor sickness knew:
 But if my state were worse than yet I see,
 I will not have you thus to trouble me.
 I have all things which naturally delights me,
 And from them you shall not deter, nor fright me;
 You know the Proverb used in our Land,
Each Tub shall upon its own Bottom stand.

Soul, b' not so rash, be more considerate;
 Ponder on things before it be too late.
 Sith what I said before no good can do,
 More of thy wretchedness I now will shew;
 And if that fails, then afterwards I'll leave thee.
 And o're into the hands of Justice give thee.

First, from God's Word I have Authority
 To lay before thee thy great poverty.
 Thy Sovereign Lord most highly is distasted
 For all the precious Treasure thou hast wasted.
 First, of his Glory thou hast him bereav'd,
 And to rebel against him been deceiv'd.
 Next, thy whole self to him 'tis thou dost owe,
 Yea all thou either art, hast, or canst do,
 Which thou hast not regarded hitherto:

But to thy self, and not to him dost live,
Who did thy self, at first unto thee give,
And from whom thou dost ev'ry thing receive.
Thy knowledg, judgment, and thy memory,
Th' excellent nature of each Faculty,
Should all have to, and for him, been laid out,
As being all his Goods; *Soul!* look about,
For time, for Health, and for the day of Grace;
Thou must be brought before the Judge's Face:
And for thy Riches, and all things thou hast,
Which thou Imbezel'st and dost vainly waste,
A strict Account must at the Bar of Heaven
By thee in a short time be surely given.
Ten thousand Talents doth thy God demand;
Which thou canst neither pay, nor yet withstand;
His dire proceedings, 'cause he is most Just,
And thou but sinful Ashes and vile Dust.
Thou wilt be seiz'd, and in a prison laid,
Till the last mite be satisf'd and paid.
Canst thou poor Soul! dost think quit the old score,
When thou contractst new debts still more & more?
Would not a Friend that's able to defray
All thy vast Debts, and a full Ransom pay
To thy just Creditor, most welcom be,
If such an one could be found out for thee?
But things yet worse, I fear, there are behind,
The truth of which most certainly thou'lt find.
Hark, trembling Soul! thou to the Bar art cited,
And for high Treason there, dost stand indicted,
Committed by thee 'twas in antient time,
When thou didst dwell in *Eden*, in thy prime:
When thou hadst flourish'd there but a short season,
Thou didst contract that guilt of horrid Treason
Against thy Sovereign, in whose Princely Eye
Was Grace and favour mixt with Majesty:
Gracious to pardon many great Offences,
And yet severe to punish Insolences.
But thou both Grace and Justice didst despise,
And in thy Heart didst evil things surmise

Against thy Sovereign Lord, and secretly
Join'st with his Foes in close Conspiracy.
I was with the King of Darknes thou didst close,
Obeyd'st his will, and didst thy God oppose.
A dreadful Sentence then against thee past,
Which ne're by humane Art could be reverst.
Thy Sentence was in Prison long to lie,
And for thy fact at last Condemn'd to die.
And Death on thee did seize thee self-same time,
When thou commitst that high and fearful Crime;
The sad effects of it I this Day see,
Thou still ly'st dead in thine Iniquity.
Ah ! I may preach until my heart doth ake,
And it on thee will no Impression make.
Thou art depriv'd of Life and Light of God,
And long hast thou in this estate abode.
But a worse Death doth in thy Sentence lie,
(Though very few on it will cast an Eye)
Condemn'd to suffer everlasting pains,
And on thee then were fastned heavy Chains.
And though thy Execution be delay'd,
Yet 'tis by means of Jesus only staid.
His precious Grace preserves thee from that fire,
Whose torments once begun, shall ne'r expire.
That Soul-amazing Sentence who can bear
The thoughts of it, and not let fall a tear ?
What Malefactors are Condemn'd to die,
But on the sense of Death's approaching nigh
Contracts not horror on their Souls thereby ?
What then to suffer Death for evermore,
Where Torments ne're abate, nor will be o're ?
To be a thousand tedious Ages Rackt,
Not Dead, yet always in the dying Act.
A fiery Furnace with a sevenfold heat
We read of, yet its flames were not so great,
But that they soon would languish and grow cold ;
Whereas these Tortures, still increasing, hold.
If e're thou shouldst be cast into that place,
Before thou dost take hold of Love and Grace,

There

There's this will then thy sorrows aggravate,
None will thee pity in that wretched state.
Never was Malefactor in distress,
But met with pity either more or less ;
And though it do not take away the grief,
Yet where there's pity, there's some small Relief.
But if thou dost this fearful Sentence bear,
There's none to pity, none to shed a tear.
O think of this, alas ! thy wretched Eyes
Are blinded now, thou basely dost despise
The best of Comfort, Joy and Consolation,
For love to sin, horrid Abomination !
Thou swell'st in pride, unmindful of thine end,
And see'st no need of comforts from a Friend :
But what wouldst thou for such a Friend then give,
And for those Comforts thou may'st now receive ?
Dost not thou tremble at this frightful news ?
Tremble at least at that which next ensues.
Three things there are, three Circumstances great,
Which much thy final woe will aggravate :
Which severally unto thee I'll relate,
That thou may'st think upon thy future state.
First, from thy high Descent thy birth did crown
Thee with the greatest Honour and Renown,
That ever any had upon the Earth,
Thou being own'd a Sovereign Queen by birth.
Yet that which did so much advance thy fame,
Was not alone the Honour of thy Name,
As the rare properties of thy sweet Nature,
A most transcendent and accomplisht Creature ;
An Heav'n-compos'd frame, as if thou'dst bin
Deriv'd from some Celestial Seraphim.
When great Jehovah's fruitful Word had made
The whole Creation, touching thee, he said,
This Creature shall alone our Image bear,
Whom all things else shall reverence and fear ;
Our Sacred Portraiture we solely place,
In this sweet Creatures Heaven-erected face.
And when he sent his first begotten down,
No other form or Image must he own.

The Angels Nature wholly he refuses :
And rather Humane Soul and flesh he chuses.
Alas ! there's not a greater aggravation,
Than for a person of the highest station
To be thrown down into the deep'st Abyss
Of woe and sorrow ! oh ! how sad is this ?
Thy self caus'd change a miserable Creature,
Will surely make thy Torments far the greater.

The second Circumstance of Aggravation,
Is worthy of thy serious observation.
And that I may more fully make it known,
Under two Heads I'll briefly lay it down.
First, from the timely notice that was given,
By thy most Sovereign Lord, the King of Heaven,
When with his glorious Image he had grac'd thee,
And in fair *Eden's* fruitful Garden plac'd thee ;
Ordain'd thee Mistress of that famous Bower,
Where thou might'st see his Glory every hour ;
Granting whatever might accommodate
Thy pure perfect spotless Virgin state ;
Excepting one reserved Fruit alone,
Which did indeed of Right belong to none
But himself ; that hidden Myserie,
Which in the midst of Paradise did lie ;
To know what Evil was as well as Good,
Which never could by men been understood,
But by an Art of the most horrid Evil,
And hearkning to, and siding with the Devil ;
The dire effects to thee were told most plain,
The danger and the loss thou should'st sustain ;
The loss of Life, the loss of *Eden's* Glory,
The loss of God ; a lamentable Story.
Warning was giv'n, God strictly did require,
On pain of Death, thou should'st not once desire,
Nor tast, nor touch, nor cast a longing Eye
Upon this fatal Fruit, which certainly
Would straight procure thy final overthrow :
This timely notice shall augment thy Woe.
Fore-warn'd fore-arm'd, you know we use to say,
Thou wast fore-warn'd, and yet didst go astray.

Contemptuous Soul! alas, how couldst thou think
 The mighty God would at Rebellion wink?
 Though he is said to wink at Ignorance,
 Presumption is a different Circumstance.
 Thou knew'st before-hand if thou didst transgress,
 Assured Death would follow, and no less;
 The Lord had said it, he that gave us breath,
 Said, *thou shouldst die*, & yet thou fear'dst not Death.
 This is the height, as well as spring of Evil.
 To doubt and mistrust God, yet trust the Devil.
 Against God's sacred Truth to shut ones Eyes,
 And credit blindfold th' Father of all Lies.
 Ah Soul! 'twas listning to a wanton lust,
 That was the cause thou didst at first distrust
 The glorious Lord and falsely to surmise,
 He was unwilling that thou shouldst be wise;
 Afraid that thou shouldst know as much as He,
 And grow a Rival to his Deity.
 This blasphemous Conceit the Devil first,
 In thine already wicked fancy nurs't:
 "'Tis (saith this Prince of Darknes) God's intent
 "In this unjust Restaint, but to prevent
 "Thy being like himself: for he doth know
 "If once thou taste this Fruit it will be so.
 "Do thou but try, and taste, and presently
 "Thou'lt find thy dim, dark Eye shall open'd be.
 "This hidden Secret will be understood, (Good:
 "And thou'lt know Evil, as thou now knowst
 "You shall become as Gods: and I pray when
 "'Tis so what fear you, who can punish then?
 "Your wisdom may the threatned Death evade,
 "And with an equal pow'r Heav'n's pow'r upbraid.
 Thus spake the Tempter, and thou straight didst
 And tracherously to him didst quit the field. (yield;
 Forthwith the fatal Fruit with impious hand,
 Thou pluckst, and eatest, against thy God's command,
 Branding thy self, and thy posterity,
 With Treasons Guilt and endless misery.

And here, vile Soul ! I cannot chuse but tell
Thee one thing more that will increase thy Hell,
The Devil had no power to compell
Thee to have tasted this his poisonous Feast,
But wilfully thou hast God's Law transgressed :
For though thou hadst a pow'rful Sword to weild,
Tempted to Lust, thou cowardly didst yield :
Thou to thy self dost thy destruction owe,
And this doth greatly aggravate thy woe.
If want of strength or weapons, if oppression
Do force a Man to give up his possession,
He is excus'd and his unhappy fall
Condol'd, lamented, and bewail'd of all.
But he deserveth neither love nor pity,
That unconstrain'd surrenders up a City,
When he has pow'r to make strong opposition,
Furnisht with Arms and warlike Ammunition,
Yet at one slender Summons yields his Fort ?
The mis'ries he sustains in such a sort,
Reflect upon himself, and do redouble
His conscious Anguish, self-accusing Trouble,
Just as the Southern Sun with burning beams,
Reflection from a Wall with fierce extreame,
Above its natural strength or wonted course,
Scorches and burns with a far greater force :
So do those Flames, first kindled with desire,
Grow dangerous, and prove the stronger fire.
The wounds receiv'd from self-confounding Arms,
Have ever done poor Souls the greatest harms.

There's yet another Circumstance behind,
That aggravates thy smart, which, prethee mind:
When once thy fearful Torments are begun,
Thy fatal Glass will never cease to run ; (retire,
Years fill'd with months, and months with weeks
Weeks fill'd with days, & days with hours expire ;
And hours in nimble minutes swiftly fly
Unto their End ; but in Eternity
There is no End, nor will thy woes diminish,
Although years, months, weeks and hours finish.

The

The toilsome Day when once it does expire,
All Creatures here to pleasing rest retire.
Slaves, Bondmen, Prisoners, Captives, all have ease,
No Drudgery so great, but then doth cease,
Each bustling Day ends in a Night of peace. }
But thou must look to be with pains oppress'd,
Where mid-day torments find no night of Rest,
Death puts a period to the greatest grief,
I'th silent Grave the weary find relief :
But wish't-for Death from thee shall fly away,
Eternity's a never-ending Day.
Where th' angry mouth of Justice loud doth cry,
Here must thou ever, ever, ever, lie.
How miserable ! ah how sad's thine end !
When thou in vain shalt court Death for thy friend.
Men now do fly from Death, whilst Death pursues,
But then shall seek to Death, who will refuse
At their Request such favour to afford,
As frees them from that Breath giv'n by the Lord.
Death knows no pity : Nay, observe it well,
'Tis Death that opens wide the Gates of Hell,
Where thou must be tormented with the Devils,
As the just punishment of all thy evils.
Distressed Soul ! oh unto what shall I
Compare thy easeless, endless misery !
In various volumes of the World's Records ;
Strange Tortures we may find express'd by words ;
But Oh ! so great, so sore is thy distress,
As flesh can't bear't so words can't it express.
Devils rejoyce, and welcom in the Day
That crown'd their Conquest with so rich a prey ;
To see thee thus quite buried in thy spoils,
Bereft of Earthly joys, and Heav'nly smiles ?
And I do fear th' incensed God above
With direful Wrath will quickly thee remove
Into that place----But hark ! methinks I hear
Some dreadful noise---see how the Mountains tear,
And rending Hills, do into pieces fly,
Whilst Thunder bellows through the troubled sky :
The

The Stars and Planets in confusion hurld,
 Have banisht Natures order from the World.
 See how the melting Orbs of Heaven sweat,
 Like Parchment parch'd & shrivel'd up with heat;
 Swift Lightning flashes through the Air appear,
 And now, O hark! the dreadful Trump I hear,
 It sounds exceeding loud, enough to make
 The Dead from their deep silent Graves awake,
 And stoutest Sinners stubborn hearts to quake. }
 Ah! 'tis Mount *Sinai*, God himself is come
 Now to convince thee of thy final Doom.
 The Law and Justice will thee now Arraign:
 Poor Soul! for thee my Soul's in bitter pain.
 From them be sure no Mercy thou wilt meet,
 Although thou shoudst turn Supplint at their feet.
 Their method is so rigid, so severe,
 The Guilty by no means they ever spare.
 Awake, awake, poor soul! and look about,
Jehovah doth command the Sinner out,
 And active Justice having seiz'd her fast
 Doth hale her to the Judgment-seat in haste.

Justice.

Most Sovereign Lord! who dares i'th least gainsay
 What thou commandst? thy Word I must obey.
 Lo! here I bring this wretched Prisoner forth
 Unto thy Bar, who mad'st both Heaven and Earth,
 See! with what dread the trembling wretch doth
 To know thy Sacred Pleasure & Command. (stand,

Jehovah.

Justice, What is her Fact? her Crimes declare:
 I patiently will now the matter hear.

Justice.

Then will I legally, my Lord, proceed,
 And presently her black Indictment read. (Crimes,
 Come forth thou Conscious wretch, and hear thy
 In wicked deeds thou didst begin betimes.
 By th' name of *Soul*, thou standst indicted here,
 Being without true Grace and godly fear,
 Most treacherously in *Eden* long ago,
 Didst then and there, with God's most horrid Foe,
 Con-

Conspire against his Sovereign Majesty,
 To the dethroning of him privily;
 Then setst thou up a Traitor in his place,
 And traiterously his Image didst deface,
 And ever since hast in Rebellion stood,
 Pursuing Evil, and forsaking Good.
 For Treason, Murder, Theft, thou standest indicted:
 These Crimes were all in thy first fact united.
 Nay, more than this yet worser is thy Cause,
 Thou art Arraign'd for breach of all those Laws,
 Which in thy Nature God at first ingrav'd.
 The same thou hast in every point deprav'd,
 This Royal Law much hast thou violated,
 And every Day thy Crimes are aggravated.
 That Spirit's still in thee which was at first,
 When God did thee out of his Garden thrust;
 Thou sid'st with Satan, and dost him obey,
 Not minding what, or God, or good men say.
 All Evil Rebels in thy House remain,
 And nobly there thou dost them entertain,
 Whilst God thou hat'st, his proffer'd Love refuse,
 And precious Patience daily dost abuse.
 Therefore, my Lord! she worthy is of Death,
 As ever any that on Earth drew Breath.

Jehovah.

Soul! What dost say, hold up thy guilty head,
 Thou unto this Indictment now must plead:
 Guilty, or not Guilty, I charge thee, speak;
 Lest Justice doth severer Courses take.

Soul.

I dare not say I am not Guilty, Lord;
 Of some of these foul Crimes which I have heard
 Read in my Charge, 'tis vain for to deny,
 My Conscience makes me *Guilty, Guilty* cry.
 Thy Law is broke, which doth all Lust forbid;
 My Sin I know from thee cannot be hid.
 Although methinks Justice seems too severe,
 For the whole Charge he'll scarcely make appear.

Jehovah.

Jehovah.

Art guilty of that first and hainous Crime,
Which was committed, Soul, in Ancient time,
By him who was thy Representative,
From whom thy evil Nature didst derive?
If guilty of that one horrid Offence,
'Tis easie for thee to perceive from thence
Thou art under my Just and fearful Curse,
Condemned by thy God, what can be worse?

Soul.

To *Adam's* Sin, Lord, I must guilty plead;
Nay, and to many an actual Evil Deed.

Divine Justice.

The Prisoner does confess her vile offence,
And now there needs no further Evidence,
Shall Execution, Lord, on her be done?
How canst thou bear such a Rebellious one?
Lord, let me straightway strike the fatal blow,
Let her with vengeance to Hell-torments go,
She's guilty, even by her own Confession,
Of heaping up Transgression on Transgression.
She's in my Debt she cannot it disown,
And I demand my Right, Come, pay it down.
Ten thousand Talents; *Soul*, thou owest me,
Which must be paid, and that full speedily.

Soul.

That I am in thy Debt I don't gainsay;
But I have not one farthing now to pay.
Some pity show, I for forbearance cry,
Since thy Demands I cannot satisfy.

Justice.

Full satisfaction 'tis that I must have,
In vain from me you compositions crave;
My Name is *Justice*, and my Nature so,
I never did, nor can I mercy show.

Soul.

If there's no mercy, then my state is sad,
And never was there any News so bad;
For *Adams* seed who under Sin do lie,
All then must perish to Eternity,

Theologue.

That God is gracious, Soul, is not deny'd,
 Yet Justice will also be satisfy'd.
 Consider if thou canst the matter reach;
 One Attribute God never will impeach
 To magnify another; He's so Just,
 As to take vengeance on each Sin and Lust?
 Each Attribute know thou assuredly
 Must meet together in sweet Harmony.

Soul.

What will thy Wrath, O Justice! then appease?
 Upon what terms wilt thou afford some ease
 To me, after this terrifying News?
 Vouchsafe to tell the means that I must use,
 To satisfy a Judge that's so severe,
 And will not of sweet Acts of pardon hear.

Justice.

There's nothing can appease me, that is less
 Than a compleat and perfect Righteousness;
 Like that thou hadst whilst thou in Eden stood:
 Nothing, save this, will do thee any good.
 What e're is due to me of the old score,
 Must be paid down, or never any more
 Will the great God with thee concerned be
 On gracious terms of Peace and Amitie;
 A Sacrifice can only make thy peace,
 That, that alone, will cause my wrath to cease.

Soul.

If that be all, Ile get a Sacrifice?
 Let me consider, what shall I devise?
 A thousand Rams, and Rivers of sweet Oil,
 I'll offer up but for one gracious Smile?
 With fat of firstling Lambs Ile Heaven invoke,
 And purest Incense up like Clouds shall smoke;
 Each Morn Ile sacrifice whole Hecatombs,
 With Frankincense, and sweet Arabian Gums,
 If these, O Lord! I offer up to thee;
 May they atone for mine Iniquity?

Justice.

Oh no! give o're those trifling low designs;
 The Eastern Spices and the Western mines
 United, are to mean an Offering
 To satisfy this great incensed King.
 In such poor offerings God does take no pleasure;
 Couldst thou therefore procure all *Europes* Treasure;
 Nay, all the Wealth that in the World has bin.
 'Twould not his wrath appease for one small sin.
 Shouldst thou thy dearest Son or Daughter take
 For Sacrifice, 'twould no Atonement make:
 The fruit of thine own Body were in vain
 For thy Soul's sin a pardon to obtain.
 No Friend or Brother canst thou now find out;
 To pay thy Ransom, or release thee out;
 There Riches never can be help for thee,
 Nor once redeem thy Soul from misery.
 Nay, couldst thou yet ascend to Heaven above,
 And holy Angels with compassion move
 For to engage for thee, and signify
 That in thy stead, and for thy sake they'd die,
 It would not do; for in them's no such worth
 As to remove thy guilt, appease God's wrath.
 Their Glory's great, as holy Scriptuers show;
 Yet all they have and are to God they owe.
 They cannot help thee in thy great distress,
 Nor satisfy the Law thou dost transgress.
 In brief, look where thou wilt; no Balsam's found:
 In any Creature for to cure thy wound.
 No Surety canst thou get; then come away,
 Eternal Torments must thy Reckoning pay.

Soul.

Hold, hold, thou art too hasty and severe,
 To one word more I pray thee lend an Ear,
 I will amend my life, if this be so.
 'The Promise runs to such as truly do
 Their Evil courses leave; I hope hereby
 Thou wilt some pity show, not let me die.

Divine Justice.

Fond Soul ! though such thy promises indeed
So often broke, deserve but little heed ;
Yet grant thou shouldst henceforth with strictest care
Endeavour thine offences to repair,
Couldst thou so live, as never to sin more,
Will this, dost think, pay off thy former score ?
Can thine imperfect Righteousness to come,
Discharge of by-past ills, so vast a sum ?
When even that which thou callst Righteousness
It self wants pardon, and must Guilt confess.
When thy Bond's su'd, thou dost thy self forget,
To offer menstruous Rags to pay thy Debt :
For what is past, not future, I demand,
And thou shalt feel the rigors of my hand.

Soul.

Lord ! then I'm drown'd in an Abyſs of fears,
If hearty Sighs, nor penitential Tears
Can wash me clean, nor yet relieve my woe :
My case is desp'rate, what shall Mortals do ?

Divine Justice.

If thou with Tears couldst the vast Ocean fill,
Or grieve till thou thy self with sorrows kill,
And make ten thousand Rivers with thy blood,
'T would not contribute the least dram of Good.
Nay, couldst thou live, and never more offend,
Yet for old sins to Hell I must thee send,
To th' place of Execution thou must go :
Lord, shall I strike, O shall I strike the blow ?
Lo, here the Soul, condemned wretch doth stand ;
My Ax is up, if thou but giv'st command,
I presently will cut her down with Ire,
Fit felow for an Everlasting fire.

Divine Mercy.

Stay, Justice ! hold, forbear to strike ; shall I
My Glory lose to all Eternity ?
Though thou art just, as just as God can be,
Yet something Mortals still expect from me,
'Tis gracious Love and pity I afford,
In me shines forth the Glory of the Lord :

In me God doth (O Justice) take delight,
 Though thou art pleasant also in his sight.
 How shall we both then meet in Harmony,
 And shine in splendor to Eternity ?

Divine Wisdom.

I have found out the way, which will you both
 With equal Majesty and Glory cloath.
 God is as just as Justice doth require,
 And yet as kind as Mercy can desire.
 Here is a glorious Prince come from above.
 Who all obstructions quickly will remove,
 Which in the way of the poor Soul doth lie,
 And you appease, and jointly satisfy ;
 To save her now from the infernal pit,
 I have a Ransom found, a Ransom fit.

Divine Justice.

I cannot hold,--I'll strike the fatal Blow :
 Hell she deserves ; with vengeance let her go
 Unto the place appointed for all them
 Who do God's holy Laws and Grace contemn.

Jesus Prince of Light.

O Who is this ? What Traitor's at the Bar,
 That is condemn'd and Justice wo'nt defer
 The Execution ? speak, hold up thy head ?
 Hast any thing to say ? What canst thou plead ?
 Methinks, methinks, I should this Creature know ?
 Ah ! Soul, is't thee ? what shall I for thee do ?
 I told thee what thy state would be i'th end,
 When first my Love to thee I did commend.
 Soul ! Speak, 'tis I, why dost thou not look up ?
 I'm sorely griev'd to think upon the cup
 That is prepar'd for thee ; What dost thou say ?
 Shall I step in, that Justice may delay
 To strike the stroke, for then too late 'twill be
 To show my Love and pity unto thee ?
 Hast any kindness for me in thine Heart ?
 I doubt that still thou the same Creature art
 Thou wast before ? and hast no love at all : (fall ?
 Why speakest thou not ? shall vengeance on thee

Ah

Ah! how can I see Execution done,
And Tears not from mine Eyes like Rivers run?

Divine Justice.

Lord, ben't concern'd, she is thy bitter Foe;
Oh let me therefore freely strike the blow.
There's nought in her but Sin, and poisonous Evil;
To God a Foe, and Friend unto the Devil.

J E S U S.

I know not how to let this stroke be given,
For I am come on purpose down from Heaven
To make Atonement, and to satisfy.
For all her sins and foul Iniquity.
Though she to me doth no affection bear,
Yet her I pity, and do love most dear.

Justice.

Blest J E S U S! hold, 'tis my just Master's sense,
Abused Mercy must have recompence.
There is no other way but she must die,
Unless thou wilt be her security:
If in her stead thy life thou wilt give up,
Then mayst thou save her from this bitter Cup.
The price which thou on that account wilt pay,
Will make a Compensation, and defray
All her vast Debts, yea plenary
God's wrath appease, and Justice satisfy.
What must be done? Who is't the stroke must bear?
Is't not most fit such should who guilty are?
I cannot hold my hand, nor longer stay
Law must be satisfy'd, what dost thou say,
Thou wretched Soul; behold the knife and spear?
Canst thou, dost think, God's fearful vengeance bear;
Now, Soul! look to thy self, this Spear I'll run
Into thy Bowels, ere I it return.

J E S U S.

Stay Justice, stay, withhold thy furious Dart,
And, let its glitt'ring point first pierce my Heart.
Her guilty state aloud calls for relief,
It wounds my Soul and fills my heart with grief.
My Bowels yearn, my inward parts do move,
Now, now's the time to show her my great Love,
Let

Let Law and Justice be suffic'd in me,
 'Tis I will die, to set the Sinner free.
 Behold me, *Soul*! my life shall go for thine,
 I will redeem thee with this blood of mine,
 Although most Precious, Sacred, and Divine.

CHAP. VII.

Shewing what Consultations there were amongst the infernal Spirits to bring Jesus, Prince of Light, under the power of Death; a Council called in Hell: the Princes of the fallen Angels in a deep combination against him, for fear their Kingdom should fall, and the poor Creature be delivered. The grand Counsel of Old Satan is taken. He enters into Judas. Judas's sin discovered. Jesus is apprehended. A terrible battel, or Christ's Agony before his Passion. Sin and Wrath combine together: shewing the Prince's Conquests over them both. Seven aggravations of Christ's sorrows in the Garden; and a Dialogue between the Devil, King of Darkness, and Death, the King of Terrors.

HERE let's a while reflect with careful heed;
 What! doth the guiltless for the guilty bleed;
 This may astonish all, here's Love indeed!
 Do Mortals ever greater love extend,
 Than to lay down their lives for a dear Friend?
 But for a Prince, a mighty Prince to die,
 Not for a Friend, but for an Enemy,
 Convicted and condemn'd for horrid Treason,
 Thus to step in at that most Critick season,
 When just the fatal blow was to be given?
 This Love's above our Reach, higher than Heaven,
 Deeper than Ocean Seas, so Infinite,
 As well deserves our wonder day and night.
 What? Was the Father free his Son to give,
 His dear and only Son, that he might live?

And

And doth the Son i'th midst of Enemies
Yield up himself to be a Sacrifice?
Yet who can be so bold to lay their Hands
Upon this Prince, that Heaven & Earth commands?
How shall this thing be now accomplished?
And by what means shall his dear Blood be shed?
Let's now inquire who is't that will consent
To be the grand and chiefeſt Instrument
To execute this precious ſpotleſs Lamb,
Who for this purpose down from Heav'n came?
Has he on Earth any ſuch ſpightful Foe,
As dares attempt this 'mazing thing to do?

You heard before he daily was beſet,
And with what Enemies he often met;
But now his hour is drawing very near.
Great Conſultations 'mongſt his Foes there were
How they might take his bleſſed Life away,
Who ſeem'd himſelf impatient of delay.
He long'd until his work were finiſhed,
Which could not be until his blood were ſhed:
And though he had moſt raging Enemies,
Yet knew they not what project to deviſe
To bring this bloody traiterous deed to paſs,
Which long before by them deſigned was:
Until *Apollyon* finding by his Art
The dire Intentions harbour'd in their Heart,
Doth rouse them up, and firſt the matter ſtart
To the Infernal powers, to wake them all
A ſecond time upon this Prince to fall.
Then *Belzebub*, *Satan*, and *Lucifer*,
Conſult aſreſh how to renew the War,
And to this purpose wee'l ſuppoſe they ſpake:

Apollyon.

Shake off your fears, ſpeedily let's make
The ſtrongeſt Head that poſſibly we can
Againſt this ſtrong, this Devil-amazing man.
Now, now's the day, let's bring him to Death's ſting,
And then with ſhouts of Triumph we may ſing:
For over Death 'tis we the power have,
And we may ſure ſecure him in the Grave.

'Tis

'Tis he alone who frights us in our station,
And puts us all into great Consternation.
Our Kingdom by this means is like to fall,
And wethereby be ruin'd great and small.
I have engag'd him once, but could not stand,
I know his strength, he has a pow'rful Hand.

Belzebub.

My Sentence is for War? this Enterprize
Well managed, will make our Kingdom rise,
And re-inthroned us in our Ancient Skies,
To a great Height and flourish, as before :
When he is down, we'll let him rise no more.
Can we but once deprive him of his Life,
Twill put an end to all our fears and strife.

Lucifer.

Dominions, Pow'rs, and Principalities
You all in danger are ; awake and rise
From off your Seats, and lazy Beds of Down :
Sleep you secure, or, fear not the dread frown
Of him who cast you down, and joys to see
Your abject state confess his Victory ?
Shall all our brave infernal Regiments yield,
And basely quit the even yet doubtful Field ?
What ? by one man shall such a pow'rful Host
Be overcome, and all at once be lost ?
Come, shew your valour, I'll command the Van,
Tho we're to engage with one that's more than
Yet fear him not ; why doth each spirits hand (Man,
Shake thus ? why do you all amazed stand ?
Has none found out a way to make him yield,
And either by fraud or force to quit the Field ?

At this old *Satan* rose from off his Seat,
Ready to burst with Rage and Malice great,
And cast a terrible look (if minded well)
Enough to fright all th' Devils out of Hell.

Satan.

You mighty Lords of the Infernal Lake,
Hark unto me, who for our Empires sake
Have now devis'd a Startagem, that may
(If I mistake not) prove the only way

To bring about the Ruin of our Foe,
Whom I both hate and dread, as you well know :
There is his Servant *Judas*, he's our Friend,
And into him forthwith will I descend,
Who by my strong perswasions soon will do
That which may make for's Masters overthrow.
He will betray him to our Servants hand,
Who will secure him safe at your command,
And put him unto Death, who when destroy'd,
We never any more shall be annoy'd.

They all agreed to what old *Satan* said,
Combining jointly to assist and aid
Him in this great, though curst enterprise,
And bid him make what hast he could devise.
Delays are dangerous, Devils well know that :
But why need they Grim *Satan* instigate ?
He needs not be provoked to make haste,
When 'tis to injure *Souls* ; or them to waste ;
Or wreck his Malice, Rage, and Hellish spight
On the sweet person of the *Prince of Light*.
For now, alas ! is come the dismal hour,
The time of Darkness. And Hell's direful pow'r
No sooner spoke, but *Satan* flew away,
Winged with spight, impatient of delay,
He takes possession of poor *Judas* heart,
And unto him in secret doth impart
The grand Design of this *Cabal* of Hell ;
Who presently *consents*, and likes it well.
Away he goes, resolv'd the work to do :
A work, Lord, did I say ? *sad work* ! Oh who
Could think that a *Disciple* could do this,
Betray his Lord with a false treach'rous kiss ?
Perfidious wretch ! what villany is here ?
Who can conceive the Crime ? or who declare
The horrid nature of this vile offence ?
Transcending all degrees of insolence.
No treacherous Act like it was done on Earth,
Since Man first from *enliv'ned Clay* took breath.
Where was thy Conscience, wretch, it not did fly'
Into thy face for this Impiety ?

Were

Were all his wondrous works out of thy mind,
 His tender Love and pity to mankind ?
 Betray the Son of Man ! Can this be so ?
 What hadst thou in thine Eye ? what made thee do
 This horrid deed ? Was't mony did thee move
 To forfeit thy *Allegiance*, and thy love ?
 'Twas from that filthy Root, *Root of all Evil !*
 Base sordid *Gain*, thou soldst Christ to the Devil ;
 (That is to those vile men he did employ
 To perpetrate this cursed Tragedy.) (him
 This shew'd thy malice, and how thou didst hate
 But tell us *Judas !* at what *price* didst rate him ?
 What price didst set upon his blessed Head ?
 Are *Thirty pence* enough ? What, valued
 At this low price ?—Is Jesus worth no more ?
 Such a *sad Bargain* ne're was made before.
 A Box of *Ointment's* worth, in thy esteem,
Three hundred pence ? and dost thou value him
 Not to amount in worth, 'bove the Tenth part ?
 Thou shew'st how blind, and how deceiv'd thou art ?
 He whose most precious personage out-shines.
 The fading Lustre of all *Orphirs* Mines.
 And carries sweeter Odours in his Breast,
 Than all the *Spices* that perfume the East ;
 He that's *Omnipotencies* choice delight,
 Whom trembling Angles *Worship* day and night ;
 He that the Saints above all Worlds do prize,
 In whom all worth and true enjoyment lies ;
 Shall he be sold at such a rate ; O fie !
 Thou wilt repent it to Eternity,
 That thou didst ever such a Bargain make :
 What ? Thirty Bits of cursed Silver take
 For th' *Pearl of matchless price* : thou sordid Sot !
 Wilt thou be trading, when thou know'st not
 What 'tis thou sell'st ? Fool, 'tis a *precious stone*
 The *Indian Quarries* yield not such an one,
 Worth more than Heaven & Earth. But it is gone !
 So rich a *Jewel* lost ?—Go howl and cry ?
 Thou'lt hang thy self ; next in Hell-torments fry.

And

And who can pity thee? I prethee who
To such a Trator will compassion shew?
Now 'tis too late thou dost begin to mourn;
Better (vile wretch) thou never hadst been born.

Under incens'd wrath, ah! now he lies,
Where flames torment, and Conscience terrifies.
Be not offended, Sirs, I judg him not;
But his own *Master's* words can't be forgot,
Who speaking of his sad and sinful fall,
Doth him the Son of black *perdition* call,
And says that *he is lost*. Christ is the Judge,
And to repeat his Sentence who can grudge?

But to proceed— how can my spirits hold?
I need Relief, my heart (alas) grows cold,
Whilst I with wonder look on what's behind,
Soul-melting pity overwhelms my mind.
Who can of such heart-breaking suff'rings hear,
And not dissolve each Eye into a Tear?

But, ah! methinks something doth intervene,
The thought of which puts me to as much pain,
As doth the sad, but useful Contemplation

Of his unhappy happy bloody passion,
Then let's retreat, and to the *Garden* go,
For in that place began his grievous woe:
Before he doth with th' *King of Terrors* fight,
Another King sets on him full of spight,
Whose pow'rs great, by curs'd usurpation,
He domineers and rules o'revery Nation;
He brings the Mighty down unto his feet,
And makes them all with rigour to submit:
The good, the bad, the wise, the old, the young.

The rich the poor, the beautiful, and strong;
All that live, or e're liv'd, have worsted bin
By this proud lofty one, whose name is *SIN*.

A Bastard Devil of most monstrous Birth,
Begot in Hell, by Satan first brought forth;
Already you have of his Malice heard,
And how in wrath he never Mortal spard.

A crafty Foe, who oftner steers his course
In all his wars, by fraud than open force:

'Tis

'Tis he that keeps the Soul in Iron Chains,
And robs her of all Sense ; lest those great pains
She otherwise might feel, should make her cry
To be deliver'd from his slavery ;
Unless our *Jesus* doth this Foe destroy ;
The *Soul* he loves he never can enjoy.
He had with him before oft a hard Duel,
And worsted him, escaping all his cruel
Attques, but *rallying* now with other Foes
He joyns, to lay on more impetuous blows.
Well may we dread here an amazing Fight,
For lo ! with him confederate in our sight
The *Wrath of God*, most fearful to behold :
Both these sad Enemies, with courage bold,
Are making all the Head that e're they can
Against this blessed Prince, *the Son of Man*.
Oh ! let our Souls be arm'd with courage bold,
Whilst we this furious Battel do behold.
Before the Fight begins, do you not hear
How he doth cry unto his Father dear ;
O let this Cup from me, Lord, pass away,
If it be possible ; Let it, I pray,
Pass from me, that of it I may not drink.
Until this time he never seem'd to shrink
From any pain, conflict, or suffering ;
This Combat is, alas, a different thing,
From what before he ever met withal ;
From hence he did unto his Father call
Once and again, repeating of his cry,
I'th sense of what was now approaching nigh,
Some may at this 'tis likely much admire,
That our dear Saviour should so loud desire
To be deliver'd from that bitter Cup,
Which was *prepared* for him to drink up,
It did not rise for his *unwillingness* ;
But from the pain, the anguish, and distress
T'would bring him to : this *humane Nature's* weak,
From thence he might such supplications make.

Ah !

Ah! wrath *Divine*, what humane Soul can bear?
 But of *Divinity* he hath his share,
 Which doth again his fainting spirit chear.
 And such support he needs --- Cast but an Eye,
 See how the Combatants with fury fly
 Upon each other; What a Battel's here
 Enough to melt our Souls into a tear.
 Lo! the first blow that *Sin and Wrath* doth give,
 It is the worst he ever did receive.
 Behold! how frightfully grim Death doth frown;
 Nay, more, the *Prince* seems by their strength cast
 Now *Sin and Wrath* upon him both do lie, (down.
 Which makes him groan and bitterly to cry,
 With panting breath, and half-expiring Breath,
My Soul is sorrowful, ev'n unto Death.

Can the great *Prince* of Earth and Heaven feel
 Such heavy strokes, as thus to make him reel?
 The dismal weight of *Sin* this doth declare;
 None but a *J E S U S* could it fully bear.
 Happy are we, as the blest Prophet said,
 Our Help was upon One that's mighty laid.
 Could man or Angel ev'r have born Il this,
 And not have been cast down to th' deepest Abyss?
 Nay of this mighty One, Saint *Mark* hath rais'd
 Our Wonder higher, *He was sore amaz'd*:
 Nay more than this he fell upon the Ground:
 No Soul before such anguish ever found,
 To see the Lord of Life brought to the Earth,
 Under the pressure of God's heavy Wrath;
 And that he suffer'd all this in our stead,
 May make our Souls to stand astonished;
 Especially, if to these Trials we
 Shall add his great and bloody *Agony*,
 Wherein the sweat fell from him as he stood,
 In Crimson dy, like trickling drops of blood.
 Ah! precious Lord! this work was very sore;
 But still thy Love, and its blest Vertue's more;
 Through all these Toils thou graspst at Victory,
 And *Captive* lead'st at last *Captivity*.

Sin that day had not receiv'd a fall,
 Grim *Death* and *Hell* had quickly swallow'd all
 The race of *Man* ; we all had been undone,
 No help, no hope, no life for any one ;
Sin was condemn'd, it had a fatal blow,
 That now to *Saints* it little hurt can do.

But to proceed, here I shall now relate
 Some things which very much do aggravate
 The sufferings which *Christ* in's *Soul* indur'd,
 When he this Conquest for our *Souls* procur'd ;
 No greater sorrows did he ever know,
 Than those which then his *Soul* did undergo.

Several Circumstances which demonstrate the
Greatness of our *Saviours* sufferings in his *Soul*
 in the Garden.

First.

They did not seize him with the least surprise,
 From thence oft-times doth great Amazement rise
 Unto poor Mortals : we are not aware
 Oft-times what's nigh, know nothing of snare.
 But thus 'twas not with the blest Prince of Light ;
 What can be hid from Great *Jehovah's* sight ?
 He knew full well what would upon him fall ;
 Yet when it came, so great, surpassing all
 Were th' Grievs he felt, he in amaze doth call
 Unto his Father dear most earnestly,
 If 'twere his will to let that Cup pass by.

Secondly.

It was the very thing he came to do,
 And yet cry'd out in such sad sort ; O who
 Can then conceive what he did undergo ?
 He freely did his precious Life give up ;
 And yet he's ready to refuse the Cup.
 He takes it (as it were) into his hand
 Most willingly, but presently doth stand
 Pausing a while : then puts it to his Lip,
 And after he had took one bitter sip,

Looks up to Heav'n, and cries, O may it be
Thy will, dear God, this Cup might pass from me.

Thirdly.

He knew unless he drank it up, that we
Must perish All to all Eternity ;
And that his coming would prove all in vain,
If he refused for us to be slain ;
And yet with sighs and groans how did he cry,
In sence of wrath, and that extremity,
Which he beheld would quickly overtake him!
When once his blessed Father did forsake him!

Fourthly.

The *Angels* which did there to him appear,
Demonstrate plain how great his sorrows were ;
For like as one distressed, makes complaint,
Quite tired out, and all his spirits faint,
Needs to be strengthned by some faithful Friend :
So God to him did Holy Angels send,
For to *relieve* and comfort him that Day,
When *Sin* and *Wrath* so heavy on him lay.

Fifthly.

But what's Assistance from an Heavenly Host,
To the great Power of the Holy Ghost !
Some little measure of the Spirit hath
Caused blest *Saints* to triumph over Death.
How have they sung with flames about their Ears,
Contemning pains, regardless of all fears ?
This *Spirit* rested on him *bodily*,
Without measure ; and yet how doth he cry !
As scarce well knowing which way to bear up,
Whilst he partakes of this most painful Cup.
This greatly doth his sufferings amplify
To humane sense, if weighed seriously.

Sixthly.

(Tears

O Lord ! what means these melting sighs and
Why is thy Soul amaz'd, why fill'd with Fears ?
Ah ! 'tis enough to break our hearts to think
Upon that bitter potion thou didst drink ;
Thou knewst thy sorrows would be quickly o're,
And then thou shouldst ne'r sigh nor suffer more ;

'Twas from *thy worth*, both *Wrath* and *Justice* cries,
We are *appeas'd* with this thy *Sacrifice*.

Might not the shortness of this Conflict yield
Thee some Relief? Besides thou knew'st the Field
Thou shouldst obtain, the Conquest was thine *own*,
And quickly too the Conflict would be gone.

Ith minst of Wars, or anguish, Men indure,
If any can them certainly assure,
That in short time their Troubles will be over,
They straight rouse up their spirits to recover,
And patiently resolve to bear the smart,
For this is like a Cordial to the Heart.
All this thou knew'st and more abundantly;
Yet *Sins* dire weight so heavily did lie,
That with strong groans & horror thou didst cry.
The Torments, Lord! of Hell took hold on thee,
Our Souls from that devouring Wrath to free.

But why didst thou into a Garden go
Thus to encounter with the hellish Foe?
Was it because *there* first began our woe?
Or, was it, Lord, to have us call to mind
When we in *Walks and Gardens* pleasures find,
What thou didst for us in a Garden bear,
To take our Hearts from sitting *pleasures* here?

But stop, my Muse! look back, and let us see
What did succeed *Judas* his Treachery.
O mind, what Joy's amongst th' Infernal Crew,
In hopes of what is likely to ensue.

Hark how those *Scritchows* cry, but with small rea-
As will be manifested in its season. (son,

It was decreed the Glorious Prince should die,
Already you have heard the reason why,
And though the first contrivance was *Divine*,
Yet *Hell* hereby had also a design
Of horrid mischief; and for that intent
They first prompt on the cursed Instrument.
For having try'd their utmost strength before
In open force, they will engage no more
In that vain way; but now resolve to try
What may be done by *Hellish* policy.

This

This Project taking hitherto so well,
 New *Summons* straight are issued out in Hell
 To all *Infernal Spirits* to make speed,
 And push on boldly the last cursed Deed ;
 Hearing this *Prince* would prove a mortal Foe.
 Their Hellish Kingdom utterly o'rethrow ,
 And bring them to deserved punishment,
 (For *old* and latter Treasons they invent)
 Where they perpetual Tortures shall sustain.
 They feared also that he would again
 Restore that poor *condemnd* degenerate
 Forsaken Wretch, unto her first Estate,
 Which she by Lust had lost ; nay, furthermore,
 Make her more *famous* than she was before.
 Which to prevent, they all consult the way,
 How him to *Death* with speed they may betray,
 From's Heav'nly Kingdom to be banisht quite,
 And ever kept under the shades o'th Night.
 Various their *treacherous* Consultations be,
 Yet all on Death do mutually agree.
Apollon pulst it on with raging haste ;
 But *Satan*, say'd, Forbear, drive not too fast.
 Such mighty matters call for Consultation ;
 We strike uncertain, when we strike in passion.
 Thus black-mouth'd Envy op'd his snaky Jaws,
 To have them conduct well their Hellish cause :
 Ere further you proceed in this design,
 Pray take, saith he, these transient thoughts of mine.
 The hearts o'th *Jews* must first prepared be
 With Pride, Revenge, and strongest Enmity ?
 And we must think upon some Friends that will
 Forswear themselves, our pleasures to fulfil ;
 Such Witnesses our crazy Cause will need,
 And such must we provide too with all speed.
 For well we know his Innocence is such,
 With the least stain Truth could it never touch ;
 Therefore those Crimes he wants in verity,
 Malice must raise, and Perjuries supply ?

And

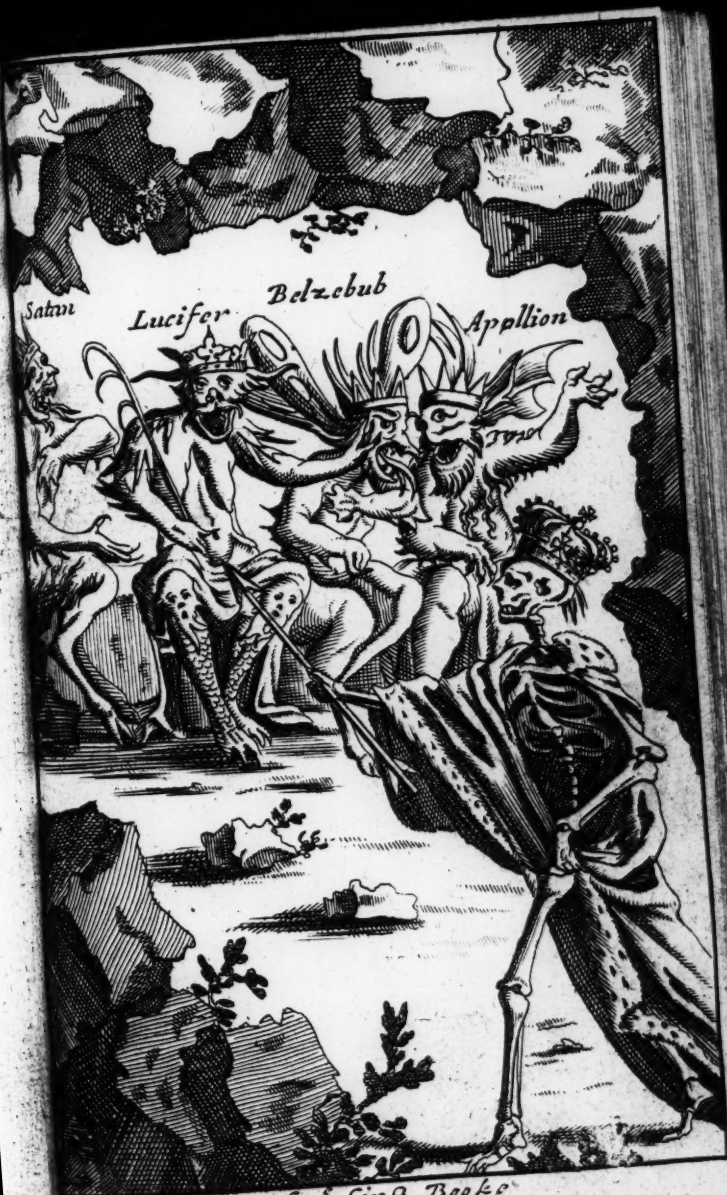
And that they may pass current when he's try'd,
A Council we must pick, fit to decide
The matter right or wrong on our side.
Besides, 'tis fit ere we the work begin,
We should the King of Terrors summon in.
If his Commission will not reach so far,
In vain, alas, is all our present stir.
His Pow'r is great, but don't you understand,
He has refus'd to be at our Command,
Not once, but many times? this makes me quake:
We are undone, should he refuse to take
Part now with us in this Extremity,
When all we have and are at stake doth lie.

To this Advice the Devils all consent,
And call for Tyrant Death, who doth present
His ghastly face, and boldly do's demand,
What 'twas they would have him to take in hand?
Then soon Apollyon, King of Darkness, breaks
Silence, and to this purpose gravely speaks.

Apollyon.

Dread King of Terrors, if thou stepst not in,
Down goes our Hell-bred Monarchy of Sin.
We now can walk the spacious Earth about,
And have we Friend or Foe, we find him out,
Where ere we see a person that's upright,
We seek his ruin with the greatest spight.
When we by fraud or craft can't him intice
To yield to Pride, or Lust, or any Vice,
But that he'll watch us with a wary Eye,
And persevere in all true Piety;
Then on him do we bring outward distress,
To make him lose, or leave his Holiness.
Our Kingdom by this practice is made strong,
Potent and large, and so has prosper'd long.
But now thy help we need, for much we fear
The downfall of our Kingdom draweth near.
Upon the Earth there now appears in sight
A mighty Foe, one call'd *The Prince of Light*
And for what end should he from Heaven come,
If not to execute on us that Doom

Which



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Which Heav'n long since decreed? To end which
 We are resolv'd to take away his Life. (strife,
 Already he's betray'd; if things hit right,
 And then we'll yield him up unto thy Might.
 For thy Assistance, *Death*, we do implore,
 Else to these mischiefs this will happen more,
 That Creature we so long have captivated,
 Will in her Pomp again be re-instated.
 The thoughts of which there's none of us can bear,
 Speak, speak, pale Monarch! for we long to hear
 What's thy Advice? Thou mighty art in pow'r
 And canst, we know, whole Nations soon devour.

The King of Terrors.

Great *Prince of Darkness*, you must understand
 We are not wholly at your proud Command.
 For there's a mighty Pow'r in Heaven high,
 Which you are subject to as well as I:
 'Tis true, from him I cannot say at all
 That I derive my strange Original;
 Yet by his pleasure am circumscrib'd,
 And gainst his Will cannot be forc'd nor brib'd,
 Wherefore, if he this *Prince of Light* protect,
 In vain at him shall I my shafts direct.
 Besides, in this Exploit methinks I find
 Some strange foreboding ills possess my mind,
 As if engaging thus against your Foe,
 I should but hasten mine own overthrow.
 Take mine Advice then, meddle not at all;
 Better sit still, you know, than rise to fall.
 'Tis true indeed, as you have well observ'd,
 Your threatned Judgment has been long deferr'd:
 But if your Execution-Day be come,
 You can't escape, but must abide your Doom.

Prince of Darkness.

Thou pale-fac'd Traytor! shan't we have thy Aid?
 Then all our Hellish Projects are betray'd.
 How oft have we stood by thee; sent thee forth
 To do our will and pleasure on the Earth?
 The first that ever thou hadst in thy hand,
 Committed was by me, at my Command;

I caus'd *Cain* to slay his godly Brother;
 And so taught thee how to bereave the Mother
 Of her most dear, of her most hopeful Son;
 And shall not uow my will in this be done?
 'Twas I which did thy being to thee give:
 How many Subjects dost each day receive
 From me and mine? who do in every Land
 Promote thy State, and lend their helping-Hand.
 Therefore consent, and show thy angry Brow,
 And make this Conqueror to thy Scepter bow,
 Yielding himself to thee, strike him with speed,
 And pierce his very Heart until it bleed.
 Then some dark Cave near the Earths Centre find,
 Where Light ne're pierc'd, nor *Phæbus* ever shin'd,
 There, there, the vanquish'd Foe do thou retain
 Close Prisoner with an Adamantine Chain.
 When e're thou strik'st, be sure strike home thy blow,
 Lest he revive and work our overthrow.
 Be bold, attempt, and let thy pow'r be known,
 The Glory of this Deed shall be thine own.

King of Terrors.

I must confess I have been often sent
 By Hellish means unto the Innocent.
 To satisfy your Envy, Pride, and Lust,
 Some thousands I have turn'd into the Dust.
 Yet never did I strike, but on Condition,
 As Heaven did permit, in my Commission.
 And though by *Thee*, and by that Monster, *Sin*,
 The Child of Hell, I first of all came in;
 Yet am I not subservient still to thee,
 But bounded by *Jehovah's* own Decree:
 For had I wholly been at thy Command,
 Poor *Job* had fell before thy pow'rful hand.
 Where my dread Sovereign Lord do's give me charge,
 To stay my hand (though my Commission's large)
 I must forbear; But if he once permit,
 The Just, and the Unjust alike I hit.

Apollyon King of Darkness.

Wilt thou eclipse my Glory and Renown?
 Destroy my Pow'r, and tread my Kingdom down?

Ty *Death*! for shame forbear thy Insolence,
And do'nt dispute the Mandates of thy Prince.
Strike! I conjure thee; do not vainly think
'Twill be thy Int'rest from this work to shrink.
That hand, that powerful hand that conquers me,
If he prevail, at last will vanquish thee.
Though now on Earth thou dost in triumph dwell,
If he o'recome, he'll cast thee down to Hell.
Thou from thy Monarchy shalt then be driven,
And shalt abide in no place under Heaven.
Thou that hast been a Conqueror heretofore,
Shalt conquer'd be, and never conquer more.
Ah! lend thy Hand, shew forth thy mighty pow'rs,
'Tis for thy int'rest, *Death*, as well as ours.
If Arguments and Reason may convince
Thee; try thy weapons on this dangerous Prince.

King of Terrors.

Say, say no more. If you find things agree
In order to his downfal, I will be
His Executioner, do you not fear?
I tremble at the thoughts of what I hear,

Damned Spirits.

Bravely resolv'd! At last they all Reply'd,
Swelling in Wrath, in Malice, Envy, Pride,
We'll now proceed, and craftily prepare
All things in readiness to end this War.

Apollyon.

Though *Judas* has a party for our turn,
Yet we have more to do e're we adjourn.
If we should bring this Enterprize to pass,
Yet when all's done, I shall be where I was.
We must seek out some persons to defame
His so much honour'd and unblemish'd Name.
He's just and Vertuous, and esteem'd so high,
Who dares charge him with th' least Impurity?

Satan.

At this an envious Devil strait jump in;
He lead the people on, let me begin;
He stir them up to Envy more and more,
Such Envy that he shall not stand before.

Belial.

These are but sparkles from an hasty Fire,
 Which will for want of fuel soon expire.
 His Glory still encreases, ours decays.
 Words without Actions are but faint delays.
 The rarest Wit amongst us must look out,
 With wariness to bring this thing about.
 I'll tell you what I newly have contriv'd:
 Let my Lord *Lucifer*, the King of Pride,
 Make one amongst their Rulers in the Seat
 Of seeming Justice; Tell them they are Great-
 And Prudent men, yet Learned ones likewise,
 And in their Breasts alone true Wisdom lies.
 Yea, tell them that the Sovereign Lord of Heaven,
 To them the name of Gods on Earth hath given;
 Tell them both God and men have thought it fit,
 That they like Gods should in this Grandeur sit;
 And, answerable to this lofty station,
 The people have them in great veneration.
 Thus, when h' has put their Honours in a Heat,
 And swell'd them up with Pride and self-conceit,
 Tell them 'tis much below their high Degree,
 That such a low inferiour Man as he
 Should be their Prince, or over them bear sway,
 Who rather ought their Greatness to obey.
 Then, when the uncontrouled Breath of Fame
 Has spread abroad the Glory of his Name,
 And fill'd each Eye and Ear with Admiration,
 Giving to him Applause and veneration,
 Then let our envious Friend once more take's place,
 And sit as pale as Death in every Face;
 And let him tell them, if they do not take
 Some speedy course, their Honours lie at stake;
 He grows so famous in the peoples Eyes,
 They shortly will their Sovereignty despise.

Satan.

Nay, I can tell them yet another thing;
 The people seek by force to make him King.
 Which if the Roman Pow'r should understand,
 They'd quickly come and take away their Land.

This

This sure will work, or other ways I'll find ;
Good Mariners can sail with every wind.

Thus these Infernals seeking to prevent
Their future, but deserved punishment,
Far swifter than the lofty Eagle flies,
Did set upon their Hellish enterprize.
The King of Pride threw forth his poisonous Darts,
Which did not miss to pierce the yielding Hearts
Of those that sat at Stern, who should delight
To do the thing that's equal, just, and right :
But disregarding great *Jehovah's* Laws,
They sought (poor Souls) for popular Applause,
Puffed up with Pride, and swoln with vain Ambition,
(That Timpany of th' Soul) They had suspicion
That if the Prince of Light were once affected,
They by the people soon should be rejected.
For first they say his Miracles were great,
His Vertues rendred him still more compleat;
And made him so illustriously to shine,
He gain'd the Appellation of *Divine*.
Nay, furthermore, they heard how some did sing,
Hosanna in the Highest to the King
Of Israel ! the fragrant Flower of *Jess*;
The Root of *David* ; Oh ! who can express
The depth of Envy which in them did burn,
With raging flames, almost at every turn ?
Close Consultation in their Courts appears,
And i'th mean while strange Rumors fill their Ears.
The Miracles which he before had wrought
Into the minds of people fresh are brought,
Those wond'rous things did much encrease the
He rais'd, said some, the Dead again to Life : (strife :
Gave sight unto the Blind, who from their Birth
Had never seen the Light that guilds the Earth :
The Dumb, the Deaf, the Lepers, and the Lame,
In all Distempers, whosoever came,
Had perfect Cure in every Disease ;
Nay, he could hush the Winds, and calm the Seas ;
Could dispossess the black Infernal Rout,
And cast whole Legions of fierce Devils out.

Of five mean Barly loaves, and two small Fishes,
He made above five thousand plenteous Dishes.
Thus many talkt what he before had done,
Grieving to think what now was coming on.
His gracious words, and vertuous Life commended
Him to the Multitude, but much offended
Th' intraged Rulers; yet his Innocence
Was still so sure a Guard and strong defence,
That they could not their wicked ends obtain,
Yet from their malice they would not refrain.
How often did they in clandestine way
Endeavour their blood-thirsty hands to lay
Upon this Sacred Prince? yet still through fear
The people would rise up, they did forbear.
Sometimes they thought to trap him in his words,
That Law & Justice then might draw their Swords,
And cut him off. And then again devise
Another course, charg'd him with Blasphemies
Against the God of Heaven, by which way
They surely thought they might his Life betray.
But never could they over him get pow'r
Until his time were come: Now, now's their hour.
The work must now be carried on with speed,
When Heaven and Hell about 'it are agreed.
Though different ends in these great Agents are,
Yet in the thing they both consenting were,
That Christ should be of his dear Life depriv'd.
Though Hell alone the guilty Act contriv'd,
Yet God indeed from all Eternity,
Knowing what rage and curs'd malignity
Would be in their base Heart, resolved then
He would permit and suffer these vile men,
To bring his Purpose and Decree to pass,
Which for our Good, and his own Glor'y was.

CHAP. VIII.

Shewing how the Lord Jesus died in the Sinner's stead. Such was his love. and yet the Soul an Enemy at that time to him, and hated him. A full discovery of Christ's bloody Passion, enough to make a heart of stone to melt. The Prince gives up the ghost. Death the King of Terrors, insults over Jesus, Prince of Light. Death is-threatned with Death: shewing also what fear there was amongst the Devils, lest the Prince should rise again, and overcome Death. A second Council held in Hell: the Devils tremble. Death subdued. Heathen Oracles cease. The Devil's destroyed upon the Prince's resurrection, and put to open shame. Joy in Heaven. Angels sing. Saints rejoyce. The end of the First Part.

BUT to preceed, Will you lift up your Eyes,
 And view the Rage of Hellish Enemies;
 The final troubles of the Prince of Light
 Are coming on? Behold a frightful sight!
 A multitude with Clubs, and Swords, and Spears,
 About his Sacred Person now appears.
 This wretched Rabble's come on a design,
 Which wounds and breaks this stony heart of mine
 To think upon't? behold, they are conducted
 By the grand Traitor, and by him instructed
 How to proceed on this great Enterprize,
 Which he by Hellish power did devise.
 Arm'd, as you heard, they seiz'd on him, as if
 He had indeed been some notorious Thief.
 Fond men! If you this Prince's Nature knew,
 Your weapons are too many, or too few.
 As man, so meek, you need not rescue fear;
 As God, so strong, he can in pieces tear
 A thousand Troops that should approach him near,
 Of which a present Instance did appear.

Some

Some little rays of his dread Deity
 He caus'd to break forth, and suddenly
 They stagger'd and fell backwards on the ground,
 That they might see he quickly could confound
 Them utterly, and lay them at his feet,
 But that he saw it better to submit
 Unto his Father's Will, and take the Cup
 Which was prepared for him to drink up.
 But they recover'ing strength, got up again,
 Regardless of all dread, and now amain
 Resume their purpose, and with wicked hands
 Take hold of him, who Heav'n & Earth Commands.
 He's taken Prisoner, and strongly bound,
 Who in one moments time could quite confound
 The Universe, and all that him offend (send.
 Down to Hell's bottom quick with vengeance
 Yet like a Lamb he's to the slaughter led,
 And, as a Melefactor, suffered.

Most dreadful sorrows did his Soul indure
 That peace and Joy for her he might procure ;
 To bring his purpose to an happy end,
 He manifests himself indeed a Friend,
 A bounteous Friend, who thinks his Life not dear,
 But freely lays it down, doth freely bear
 The stroke of Justice, that he might recover
 Her forfeit Life again. Oh ! Sacred Lover !
 Oh ! Matchless Love and Grace ! Let every Eye
 Open its Sluces, draw its Fountains dry.
 If he for us such bitter sorrows felt,
 Then let the thoughts of his strong Passion melt
 Our sin-congealed hearts, our hearts of stone.

What was the reason why this Sacred One
 Did bear all this ? Were not our sins the cause ?
 He suffers, but 'twas we had broke the Laws.
 Is he betray'd to Death ? Weep o're his Herse,
 Who only di'd our Death for to reverse.

You Sin-sick Souls, think on his bloody Passion,
 And then take up this bitter Lamentation :
 Dear God ! I sin'd, and did a Saviour need,
 And must the Lord of Life and Glory bleed !

Ah !

Ah! must his dear and precious blood be spilt;
 To free me from my vile and horrid Guilt?
 Didst thou, sweet Lord, my heavy burthen bear?
 And shall not I lament, nor shed a Tear?
 Shall not my hard and flinty heart dissolve, (salve-
 To think how nought but thy own blood could
 My fester'd wounds? What heart is so condens'd,
 That cannot by these thoughts be influenc'd
 And mov'd unto remorse and great Contrition;
 Ith sense of the Lord Jesus's Crucifixion? (Hall
 They hal'd him (bound) unto the High Priests
 Where Priests and Council did for witness call.
 They search'd about for such, but none could find,
 Who did agree together in one mind.
 They us'd him like a Theif, put him to shame,
 Who bore it with great patience, like a Lamb.
 They blindfold him in a disgraceful sort,
 And ignominiously made him their sport.
 They smote him on the face, pluckt off his hair,
 And bid him prophesy then who they were
 That did him strike, that so they might thereby
 His Office of a Prophet vilifie.
 His own dear Servants in this dismal Day
 Did him forsake, and from him fly away.
 They, they in whom his Soul took sweet delight,
 His cursed Foes did so amaze and fright,
 That they disown'd him too, and left him all
 To stand alone, or otherwise to fall,
 Yea, Peter, who would have his Lord confide
 In him above the rest, stoutly deny'd
 He ever knew him; nay, and furthermore,
 To put it out of doubt, he curst and swore.
 Ah! What is man when God withdraws his hand?
 A Peter then one moment cannot stand.
 This doubtless did add grief unto his Heart,
 To see his own Disciples to depart,
 And leave him thus in his Adversitie,
 When in their stead it was he came to die.
 He after this bore much rebuke and shame,
 Scoffs, blows, reproaches, stripes, oh who can name
 The

The many Cruelties he underwent
Before his painful Death, and not lament?
They cruelly smite him on his precious Cheeks,
Which he with patience bears, and never seeks
To free himself from this their Insolence,
Although he knew his spotless Innocence.
O Gracious Lord! how, how wast thou abus'd,
Unjustly judg'd, and falsely too accus'd?
Accus'd as guilty of some grievous fact,
Who thoughtst no Evil, none didst ever act?
No stain nor spot of sin was found in thee,
Though thus thou suffer'st for Iniquity.
The injuries which thou that Night didst bear,
How great, my God! how numberless they were?

When he had past away that tedious Night,
Early next morning they with Hellish spight,
Like some great Malefactor, him present
To *Pontius Pilate*: where with innocent
And pleasant Countenance he then did stand,
To know what 'twas of him they did demand.
Then with an humble Silence held his peace,
Which made the fury of his Foes increase.
Next was he unto wicked *Herod* sent,
Who at his presence seemed much content,
Hoping he might some Miracle behold,
Because he had been of strange Wonders told.
But he that knew the secrets of all Hearts,
Who tries the Reins and views the inward parts,
Knew well his curious, but presumptuous mind,
Was only unto wickedness inclin'd.
Christ Answer'd not when he lookt for Replies.
Which made King *Herod* and his men despise
Our precious Lord, the Prince of Peace, whilst he
Became the pattern of Humilitie.
Thus Sinners contradict, and dare reprove
The Lord of Life, who quickly could remove
The lofty from their Seats, and them confound;
But nought but Love and Mercy doth abound.
This was the Day of his Humiliation,
He's first abas'd, then comes his Exaltation,

But

But, oh! that ever men should be so vile,
 To smite those Lips that never utter'd guile!
 He at whose great Command the Seas were still,
 Is now commanded by each Tyrant's will.
 He's sent to *Hered*, then sent back again
 Unto the Judgment-Seat; Ene oh! what pain
 Did he endure there by most wicked men (Pen
 What Heart can think, what Tongue express, what
 Can set it forth? Their sacrilegious Hands
 Bound him about with strong and cruel bands:
 They mock'd and did deride him shamefully,
 And then aloud set up a cursed Cry,
Hold, hold him fast, deliver Barabbas.
 Who a notorious Malefactor was.
 A *Barabbas* is now preferr'd before
 Him, whom the glorious Angels do adore.
 A Murderer shall spare, saved be,
 When JESUS shall be hanged on a Tree.
 With torturing whips they scourged him most sore,
 Until his flesh was dy'd with Purple Gore.
 O dreadful dismal Cup! what heart can think
 On what he underwent, and's flesh not shrink?
 The Blood that once run through his sacred Veins,
 Is now let out by Soul-tormenting pains,
 And all the blushing Pavement gilds, not stains. }
 Ah! don't you see how it fell trickling down,
 Yet unto him was no compassion shown.
 The Blood that issued forth from every wound
 Descends in pearly drops unto the ground.
 Oh Earth! that didst receive that holy Blood, }
 Nor fruitful *Nile*, nor *Tagus* golden Flood
 Could ever yield like Vertue, or such good;
 Ne're such a stream did water thee before,
 Nor shall again refresh thee any more.
 Nor were these cruel barb'rous scourgings all
 That he endur'd in that remorseless Hall;
 For after this they clothed him in scorn
 With Purple, when his flesh was lacht and torn,
 And in derision of his Princely State,
 Their impious hands a Crown of thorns did plate,
 Pressing

Pressing it on his gracious Head with pain,
 Till Sacred Drops did issue forth again
 In ruful sort, as they had done before,
 Spreading his precious Neck and Face all o're.
 Thus like a Lamb amongst those Wolves he stood,
 From head to foot besprinkled o're with blood.
 His Kingly Office further to debase,
 'Stead of the Scepter due to *Judah's* Race,
 They put a reed in's hand, then kneel before him,
 And in Derision feignedly adore him.
 Thus, thus did they the Sacred Prince abuse.
 Crying in scorn—*All hail, King of the Jews* :
 Then in Disdain they spit in's lovely Face.
 Could Devils offer God a worse Disgrace?
 Oh depth of Love alone, that knows no bounds,
 To suffer such dire stripes, such mocks & wounds !
 'Twas we that sin'd, 'twas thou that sufferst shame,
 To free us from the guilt. Oh let thy Name
 Thy Sacred Name for ever honour'd be,
 Who thus wast us'd, to set poor Sinners free.
 But yet, alas ! these sufferings were not all,
 More bitter things did unto him befall.
 Off next they took the Robe, his own put on,
 And now as if their malice fresh begun,
 Not satisfy'd their God for to deride,
 They loud cry'd out, *Let him be Crucify'd*.
 His Blood they thirst for: *Pilate* gives consent,
 Though Conscience told him he was Innocent,
 And had deserved neither Death nor Bands,
 Yet up he gives him to the Rabbles hands.
 He knew of malice they had brought him thither,
 Yet he and they at last combine together
 T' imbrew their guilty hands in guiltless Blood,
 Who never did them harm, but always good.
 Rather than *Pilate* will displease the *Jews*,
 Hee'l stifle Conscience, utterly refuse
 All Admonitions; though his bosom Friend
 A timely warning unto him did send,
 Uses Intreaties, urges Arguments,
 But nothing would prevail, nothing prevents

Their :

Their wicked purpose. Sentence being past,
Unto his Execution now they hast.
Though he was wounded very much before,
His flesh, his Virgin flesh, with stripes made sore,
Yet they upon his Martyr'd shoulders lay
His heavey Cross? till fainting by the way
By reason of th' intolerable pain
His bleeding wounds procured, they constrain
A Country-man of *Cyrene* (who did pass
A long that way) to bear his pond'rous Cross.
And coming up to dismal *Golgotha*.
Without remorse of Conscience, dread, or awe,
They still persist in putting him to Death,
A Death the worst that e're stopt humane Breath;
The cruel Death o'th Cross, matchless for pain,
And by God's *Curse* most liable to shame.
To cause the Just to die was crueltie;
But Crucifixion's more than 'tis to die.
Prodigious Rage! strange metamorphos'd mind!
What? kill the Lord, who was to you so kind!
What was his Crime? what his so great offence;
That not contented to remove him hence
By violent Death, but you must look about
Whereby to find exquisite torments out?
The vilest wretch that ever did draw breath,
Or in the strictest sense deserved Death,
Could never meet with more severitie
From barb'rous Foes and brutish Tyranny,
He meets with no compassion, every heart;
And every hand is set to throw a Dart.
So far from shame in this their villany,
They chuse for time to act the Tragedy,
Their chiefeft Feast, when to *Jerusalem*
From every part thousands of people came;
Then, then they chose this cursed this work to do,
That he the greater shame might undergo.
When *Priest* and *Pilate* finish't had their Court,
Dear *Jesus* must be fetcht to make them sport.
And now behold (if yet thy deludg'd Eyes
Can stay to see so sad a Sacrifice)

Behold

Behold him lift up on the curf'd Tree,
Expos'd to Torture, Death, and Infamy.
His Arms fpread wide, as ready to imbrace
His bitter'ft Foes, if they'd accept his Grace >
Quite through each hand and foot sharp nails they
And fix him there to wait for Death alive. (drive,
Hanging betwixt two Thieves, *Numbred among*
Transgressors by the giddy partial Throng :
For paffers-by did rail on him with fcorn,
Wagging their heads, who ought rather to mourn.
With taunts and fcoffs the vulgar him abuse ?
Prompted by the *Chief Priest*, and barb'rous *Jews*.
And when he thirfts through his exceffive pains,
Behold what favour at their hands he gains ?
All they afford to quench his drought withal,
Was Vinegar, mixed with bitter Gall.
Was ever fuch a perfect hatred known ?
No Dram of pity, but all malice shown.
He that for them had Water turn'd to Wine,
And shown his Pow'r and Charity Divine ;
Nor Wine, nor Water now could be allow'd
T'affwage his thirft from this ungrateful Croud :
But into's tender fide they thruft a Spear,
From whence there came both *blood & water* clear.
Thus hand, and foot, and head, and every part,
They pierce and wound, for to encrease his fmart.
Ah ! fee that fream which from his Heart-blood
The precious Balm and Cure of all our woes (flows,
Each pious Soul, which truly doth believe,
Its Sovereign Vertue freely may receive.
One drop of that moft Sacred Blood is worth
Ten thoufand Thrones & Kingdoms of the Earth.
When you by Sin do fee your felves undone,
Think on that Blood which from his Side did run.
Thofe cordial Drops apply'd unto thy heart,
Will heal thy Soul, and cleanfe thy inward part.
Ah ! canft thou of Chrift's difmal paffion hear,
And not diffolve thy Soul into a Tear ?

But to return--- There's fomething ftill behind,
Which makes ftrange meltings in my grieved mind,
That's

That's worse than all the rest, oh hear his mone,
And how his poor distressed Soul doth groan !
His Father hides his face, that gracious Eye
Casts forth an angry frown, which made him cry
(After he had these bitter torments felt
From cruel hands, and found his Soul to melt,
His spirits fail, and wounded heart to break)
Why, Why, my God ? Oh why dost thou forsake
Me in this needful hour ? Hard is the case
When thou, my God, from me shalt hide thy face,
My Servants who forsook me, are but Dust,
Poor flesh and blood, alas ! what stay, what trust
Is there in man ; the best of men are frail ;
Such as confide in them, their strength will fail.
But, ah ! My Trust, my Hope, my confidence,
Thou, thou that art my Rock and safe Defence,
Even thou, my God ! O thou, O thou hast left me,
And this at last has of all Peace bereft me.
Whilst Souls can see their Interest in their God,
They can bear up under the sharpest Rod :
But when thy face is hid, as 'tis from me,
They sink, they die, they die Eternally.

Thus, thus the *Prince of Peace* in sore distress,
His bitter mone doth unto God express.
Great depths of sorrow did oppress his Soul,
When his sad portion thus he did condole.
He saw himself forsaken and forlorn,
When in our stead this anguish great was born.
That which was due for our Iniquity,
Did heavy on our gracious Saviour lie.
For Justice spar'd not, but laid on her Hand,
Whilst in the room and stead he seeks to stand
Of the poor *Soul*, he came from Heaven to save ;
Justice, alas ! will the last farthing have.

The torments Saints have born's another thing
From what befel their Sovereign Lord and King.
His Spirit's gracious, great, magnanimous.
Yet ne're was any Soul distressed thus.
That much renowned holy Martyr, *Stephen*,
He had so glorious a prospect from Heaven.

As fill'd his Soul brim-full of Conso lation,
And by that means with joy he bore his passion.

Should I attempt to walk the spacious Field
Of instances, how many would it yield,
Where flames of Fire, were like to Beds of Roses,
Through Heav'nly Rays, which gloriously compose
Their spirits so, that they in Triumph sing,
When half-consum'd in Fire, they felt no sting.
God smiles, and Heav'n appears so clear and bright,
All fears and terrors were extinguisht quite.

But he who for our sakes his Life laid down,
Is forc'd to bear his Father's angry frown ;
And in our stead he felt his Indignation,
The birterest part of all his bitter Passion.
How heavy is that stroke, how sharp that Rod,
That's lifted up by men, laid on by God ?
When Heav'n and Earth, and Hell do all agree
To lay on stripes with greatst severitie ?
That grief, that pain, that anguish must be fore ;
And yet all this for us blest *Jesus* bore.
Who that beholds Heav'n's glorious Lamp of Light
When in his strength, obscur'd from our sight
By the dark body of the pale-fac'd Moon,
Making black shades of Night appear at Noon,
But would conclude from thence the Sun were gone,
And had forsaken quite our Horizon ?
And yet we know he's but eclips'd a while,
And soon will lend the World another smile ;
Disperse those shades that counterfeited Night,
And fill the Earth again with splendor bright.
Lo, thus our Sun in his Celestial Sphear
Is near his setting, yet but lend your Ear
Unto the Voice, th' amazing Voice of Heaven,
You'll find an universal notice given
Unto the world when this bright Sun went down.
Heav'n's light foot Herauld quickly makes it known,
Christ lies bleeding, nailed on the Tree,
And now the universal World shall see
Heaven act a part in this black Tragedy.

The

The Worlds great Eye, the natural Sun, whose
Each day throughout the Universe displays (Rays
From East to West, from North to South, his face
Visiting and refreshing every place,
No sooner doth he spy the Prince near dead,
But straightway he withdraws his blushing Head.
That horrid sight bright *Sol* abhor'd to see.
And hides his face from Noon till after Three,
At Three Christ's matchless Torments made him
Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani. (cry,
Then was the Temple Vail rent quite asunder,
The earth did shake, the rocks did roar like thunder,
The Clouds grew thick, and such as scatter'd were,
Conjoin'd to darken all the Hemispher.
Thus for three hours Darkness great remain'd,
All hearts now tremble, every spirit's pain'd.
Th' Astronomers, who starry motions trace,
And read Earth's wonders in Heav'ns various face,
(*Eusebius*, and other Authors write)
Were much amaz'd at that unusal sight?
Their Learning could no natural Causes spy.
Nor give a Reason of that Prodigie.
The Moon being then at full, just opposite,
Could not in Natures course eclipse *Sol's* Light.
'Twas supernatnal what he suffered,
And that was it which fill'd them all with dread.
Some smote their breasts, whilst others in confusion
Drew from the premises this just Conclusion,
Either the God of Nature suffers now
(When *Sol* in Sables muffles thus his brow)
Or the whole frame o'th World in a short space,
Will be dissolv'd and end its painful Race.
These dreadful things which then did come to pass,
Do fully prove He the Messiah was.
And many when they saw those Wonders done,
Cry'd out indeed he was God's only Son.
Had not this obvious been to every sight
A real thing, with what great ease then might
The Foes of Christ and Christianity,
Detected all as horrid Forgery ?

But

But matt'r of Fact being so very clear,
The *Jews* and *Heathens* thereby silenc'd were.

Thus he yields up at last his painful breath,
And for a while lay conquered by Death.
Conquer'd, said I ! forbear my lavish Muse,
Recall that word, and be not so profuse.
What, shall we say, The Lord of Life is dead ?
'Tis but a slumber, he's not conquered,
He only for a while Retreat hath made,
To bring his Foes into an Ambuscade,
And soon will rise more gloriously Array'd.
Thus did the Glory of the World lay down
His precious Life, to purchase a rich Crown
Of Life and Glory for his Spouse, whom he
Found under wrath, condemn'd eternally,
Who had receiv'd that Sentence full of Ire,
Go, go thou Wretch into eternal Fire.
But he has bail'd her from Hell's gaping Jaws,
And satisfy'd Justice's strictest Laws
By this his Death, where he in her stead stood,
And ransom'd her even with his dearest Blood. (hear
But hark, my Muse ! What Triumph dost thou
What Voice is that hoarse sounding in mine Ear ?
'Tis *Death*, doubtless 'tis *Death* that ghastly King,
Who over *Christ* doth now insulting sing ?
Now he has got him down, I prethee hear
How he o're him doth vaunt and domineer.

The *King of Terror's* boasting Triumph over *Christ*
whilst he lay in the Grave.

King of Terrors.

What am I ? or from whence ? For though I be,
Yet know I not my self ; nor why to me
The mightiest Monarchs bend. I rule, I reign,
And am the High and Lofty's Sovereign.
All tremble at the thoughts of my grim face,
They look, they run, yet cannot find a place
To hide themselves. My Power's very great,
Yet know I not who set me in this Seat.

There's

There's none that live, have liv'd, or ever may,
 But I o're them an awful Scepter sway,
 But, oh! what kind of subject have I here?
 A subject, t' whom no Monarch is a Peer;
 Ah! how I smile to see't; I'll never fear
 Being worsted now. Alas! dost thou submit?
 Art thou likewise brought down unto my feet?
 Who's able my dread Power to withstand;
 Since thou canst not escape my pow'ful hand?
 Now I have seiz'd thee, be assur'd that I
 Will keep thee down, for ever thou shalt lie
 In the dark Regions of eternal Night.
 Lo! here, proud Mortals, an amazing sight!
 What can't I do, since he that made the Day,
 By my strong hand is turned into clay?
 If thou canst not thy self from me deliver,
 The hope of Creature-man is gone for ever.
 None out of these close Regions can repair,
 Nor re-salute again the ambient Air.
 I never did so great a Conquest gain,
 O what a mighty Monarch I have slain!
 Now, now let me be crown'd victoriously!
 For what is done, which none could do but I.
 Who dares my Triumphs lessen or defer,
 Since I am now a perfect Conquerour?
 Here, here, Great Prince, with me in this dark Cell
 My Captive thou with other Kings shalt dwell.

Prince of Light.

Thou proud Imperious Tyrant, prethee hear;
 Don't boast too soon, nor vainly domineer.
 A feeble Warriour may the Field obtain.
 When his strong Foe is willing to be slain.
 My Life, proud Death, thou didst not take away
 By any strength of thine; for I did lay
 It freely down, as God did me command,
 This made me yield my self into thy hand.

King of Terrors.

I'll not contend, let that be so or not,
 I have thee safe in my Dominions got?

F

And

And e're thou do return, I'll make thee know
 What pow'r I have, what 'tis that I can do.
 My Prisoner thou art, and here shalt lie
 In these dark Cells unto Eternitie,
 Whilst worms on thy most lovely flesh are fed,
 And with Corruption thou art covered.

Prince of Light.

Stay, stay, pale *Death*, that thou canst nev'r do,
 For I must not the least Corruption know.

King of Terrors.

(be ?

Strange speech ! who's this ? or how can this thing
 What's in the Grave shall not Corruption see ?
 Though with rich Spices thou imbalm'd dost lie,
 Old hoary Time shall make thee putrify.
 Kings fortifi'd by Lead and Searcloth's aid,
 In precious heaps of fragrant Odours laid,
 To stench and rottenneis I soon betray'd.
 None ever into these low Vaults do come,
 Who can escape that sad and dismal doom,
 Of being turned into Dust ;—I will
 Thy mouth with filthy putrefaction fill.
 The holiest man I e're depriv'd of breath,
 I turned into loathsom stinking Earth.
 And dost thou think thou shalt escape this fate ?
 No, thou must share of all my Subjects state.

Prince of Light.

Is't fit I should be threatned thus by thee ?
 Shall Death prevail and triumph over me ? (down;
 Dost know, grim Tyrant, who 'tis thou treadst
 I am thy lawful Prince, and thou shalt own
 My Sovereignty ; thou must, O *Death*, submit,
 And yield thy self, as conquer'd at my feet.
 On me thou shalt not have thy proud desire ;
 No sooner shall three Days and Nights expire,
 But I will make thy bonds and chains to fly,
 And thereby spoil thy Principality.
 But for thy insolence this thou shalt gain,
 To be thy self, o're-thrown, vanquisht and slain.
 The tidings which I bring will make thee quake,
 For I resolve on thee Revenge to take.

O *Death*,

O *Death*, I'll be thy *Death*, 'tis even so ?
 Thy utter ruin, and great overthrow
 Is near at hand ; I'll rouse up from the *Grave*.
 And make the stone to fly that's on the *Cave*,
 Let *Hell* and *Devils* all combine to do
 What's in their pow'r to save thee from this blow,
 I mind it not ; I'll tear and rend them all,
 And cause them with great vengeance down to fall.
Captivity a Captive I will take,
 And him a slave and *Captive* ever make.

The *Devils* fearing what would come to pass,
 Great consternation straight amongst them was.
 Their Chief amaz'd, with envious horror cries,
 And to the rest with haste himself applies.

Lucifer.

Dominions, Pow'rs of the *Infernal Host* !
 Awake, attempt with speed, or all is lost.
Death's like to lose our great and hop'd for prey,
 Secure him fast, more *Chains* upon him lay.
 Hark! are there not strange tremblings under ground
 Mixt with a cry, enough for to confound
 All the whole *Host* of this amazed *Lake*,
 Fear seizes me, I quiver, oh, quake.
 What shall we do ? make speed, let him not rise.
 Help, *Satan*, help, canst thou no way devise
 To hold him under ground ? now, now, or never,
 If he awake, we are undone for ever.
 Should he the cords of *Death* to pieces burst,
 Our latter ills will far exceed the first.

Thus see how all the hellish *Fiends* do stand
 Agast amaz'd, each holding up his hand ;
 Bewailing their sad fates, their hearts grow cold,
 With thoughts of what they fear'd they should be-
 Which was the *Resurrection* from the *Dead* (hold,
 Of him who for poor *Mortals* suffered.

Belzebub he cries out to *Abaddon*,
 Ah ! what a day is this ! all will be gone.
Satan doth gnash his teeth, perplex't in mind
 Because they could no more *Inventions* find

Their Kingdom to support, cries out, alas,
We never were before in such a case!

Apollyon.

Ah! what a dismal day, Great Lords, is here!
The Grave doth o'pe, that sight doth just appear
Of which you talk, of which you stand in fear.
Now all our hopes, and expectation's gone.
Ah! who is it has rould away the stone?
All proves in vain that ever we have done.
We must our selves in Chains of darkness lie,
And be tormented to Eternitie.

Now from the Earth fresh Light doth gild the
Thick darkness vanishes; awake, arise, (skies)
Ye Mortals, and with joy open your Eyes;
Behold the morning of that long'd for Day;
The Grave doth o'pe, whilst Devils fly away
To hide themselves, but cannot find a place,
For Vengeance hastens after them apace.
The first Day of the week is now come in,
The Glorious Prince has made an end of *Sin*.
See how he rouses up from the dark Grave,
The Soul from thence, from Sin and Hell to save.
Ah! how the damned Spirits cry and houl,
Their fearful fall with anguish to condole.
Hell's Principalities are spoiled quite,
And all infernal Pow'rs put to flight.
See what an open shew is made of them,
And how great *JESUS* doth their Pride contemn.
See how he doth triumph over them all,
He's on his back who gave the Soul its fall.
See *Death's* by *Death* destroy'd; a wond'rous sight,
Which doth the hearts of Angels much delight.
They pry into, and wonder at this thing,
Accomplisht thus by our victorious King.

How like a sneaking, conquer'd, spoiled Foe,
That's quite o'recome and brought to utter woe,
Doth Satan look. Ah, see the fatal Rout,
And how the Prince doth drag these Dogs about,
He makes a show of them; Come, take a view
O'th conquer'd, bloody, baffled Hellish Crew.

What

What a victorious Conqueror is here?
 What Victor may with this great Prince compare?
 All Warriours you admir'd heretofore,
 Let them not be so much as thought on more.
CHRIST JESUS he is risen from the Dead,
Sin, Wrath, Death, Hell, Devils, and all are fled.

This glorious Conquest o're th' infernal crew,
 Is yet more plain by that which doth insue.
 Some passages from ancient Record show
 The truth of this their final overthrow.
 Upon this rising of the *Prince of Light*,
 The *Heathen Oracles* were silenc'd quite.
 Although their Priests and Prophets cry and call,
 Henceforth they'r dumb and answer not at all.
 Which Accident and unexpected change
 Amaz'd them all; 'twas so prodigious strange,
 It made them look about to find the cause
 Of such their silence and surprising pause.
Surely, saith Plutarch, they are either dead,
Or else Wise men are risen in their stead,
Which in these days diviner Secrets know,
That Oracles before were wont to show.
 Yet he knew better things, and did deny
 That Spirits either could wax old, or die.
 Some higher Reason therefore must find out
 Ere he resolve this sense-confounding doubt.
 Had he convers'd with *John*, he might have known
 By whom, and how those Gods were overthrown.
Christ was reveal'd (saith he) unto this End,
That he the works of every Hellish Fiend
Might bring to nought, destroy and ruine quite,
Confining them to their eternal Night.
 That this is truth, from Authors of their own
 Might be made good, and evidently shown;
 Sharp *Juvenal* (*) to speak it out is pleas'd,
All Oracles at Delphos now are ceas'd.
 And lofty *Lucan* long since did complain
 That they their Deities invok'd in vain,

*Sat. 6 Cessant oracula Delphis.

A^e Gods (saith he, *) by whom this Empire stood
 T're from their empty Temples now remov'd.
 Their Altars too they have abandon'd quite,
 And left the places of their old delight.
 But with one instance more I may conclude,
 Though I indeed might urge a multitude ?
 'Tis that which *Plutarch* doth affirm, and I
 Esteem above what e're Antiquity
 Hath left recorded, or most curious Eyes
 Can view in best approved Histories,
 Relating to the matter we have stated,
 Which follows thus, as 'tis by him related.
 About the period of *Tiberius's* Raigh (raigh)
 (Who at *Christ's* Death was Rome's proud Sove-
 Strange hideous Cries, shriekings and howlings be
 Heard with amazement, in the *Grecian* Sea,
 Complaining that their great God *Pan* was fled,
 From whence great Consternations followed.
 No sooner did the louder Trump of Fame
 This news of their great *Pan's* Retreat proclaim,
 But it was brought unto the Emperours Ears.
 And unto him a certain Truth appears.
 Who being startled at the strange Relation,
 Falls with his Wisemen into Consultation ;
 Who sought by Magick to resolve the doubt :
 Which all their Art and Skill could not find out.
 Yet Christians in those days could quickly spy
 The way to open the whole Myserie.
 Comparing times, they found this strange Relation
 Did just fall out upon *Christ's* Death and Passion ;
 And then concluded straightway by the Fall
 Of their great *Pan*, which signifieth *All* ;
 All Spirits by *Christ's* Death were so afflicted,
 Their utter Ruin thereby was predicted.
 Yea others of their own Records still do
 Confirm the truth of this their overthrow.

* *Excessere omnes Adytis Arisq ; relictis*
Dij, quibus Imperium hoc steterat, &c.

How one of them constrain'd some time before
By God himself, their fall did thus deplore?

"An Hebrew Child that shall be born, will be

"The final downfal of our Dignity.

"All our usurpt Dominions by that Child

"Shall come to nought, and utterly be spoil'd.

"He strikes us dumb, and nonplus's our Art,

"Henceforth in vain no further Questions start,

"But sad and silent from our Shrines depart.

Thus God doth force Devils sometimes to speak,
That which doth much against their Int'rest make.

But stay, my Muse; the Cherubs chant again,

O listen to this more melodious strain.

The glorious Angels do so sweet Triumphs sing,

Upon the Conquests of our Heav'nly King;

They clap their wings, and leap for joy to see

This total Rout and happy Victorie.

Shall Heav'n rejoyce, and more concerned Earth:

Not sing aloud *Jehovah's* praises forth?

O happy day, blest hour, the best of all

Poor Mortals ever saw since *Adam's* fall?

Christ of a truth is risen from the Grave,

No pow'rs of Hell could keep him in the Cave.

Yet are there some in these last evil days

Deny that he from Death himself did raise.

The *Jews* also, with their Forefathers, say,

'Twas a Deceit; for he was stoln away

Whilst drousy Souldiers fell into a sleep.

Who the Sepulchre had a charge to keep.

A thing themselves, no doubt could not believe,

But was forg'd by the Devil, to deceive

And blind mens Eyes, who wanted that inspection

They might have had touching his Resurrection.

'Twas the last game the Devil could devise.

To hinder *Christ's* most glorious Enterprize.

They knew that if his Resurrection were

Received for a truth, no hope was there,

But all that they had done, it tumble must:

So the last Evil would exceed the first.

But if they had believ'd it certainly
The Souldiers had with great'st severity
Been punished, for being so remiss
About a thing so weighty as was this.
Besides, were they asleep, how could they tell
What things there came to pass, or what befell?
Or, if awake, why did they not prevent
Those men who came with such a strong intent?
And can one think, if the Disciples durst
Attempt that thing, they should have stript him first?
Would they not take the body in the cloaths,
Lest e're they'd done, the Souldiers should have rose
And caught them doing it? and then be sure
Great sufferings for it they must endure.
Nay, had these men been guilty of such evils,
They'd been no better than seducing Devils,
The worst of Mortals, and how was it then
That God should own and witness to such men,
By aiding them? Could Heavens Pow'r have gone,
To prove a Cheat, when Miracles were done?
Again, they were of such Integrity,
As none could brand with the least infamy.
And they i'th face of Foes, without least dread
Declare that he was risen from the Dead;
That they convers'd with him full forty days,
Whilst he instructed them in all his ways,
Before he did ascend. And then agen,
In Galilee at once five hundred men
Saw him with joy, and in their witness gave,
That he indeed was risen from the Grave.

Here stop again, my Pen, time calls away,
Lipon this *Thema* thou must no longer stay;
Leave them to perish, let them fall and die,
That this blest Resurrection do deny.
Shall God, his Saints, and Angels, witness bear
Unto this thing, and yet shall Mortals dare
To call the same in question, or deny
What is confirm'd by such Authority?
No, firm as Earth, or Heav'n's more stable poles,
Let this great Truth be fixt in pious Souls.

Without

Without it Faith's a Fancy, and the best
Of men more wretched than the vilest Beast.

But now, awake my Muse, no longer slumber
The Day doth dawn, and joys which none can num-
Are rushing in upon the *Prince of Light*; (ber
This sorrow's gone, nought now but Glory bright
Shines forth in him; now is he rais'd on high,
Far out o'th reach of all malignity.

Nor men nor Devils can annoy him more,
He's safely landed on the long'd-for shore.
Go Turtles, go, whilst thousand Joys betide
The glorious Bridegroom and his purchas'd Bride.
That Sun is risen who will ne're go down,
Who will his Spouse with light of Glory crown.

But where's the Soul! O where, alas, is she,
For whom he dy'd and hung upon the Tree?
What greeting? O what Joy, when they do meet,
There will abound! the thoughts thereof are sweet.

He that was Dead is come to Life again,
And ever shall in bliss Eternal reign.
Thrice happy is that Soul which he hath chose
To be his Love, his Dove, his *Sharon's Rose*.

But where is she, and what is her Estate?
For nothing of her we have heard of late.
Doth she not wait? doth she not long to see
His lovely Face, and to embraced be
In his dear Arms; O do'nt she greatly crave
One sight of him, *one visit more to have*;
Doth not her Soul dissolve then into tears,
With thoughts of him who freed her from all fears?

Read the next Part, and you will quickly find
The Fruit of Sin, and nature of the mind
That is corrupt, and fill'd with carnal Love

How nothing can those vile Affections move?
Oh how unkind to Christ do Sinners prove!

Book II.

The Glorious Lover.

A Divine Poem.

CHAP. I.

Shewing how Christ renews his Suit again and again, which is done either by the ministration of the Gospel, or by his various Providences, and yet the Soul refuses to receive him.

THUS have you heard a Sacred Story told,
 Fill'd full of Wonders, Wonders, which unfold
 Such depths of Wisdom, depths of Grace and Love,
 Which none can comprehend, it is above
 The reach of men; no knowledg is so high
 That can conceive of it; nay, Angels pry
 Into this thing, this Myst'ry is so deep,
 It all the glorious *Seraphims* doth keep
 In holy admiration, they'r amaz'd
 To see how all the Attributes are arais'd
 In equal Glory, and do sweetly shine
 In their own proper Sphere, alike divine.
 Here by diviner Art you all may find
 What was in our great God's eternal mind,
 Before the Earth's foundation long was laid,
 Or e're bright *Sol* his glorious beams display'd,
 Respecting Man, whom he foresaw would fall,
 And bring his Soul thereby into sad thrall:

Here



Behind this Curtain Reader. suppose to be
 such Glory, which no mortal eyes can see
 besides, the Day being superstitious too,
 we knew more, yet more we dare not do.
 Death and Devils, sin & World cast down
 whilst Heaven doth the glorious Victor crown.



front the second part

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front the second part



Here may you with much ease end joy espy
The great result of the blest Trinity.
In that eternal Council held above,
About the Soul, the object of Christ's Love.
Here also, here's a proof of true affection,
And how to love from hence let's take direction.
Who ever had or shew'd such love as he,
Who for his Love was nailed to the Tree?

But, hark! some do enquire, they long to hear:
What is become of th' *Soul* he loves so dear?
Lo, from the Grave he's come, he looks about,
He searches every place to find her out.
What is she fled! and where? in what strange Isle,
Of clouds and darkness lurks she all this while?

Good Reader, urge me not, I'll let thee hear
That which may melt thy Soul into a tear.
Excuse my Pen for what its lines shall speak.
Such Marble hearts as cannot melt must break.
To leave off here, I'm sure it is not fit,
Nor would I write what you would have unwrit.].
But since it doth upon the Soul reflect,
It matters not how much we do detect
The folly which doth in the Sinner lie,
When Sovereign Grace exalted is thereby.
My Heart and Pen seem both to be at strife,
To paint unkindness forth unto the life.
Wilt Thou, who dost the *Muses* aid, afford
Divine assistance, that each pow'rful word
May rend a heart at least, and every line
Turn Kingdoms and whole Nations into brine
Of their own tears? teach me, O Lord, the skill
T' extract the spirit of grief, O let my Quill,
Like *Moses* Rod, make Adamants to fly,
That tears may gush like Rivers from each eye.
How can it once be thought that such a Friend,
Who loveth thus, doth thus his love commend,
And in such sort so strangely condescend,
Should when all's done by her contemned be,
Though he's most high, and she of base degree?

The grand design, the end and reason why
 This Prince from Heaven came, was scourg'd, did
 Was to redeem the *Soul*, and so endeavour (die,
 To get her love, and marry her for ever,
 As is before declar'd. But will you hear
 How things are carry'd how they manag'd are ;
 The time is come, you'll find, by what ensues
 That this great Lord his Suit a-fresh renews :
 When Sacred Love runs thus with greatest force,
 What pity is't ought should disturb its course ?
 How can the *Soul* refuse to entertain
 A Lover, which for her with shame was slain ;
 But stop again, my *Muse*, thou must give o're,
 The Prince is come, lo he is at her door.

Jesus Prince of Light.

Most precious Soul ! I now am come again,
 Behold 'tis I, who for thee have been slain.
 How is't with thee, hast thou not heard the news,
 What for thy sake I suffer'd by the *Jews* ?
 That through a Sea of blood, and sorrows great,
 I now am come with bowels to entreat
 Thee to embrace the offer I present .
 And, first of all, with tears do thou repent
 That ever thou hast entertained Sin,
 That has to me so very bitter bin.

Soul.

Repent ! This is a melancholly strain ;
 It suits with such whose lives are fill'd with pain,
 And guilty are of some notorious crime,
 Whose glass is near run out, whose precious time
 Draws to an end ; 'tis good for such indeed
 To look about them, and repent with speed :
 But thus 'tis not with me, I know no sorrow
 I'll wave that work, I'll wave till to morrow ;
 To morrow, I mean, till some fitter season,
 I see no cause, alas, I know no reason :
 To hark to thoughts that may disturb my peace,
 When joys abound, and sweet delights increase.
 Repent ! of what strange kind of voice shall I
 Amazed stand, yet can no danger spy.

Jesus.

Jes.

No reason why ! Ah Soul, art still so blind,
Wounded from head to foot, and canst thou find
No ground of grief, no cause to lay to heart
Thy horrid guilt, nor yet the bitter smart
Which I endur'd for thee, to prevent
Severer Wrath, severer punishment.

And dost not favour this sweet word, *Repent.*

'Tis well there's room, a call, a season fit ;

There's thousand Souls who are denied it.

Dar'st, dar'st adventure still to live in Sin ?

What, crucifiesthy dying Lord agin !

Were not my pangs sufficient ? must I bleed

Afresh ? O must thy sinful pleasures feed

Upon my torments ? and augment the story

Of the sad passion of the Lord of Glory ?

Is there no pity in thee ? what, no remorse

Within thy brest ? Seek, seek a firm divorce

Betwixt thy self and Sin ; do thy endeavour

To break that league, depart, depart for ever.

Did I not suffer to dissolve the knot

Between thee and all Lust ? and wilt thou not

Regard me now, but entertain my Foe ;

What, cruel unto me, and thy self too !

I prethee, *Soul*, bethink thy self, and yield,

And let thy Lovers for my sake be kill'd ?

Ah, let them die, who if they live, will be

Thy death at last, who have bin death to me.

Soul.

Those joys are sweet, which do delight my heart ;

Ah ! how can I and sinful Objects part ?

Must gainful Lusts, and those which honour's yield,

At once be put to th' Sword ? And those be kill'd

Which so much pleasure unto me afford ?

How can it be ? alas, it is too hard :

The thoughts of it's a perfect death to me ;

Lord, say no more, I cannot yield to thee.

Jes.

Ah ! Didst thou know, poor *Soul*, what 'tis to sin

And how my Soul for it has tortur'd bin,

Thou

Thou wouldst revenged be on it, I'm sure,
 And a divorcement speedily procure.
 Or, didst thou know what grief it is to me
 To be contemned and depis'd by thee;
 Such churlish Answers wouldst thou not return
 To him, whose soul in fervent love do's burn
 To thee, poor wretch, and only for thy good,
 'Tis that I seek, and sought with tears of blood.
 Once more I ask thy love, I cannot leave thee,
 Until my everlasting Arms receive thee.

Soul.

If I may have those pleasures which delight me,
 Whose amorous glances sweetly do invite me
 To love them dear, who stollen have my heart,
 I am contented thou shouldst have some part :
 Of my affection : Worldly joy is sweet,
 And I resolve to make some part of it.

Jesus.

Ungrateful Soul ! did not I wholly give
 My self for thee ? and shall I now receive
 A piece of thine, nay but a little part,
 That have deserved more than a whole heart :
 'Tis all the heart, or none ; do'st think it fit
 Sin and the Devil should have part of it ?
 Would any Lover such strange love receive,
 To be contented that his Spouse should have,
 Some other Suiters, and to them should cleave ?
 What sayst, deceived Soul ; why stand'st thou mute ?
 Disclose thy inward thoughts, and grant my Suit,
 O speak ! or, if thy doubtful mind be bent
 To silence, let that silence be consent.
 If thou wilt grant me that whole heart of thine ?
 We'll exchange hearts, I'll give thee all of mine.

She look'd about, she mus'd, she paus'd a while,
 Whilst he on her cast forth an Heav'nly smile ;
 Sweet rays of Glory glanced from his Eye,
 Enough to ravish all the standers-by ;
 So great a lustre from his garments shone,
 It dazzl'd all weak eyes to look upon.

Like

Like as the Sun his glorious beams displays,
 Dispersing every way his sparkling rays,
 When in his strength and splendor bright doth shine,
 So glister'd forth his Glory all Divine.
 Ne're sure a beauty carnal eyes beheld.
 Ah! one sweet sight of him has wholly fill'd
 The greatest Soul that liv'd, and there is still
 Enough in him millions of Hearts to fill.
 And none but him alone can satisfy
 The Soul of Man, the Soul-enlightned eye.
 But stay and hear the Answer which is given
 By the deceived Soul. O let the Heaven
 And Earth astonish'd stand, whilst stubborn she
 Deny'd his Suit, will not persuaded be
 To o'pe her door, who longs to enter in,
 To fill her Soul with joy, destroy her sin.

Soul.

Strange 'tis to me such beauty should be there!
 What, so amazing glorious, none so fair!
 When I no loveliness in him can see
 The World, and outward pleasures, seem to me
 More rare and spritful, far the better choice;
 Such things I like: but for this Lover's voice,
 His Face and Favour I can't so esteem,
 Nor can I leave all things for love of him.
 Therefore be gone, and cease thy suit; for I
 Have fixt my mind elsewhere, my heart and eye
 Is set on that which outward eyes can see.
 Lord, let me not be troubl'd more with thee.

O stay, my Muse! reach me an Iron Pen,
 To engrave this on the marble hearts of men.
 Let Sinners look within, then let them read
 Themselves ungrateful, blind, and dark indeed.
 Would not each Soul conclude this Creature were
 Besides her self, or else deserv'd to bear
 The great'st contempt, and pitty'd be by none,
 That bids such a dear Lover to be gone?
 How oft has he by precious motives try'd
 The Soul from sin and evil to divide,

And

And make her too obdurate heart relent,
 And take such ways as Wisdom do's invent ?
 His Passions, Sighs and Tears are ready still,
 As the officious agents of his Will.
 To work her to a sence of her estate :
 But she's (alas) so dark and desperate,
 That his sweet voice, of so divine a strain,
 So moving, mov'd her, but seems all in vain.
 He sighs for her, he knows her sad distress,
 He asks her love, but still without success.
 Ah Sinners ! view your rocky hearts and then
 Smite on your breasts, lament, and read agen.
 The glorious Lord his love's so strange, so great
 He knows not how to think of a retreat.
 His soul is griev'd, yet takes not her denial,
 But makes a new Essay, another Trial.

Jesus.

Did, did I love thee from Eternity ?
 And my celestial Kingdom leave for thee ?
 Did I Man's humane nature freely take ?
 Did I my bed in a poor, Manger make ;
 Did I engage the cruel'st of all Foes ?
 Did I from men and Devils meet with blows ?
 Did I such kind of tortures undergo
 Which men nor Angels can't conceive or know ?
 Did Wrath pursue, and Justice fall on me ?
 And did I bear it all for love to thee ?
 Ah ! did I sweat great drops of Sacred Blood,
 Until the ground was sprinkled where I stood ;
 And were my feet and hands nail'd to the Tree,
 Whilst my dear Father hid his Face from me ?
 Have I with joy, delight, and chearful heart
 Indur'd all this excessive pain and smart,
 And out of precious love to thee I bore ?
 And must I still be kept out of thy door ?

Shall, shall I leave thee then, and take my flight
 Into some foreign Land, and let the Night
 Of dismal darkness be thy lot for ever,
 Where direful Wrath all graceless souls do sever

From

From all sweet shines of my Eternal Face,
 That thou mayst there bewail with shame thy case;
 When shades of frightful darkness thee do cover,
 Thou wilt condole the loss of such a Lover;
 Must I be gone, must I my farewell take
 And leave thee to thy self; my heart doth ake
 To think upon thy state, when I do leave thee;
 Far rather would I have these Arms receive thee.
 What, slight a Saviour thus, a Friend indeed,
 An early Friend, a Friend, who chose to bleed
 For thee, and in thy stead, that so thereby
 He might enjoy thee to Eternitie!
 Farewel, false Soul, I bid thee now adieu;
 Take what will follow, dread what will ensue.
 Grief, sorrows, sickness and a troubled mind,
 Will thee pursue, until thou com'st to find
 A changed heart; and vengeance do's allot
 Ruin to those thou lov'st, who love thee not.
 I'll kill them all who have insnar'd thy heart,
 Before from thee for ever I depart.
 Ah! how my Soul with a tempestuous tide
 Of tears is overwhelm'd whilst I'm deny'd
 My Suit by thee! my Passions overflow
 To see thee slight me, and my Passion too.
 What, tread me underfoot! whilst vanity,
 And worldly joys, are Jewels in thy eye!
 As if best good, and sweet'st content lay hid
 In that gay fruit, which is alone forbid.

He woo's, the Soul says no; he still replies;
 He sweetly sues, she wickedly denies.
 He wooes afresh, she answers with disdain,
 I cannot love, but he intreats again.
 At last he leaves her, and his Suit adjourns;
 He views the Soul, and griev'd, away returns
 He bids farewell, and yet he bids it so,
 As if he knew not how to take her No.
 He bids farewell, but 'tis as if delay
 Did promise better farewells, than his stay.
 He now withdraws, but 'tis with a design
 His absence might her heart the more incline

To th' love and liking of him, or to see
 What by some other means perform'd may be.
 As Lovers often times by rules of Art
 Devise new ways to gain upon the heart
 Of such they love, to bring them their bow;
 Like things sometimes doth *Jesus* also do.
 T' incline the Sinners heart, he hides his face,
 And brings them into a distressed case.
 He lays them on sick beds, for to discover
 The worth and need of such a Sacred Lover.
 Poor Sinners ponder well what you do read,
 And mind those thoughts which woove you to take
 How you neglect & slight the day of Grace, (heed
 Or to base lusts and vain delights give place.
 Now sickness comes, & Death begins to fright her,
 And 'tis no marvel if the Lord do slight her.
 Her drousy Conscience also now awakes;
 Alas, she startl'd much, she weeps, she quakes,
 She crys out for a Christ, but none's in sight,
 And all her other Lovers fail her quite.
 She yields, she loves, but with a servile heart,
 When other Lovers slight her and depart.
 She loves thee not, Lord Christ, for what thou art,
 But what thou hast: and should she spared be,
 She'd shew her love to Sin, more than to thee.

No sooner the sad Soul her state laments,
 But bowels mov'd in *Jesus*, he relents.
 In her afflictions, he's afflicted too,
 And can't be long e're he'l compassions shew.
 He sent relief, he eas'd her of her pain,
 And rais'd her up to former health again.
 But as 'twas hinted, so it came to pass,
 The wretched Soul proves vile as ere she was.
 Affliction will not bring to *Jesus's* feet,
 Unless great Pow'r do go along with it.
 The Soul's like *Phar'oh*: crys when smitten sore;
 Then, then for Christ, and O 'twill sin no more!
 But when rais'd up, and has sweet health restor'd,
 It cleaves to Sin afresh, forgets the Lord.

But

But the affections of the Prince of Peace
 Abatht not, but rather did increase.
 His love and patience both alike shine forth,
 To 'stonishment of all who live on Earth.
 And that he might obtain the Soul at last,
 His Servants call'd and sent away in hast
 To recommend his love, and in his stead
 To o'pe those precious Glories, which lie hid
 To her and to all those who carnal be :
 Alas! they ca'nt behold, they cannot see
 Those high perfections which in *Jesus* are,
 Nor can they think his beauty is so rare,
 Exceeding all conception, all compare.

take
need

her,

Dear Reader, prethee mark what here insues
 Mind, mind the Arguments this man dos use
 To move the Soul to tears of true contrition,
 Fetch'd from Chrſt's love, and from her lost condi-
 Theologue. (tion.

By *Jesus* sent ! by ſuch a Prince as he !
 Ah ! 'tis a work too great, too high for me.
 What glory, Lord, haſt thou conferr'd on thoſe
 Thou do'ſt imploy, thy ſecrets to diſcloſe !
 What ! be a Spokeſman for a Prince ſo great,
 To repreſent his Love, and to entreat
 Poor Sinners in his ſtead, to entertain
 His Sacred Perſon ! Lord, I'll try again
 (Since thou commandſt me forth) what may be
 Thou bidſt me go, my duty is to run. (done ;
 Did *Abraham's* Servant readily comply
 With his Command with great'ſt fidelity ?
 And ſhall I be unfaithful unto thee ?
 No, Lord, I will not ; do but ſtrengthen me,
 Proſper my way, and let me have ſucceſs,
 That I with him thy Sacred Name may bleſs ;
 And how ſhall I Poor nothing I, rejoice
 To ſee the Soul, thy Spouſe, thy Father's choice.
 What next thy love's ſo ſweet, Lord, unto me,
 Than to bring in poor Sinners unto thee ?

but

C H A P. II.

Shewing the evil of Sin, and how compared.

HAIL, precious Soul ! once glorious, noble born,
 But now debas'd, defil'd, in garments torn ;
 Nay, naked quite, yet mindst it not at all ;
 Thy wounds do stink, and Vipers in them crawl.
 So many sins of which thou guilty art,
 So many Serpents clave unto thy heart.
 What's Sin ? is't not a frightful Cockatrice ?
 No Serpent like the Serpent called *Vice*.
 And dost thou love to play with such a thing ?
 Ah fool ! take heed, view, view, its poisonous sting.
 Brute Beasts by Nature's instinct are aware
 Of the gilt bait and sence-beguiling snare,
 Though it seems ne'r so sweet, or ne'r so fair.
 And art thou such a fool to hug a Snake,
 And in thy breast such great provision make,
 That it may harbour there both day and night ?
 Ah ! Couldst thou see, or hadst a little sight,
 'T would soon appear a very loath'd delight.
No evil like the evil called Sin,
Which thou dost love, which thou tak'st pleasure in.

For what is Sin, is't not a deadly evil,
 The filthy spawn and off-spring of the Devil ?
 And is thy mind on folly wholly bent ?
 What, love the Devils odious excrement !
 Shall that which is the superfluity
 Of naughtiness, be lovely in thine Eye ?
 What, dost thou value Christ, and all he hath
 Not worth vain joys and pleasures on the Earth ?
 Has he so much esteemed thee ? and must
 Thou value him less than a cursed Lust ?
 Dost thou more good in that foul Brat espie,
 Than is in all the glorious Trinitie ?
 That which men judge is best, they strive to chuse,
 Things of the smallest value they refuse.

O wretched Soul ! what thoughts dost thou retain
Of thy dear Lord and blessed Sovereign ?
Come view thy choice, see how deprav'd thou art
In judgment, will, affection, thy whole heart
Is so corrupt, defiled, and impure,
Thou canst not Christ, nor Godliness indure.

Again, what's Sin ? is't not a trait'rous Foe,
A Traytor unto God, and Rebel too ?

It first of all against him took up Arms,
And made his Angels fall by its false charms.
Nought is so contrary to God as that,
Nor more the perfect object of his hate.

The Devil was God's Creature, good at first ;
'Twas sin that made him hateful and accurst.

Sin ne'r was good, its essence is impure ;
Evil at first, so now, so will indure.

And darest thou, O Soul, conceal this Foe ?

Nay, hide him in thy house, and also show

Such deared love to him, as to delight

In his base company both day and night ?

Nay, sport and play, and merry be with him ;

What Gods dos hate and loath, dost thou esteem ?

Dost not, O Soul, deserve for this to die ?

What greater crime, what greater enmity

Canst thou be guilty of, or canst thou show,

Than thus to harbour God's most traitrous Foe ?

The chiefest room he can always command,

Whilst my dear Master at thy door must stand,

And can't one look, nor one sweet smile obtain,

Who is thy Saviour, and thy Sovereign.

What's Sin ; a thing that's worser than the Devil.

Sin made him so, sin is a thing so evil,

'Tis worse than Hell, it dug that horrid pit,

'Tis sin that casts all Sinners into it.

No lake of Fire, no Tophet had there bin

For souls of Men nor Devils, but through sin :

'Tis that which lays them there heap upon heap,

Sin was the cause 'twas made so large and deep.

Sin is the fuel that augments Hell-fire ;

Wer't not for sin, Hell-flames would soon expire.

And

And wilt thou dandle sin still on thy knee?
 Wilt make a mock of it? wilt jolly be?
 Wilt sin and say, alas! I am in sport?
 Ah! see thy folly, ere thou pay'st dear for't.
 Is sin God's foe? and is it so to thee?
 Then part with sin, break that affinitie:
 Dissolve the knot with speed, do thy endeavour;
 Which will destroy thee otherwise for ever.

Nay, what is Sin? it is a Leprosy:
 When Scripture so compares it, may not I
 Call it a sickness, or a loathsome sore,
 That quite covers the Soul, and spreads all o're,
 Like to an Ulcer, or infectious Biles,
 That do corrupt, that poisons and defiles
 The Soul afflicted, and all others too
 That dwell with him or have with him to do?
 Oh how do men fly from the Pestilence?
 And wilt not thou learn wisdom Soul from thence?
 Sin is a plague that kills eternally
 All Souls of men, unless they swiftly fly
 To *Jesus Christ*, no Med'cine will do good,
 Nor heal this plague, but this Physicians' Blood.
 What blindness is there then in thy base heart?
 'Tis not the plague, th' Physician must depart:
 Thou shutst the door, wilt not let him come in,
 Whose purpose is to heal the plague of sin.

Nay, what is sin? 'tis poison in a Cup,
 That's gilt without, and men do drink it up
 Most earnestly, with joy, and much delight,
 Being pleasant to the carnal appetite.
 Sin's sweet to him whose soul is out of taste,
 But long, alas, its sweetness will not last.
 Sin's sweet to th' flesh that does it dearly love,
 But to the Spirit it does poison prove.
 Hast, hast thou suck'd this deadly poison in,
 And dost not see thy vital parts begin
 To swell? art poison'd, Soul, look, look about
 To get an *Antidote* to work it out,
 Before it is too late. The poison's strong,
 Don't stay a day, twelve hours is too long.

One dram of Grace mixt with repenting tears,
 The grace of perfect love, that casts out fears,
 Mixt with that Faith, which kills all unbelief,
 Took down with speed, will ease thee of thy grief
 Will purge thy Soul, and work by vomit well,
 And all vile dregs of venom 'twill expel.
 Unless thou vomit up each dreg, be sure
 No hope of life ; one sin will Death procure
 Unto thy soul. Repentance is not right,
 Till sin, nay, every sin's forsaken quite,
 Not only left, but, as a poisonous Cup,
 They greatly loath what e're they vomit up.
*No evil like the evil called Sin,
 Which thou dost love, which thou tak'st pleasure in.*

Again, what's sin ? it is an horrid Thief,
 Or a Deceiver ; nay, it is the chief
 Or grandest Cheater too that e're was known,
 He has rob'd thousands ; nay, there is but one
 That lives, or e're has liv'd, but rob'd have bin
 By this great Theif, by this Deceiver, SIN,
 No petty Padder, his ambitious Eye
 Doth search about, he subtilly does spy
 Into the place where all the Jewels lie.

}

The first he seizes is the Jewel Time.
 He likely robs each Soul of all their prime
 And chiefest days, which mercy doth afford,
 Which should be dedicated to the Lord.
 And more than this, not one good thing they have,
 But them of it does this curst Theif deceive.
 Sweet Gospel Grace, nay and the Gospel too,
 And all that glory which they also do
 Confer on us, Souls are deceiv'd hereby,
 And yet they know it not, they don't espy
 The way it works, it's done so secretly.
 Sin robs the soul of its sweet Jewel Peace.
 And in its room do's grief and anguish place.
 Who ever doth this grievous loss sustain,
 Can't have it made up unto him again
 By Treasures of all Kingdoms here on Earth,
 No valuing it, no knowing of its worth.

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Another thing this Thief has in his Eye,
 And lays his Fingers on, then by and by
 Doth bear away, it is the Jewel, *Soul*,
 A loss which mortals ever shall condole.
 For had a man ten thousand worlds to lose :
 The loss of them far better had he chose,
 Than lose his soul, why would you think it strange ?
 What shall a man for's soul give in exchange ?
 There's one rich Jewel more, and 'tis the chief
 That is aim'd at by Satan and this Thief,
 Ah ! 'tis a thing more worth than all the rest :
 How, how can then the value be exprest ?
 It is a precious Stone that shines so bright,
 It doth the heart of the great God delight.
 He loves it dear, 'tis that his eye's upon,
 And nought he prizes like this precious Stone.
 This Stone, poor Soul, he offers unto thee,
 What sayst thou to't, canst thou no beauty see,
 No worth in that which God accounts so rare ?
 Strange 'tis ! shall I the cause of it declare ?
 Sin blinds thine eyes, and dos beguile thee so,
 Thou for a Pepple lets this Jewel go.
 This stone (know thou) is the *Pearl* of great price,
 Let not this base Deceiver thee entice
 To slight dear *Jesus* : wilt be such a fool,
 To lose thy *time*, thy *Christ*, *peace*, and thy *soul* ?
 Be thou more wise, and more considerate,
 Thou dost, alas, thy pleasures over-rate.
 Let's go th' ballance, prethee, Soul, let's weigh
 The Pearl of price ; make hast, and quickly lay
 Into the scales, the flesh, and loads of pleasure ;
 For honour, all the acts of mighty *Cæsar*, (sure !
 And cast whole mines in too, whole mines of trea-
 Add world to world, then heap a thousand more,
 And throw them in, if thou canst find such store ;
 And see which ballance of them is too light ;
 Lo it is done, and thine's such under-weight,
 It seems as if thy scale was empty quite.
 Let's take the Pearl out, and then lets put in
 An airy bubble ; now let's weigh again.

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See, see, fond Soul, thy scale aloft does fly,
There's nothing in't, 'tis less than vanity.
What folly was't to make the first compare ?
What weigh the world with Christ! no need is there
To run that parallel, thou now mayst find
Thy self deceiv'd, thou labour'st for the wind.
For sin's compos'd of nought save subtil wiles;
It Fawns and flatters, and betrays by smiles.
It's like a Panther, or a Crocodil,
It seems to love, and promises no ill;
It hides its sting, seems harmless, as the Dove,
It hugs the Soul, it hates when vows tru'st love.
It plays the Tyrant most by gilded pills,
It secretly insnares the Soul it kills.
Sins promises they all deceitful be,
Does promise wealth, but pay us poverty:
Does promise honour, but does pay us shame;
And quite bereaves a man of his good name.
Does promise pleasure, but does pay us sorrow;
Does promise Life to day, pays Death to morrow.
No evil like to th' evil called Sin,

Which thou dost love, which thou tak'st pleasure in.

Again, what's Sin? a second *Dalilah*,

Which in the bosom lies, does tempt and draw
The Soul to yeild unto its cursed ways,
And resteth not until it quite betrays
Its Life into the proud *Philistines* hands,
Who take and bind it with base churlish bands;
Nay, and most cruelly puts out its eyes,
Makes it grind in their Mill. Devils devise
All this, and more than this, when they do get
The poor deluded Soul into their net.

Lastly, what's Sin? read thou the former part
Of this small Book, O view the bitter smart
Thy Saviour bore, it pierc'd his very heart.
Think thou upon his Bloody Agony,
'Tis that opes best its hellish mystery,
And shews the venom which in it does lie.

No evil like the evil called Sin,

Which thou dost love, and tak'st such pleasure in.

Had evil man's fool-hardness extended,
 No farther than himself, and there had ended,
 'Twere not so much, but O! I do espy
 Another is much injured thereby,
 Ten thousand times more excellent in worth:
 For the great God, who form'd the Heav'n & Earth,
 Doth look upon himself as wrong'd thereby,
 For he that sins doth little less than fly
 I'th very face of his blest Majesty. }
 And when the Son of Glory hither came,
 O how was he exposed unto shame!
 It brought his Sacred Person in disgrace,
 When Sinners vile spat in his Heav'nly face,
 They taunt him with base terms; and being bound
 They scourged him; he bled: but the worst wound
 Was in his Soul, occasioned by Sin;
 And thou thereby woundst him most sore again.
 O wilt thou paddle in the pure stream
 Of precious Blood! condemn it! O extream
 And hideous Monster! dost thou hug the Knife
 Which wounded him, yea took away his Life,
 And will let out thy blood, though now it be
 Delighted in, and loved much by thee?

*Of Wonders strange, and Prodigies that are
 Amazing unto all who of them hear,
 None can come nigh, or be compar'd to this,
 A Prodigie of Prodiges it is.*

*Of Love and Lover, ne'r the like was known,
 Nor was the like Ingratitude e're shown.
 The one doth love beyond all admiration,
 And suffer'd things beyond human relation.
 And be a King. but she a filthy bruit.
 A beggar vile, and yet denies his Suit!*

Question.

From whence is it? O why will she not close
 With this great Lord? how can she still oppose
 His oft-repeated proffers? how, not yet!
 Yield unto him? pray what's the cause of it?

Answer.

Answer. 'Tis not in her own power to dispose
Her self in marriage : also here are those
Who dwell with her, and her Relations be,
Who spoil the match, or the affinitie,
Which otherwise in all appearance might
Be throughly made with *Jesus* Prince of Light.

Two proud Relations loftily stand off,
Who urge her to reject him with a scoff.
The one is *Will*, a very churlish piece,
Who all along for *Sin* and *Satan* is.

The other's *Judgment*, once most grave and wise,
But now with *Will*, both cursed Enemies ;

To God and Christ true Piety oppose,
And lead the Soul with evil ways to close.

'Tis they who must dispose of her, if she
E're yield to Christ his dearest Spouse to be.

But Sin has so by craft corrupted them.

And drawn them to its party, they condemn

This glorious Lover, and will not consent

The Soul should yield to him, or should repeat,

And so break off with other Lovers, who

She yet doth love, and loth is to for-go.

Besides them, in her house doth also dwell

An Enemy call'd *Old-man*, known full well

To be a grand and horrid Instrument,

To keep the Soul from granting her consent.

O ! he's the cause of all the inward strife,

And hates the thoughts she should become his Wife.

And will prevent it, if he can find out

Meet ways and means to bring the same about.

Nay such a Foe this *Old-man* is indeed,

That till he's slain by th' *Spirit* or does bleed,

Or weakned in his power, ne'r will she

With the Lord Christ firmly united be.

Slight wounds wo'nt do, he must be slain out-right,

Such is his rage, his subtilty and spite

Against this happy match ; till he's near dead

It cannot be in truth accomplished.

Therefore expect to hear of his black doom,

Before the sweet espousal Day doth come.

There's also yet another Inmate, I
 Perceived dwells in her house (which by and by
 You'l hear much of) who all her secrets knows,
 And can her very inward thoughts disclose,
 His name is *Conscience*, whose Power's so great,
 That in her house he hath a Regal Seat.
 These three Allies by *Old-man* so Corrupted,
 Have all along the business interrupted,
 They naturally are opposite to Grace,
 And are far more inclined to give place
 To sensual Objects, and the Prince o'th Night,
 And so betray the Soul, for want of Light,
 Into their hands, of whom you heard before,
 Who secretly design for ever-more,
 To take away her life, and quite undo her,
 Whilst flatteringly they promise peace unto her ;
 The Soul's deprav'd and captivated so,
 It chuses *Evil*, and lets *Jesus* go,
 The chiefest good, and takes the chiefest evil,
 Being by nature acted by the Devil.
 This well consider'd, may the cause discover
 Why she denies to entertain this Lover.
 The Soul is dead, and cannot see, nor hear,
 'Tis senseless as a stone ; a stone can bear
 The greatest weigh, and neither break, nor melt,
 Souls dead to God, ne'r love-sick passions felt
 Unto this day ; nor can they love, until
 They are convinc'd of sin and all the ill
 They have committed 'gainst his holy Will.
 Being sensible hereof, then with strong cries
 They fly to God for salve to o'pe their Eyes ;
 The Eyes affect the Heart, when thou canst see
 Christ will be dear, and not till then to thee.
 The Conscience first is always wrought upon,
 Which never is effectually done,
 But by the Spirits Pow'r and operation,
 Which sets it equally against transgression.
 But lest I should be tedious, I'll forbear,
 Craving attention to what follows here.

C H A P. III.

*Shewing Christ's Heavenly and admirable Beauty, Riches,
Bounty, Power, and Wisdom.*

Theologue.

WILT thou be cruel to so dear a Friend?
Upon thy self 'twill fall, poor Soul, ith' end
Did not *Rebecca* yield, and chuse to go
With *Abram's* servant? and wilt thou say no;
What was an *Isaac* unto him, whom I
Desire thee to fix thy tender Eye
Upon? was *Isaac* fair and wealthy too?
Or was he great? Ah Soul! will such things do?
If beauty, wealth, or honour thou dost prize,
I do present one now before thine Eyes,
That is the Object, this alone is he;
None, none like him did ever mortals see,
He is all fair, in him's not one ill feature,
Ten thousand times more fair than any Creature
That lives, or ever lived on the Earth,
His Beauty so amazingly shines forth;
Angelick Nature is enamor'd so,
They love him dearly, and admire him too,
His Head is like unto the purest Gold,
His curled Tresses lovely to behold,
And such a brightness sparkles from his Eyes,
As when *Aurora* gilds the Morning skies.
And though so bright, yet lovely like the Doves,
Charming all hearts, where rests diviner Loves,
Look on his beauteous Cheeks, and thou'lt espy
The rose of *Sharon* deckt in Royaltie.
His smiling Lips, his speech, and words so sweet,
That all delights and joy in them do meet;
Which tends at once to ravish ear and sight,
And to a kiss all heavenly Souls invite.

of his Father's in his face ;
And all parts excel, he's full of grace.
Heaven and Earth can make a rare Complexion,
Without a spot, or the least imperfection ;
Here, here it is, it in this Prince doth shine,
He's altogether lovely, all Divine.

1. His Beauty is so much desirable,
No Souls that see it any ways are able
For to withstand the influence of the same ;
They'r so enamour'd with it, they proclaim
There's none like him in Earth, nor Heav'n above ;
It draws their hearts, and makes them fall in love
Immediately, so that they cannot stay
From following him one minute of a day.
The flock is left, the Herd, and fishing Net,
As soon as e're the Soul its Eye doth set
Upon his face, or of it takes a view,
They'l cleave to him, whatever doth insue.

2. Christ is the Spring, or the Original
Of earthly beauty, and Celestial.
That beauty which in glorious Angels shine,
Of is in Creatures natural, or Divine,
It flows from him : O it is he doth grace
The mind with glorious beauty, as the face.

3. Christ's beauty's chaste, most pure, and without }
Not like to other's, which oft unawares, (snares }
Like *Josephs*, most treacherously betrays }
Poor wanton Souls, and leads them to the pit,
Before they are aware, or think of it !
Here may'st thou look, and love, and take thy fill,
(Yea every one who hath a heart, a will)
Whose sweetness ne'r will glut, surfeit, or kill.

4. His beauty's real, 'tis no glistening paint ;
That suits vain Sinners, this affects the Saint.
The painted face pleases the carnal Eye ;
But none but Saints through faith can this espy.
That's a vain show, but this a precious thing,
In sight of which Celestial joy doth spring.

5. This beauty fills, and fully satisfies,
The hearts of all who have enlightned Eyes,

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He that sees Christ, doth say, Lord, now I have
 What e're I long'd to see, no more I crave ;
 I have enough, my heart and I are fill'd ;
 Which was not so before, whilst I beheld
 Things with a sensual heart and outward eye.
 There's nothing here, save Christ, can satisfie
 That precious Soul, which lieth in thy breast ;
 Reject him, and ne'r look for peace nor rest.

6. Christ's beautys, hidden, 'tis so mystical ;
 No glimmerings of it can appear at all
 To carnal Souls. This is the cause why he
 Is thus deny'd, and slighted still by thee.

7. There's one thing more which I'll to thee im-
 Touching Christ's Beauty, by diviner Art ; (part,
 He doth transmit his beauty unto those
 Who are deform'd, as soon as e're they close
 With him in truth, in a contract of love,
 He all their homely features doth remove.
 Oh ! he can make those lovely, very fair,
 Who ne're so filthy, ne're so ugly are.

8. This beauty fadeth not, 'twill not decay,
 'Twill be as rare to morrow as to day.
 Not like to that, which as a fading flower,
 Ev'n now shines bright, but wither'd in an hour.

Riches of Christ.

Or, is thy heart on Riches set ? know then,
 Christ is more rich than all the sons of Men,
 The Father hath to him all fulness given
 In Earth beneath, and all that is in Heaven.
 All Kingdoms of the world they are his own,
 Whether inhabited, or yet unknown.
 He's heir of all things, and the time is near
 When he will make his Right most plain appear.
 All Potentates his Tenants are at will ;
 And such who wast his goods, or govern ill,
 Account must give to him, and then will find
 What 'tis to bear to him a treach'rous mind.

Christ's glorious Riches are discove red
 Yet further unto thee ; for all are fed

By him alone that on the Earth e're liv'd,
Both food and clothes they all from him receiv'd,
And still receive; 'tis at his proper charge
They are maintain'd, as might be shew'd at large.
I'll only give a hint or two at things,
His Treasures far surmount all Earthly Kings.
He has paid all the debts of every one
That clos'd with him. O do but think upon
This very thing, and wisely then account
To what a sum this payment will amount:
Suppose each Soul ten thousand Talents were
In debt to God? some little time we'll spare
To cast it up. 'Tis done, and lo 'tis found.
Eighteen hundred sev'nty five thousand pound.
And less than that what sinners ow'd that's clear'd,
As often-times, I doubt not, you have heard.
What did they altogether, think you, owe?
Who's able to account it? who can show
The quantity of that great debt, which he
Paid at one single payment on the Tree?
The quality too of his Riches are
So great in worth, O so transcendent rare,
Their Nature Men nor Angels can declare.
No other Coin would with God's Justice go,
To satisfy for debts which Sinners owe.
Nay the whole world, nor yet ten thousand more,
Could not discount one farthing of that score,
But had Christ's worth and Riches only bin
Sufficient to discharge from debts of Sin;
And had he not more Treasure to bestow
On such who do believe, or truly do
Cleave unto him, it might be thought to be
A lessening of his vast Treasure.
But 'tis not so; for he enriches all,
Who are discharged from sin's bitter thrall.
None comes to him, nor ever came, but they
Receive, besides such sums that very day
They are espous'd, that holy Truth relates,
They'r made more rich than earthly Potentates.

A Golden

A Golden Chain about their necks he places,
 And them with Rings, and precious Jewels, graces ;
 And cloathes them also in rich Robes of state,
 Whose sparkling glory far exceeds the plate
 Of beaten Gold ; nay *Ophir's* Treasury,
 And all the Wealth which in both *Indies* lie,
 Must no. compared be ; alas, they can't
 Equal in worth the Robes of one poor Saint.
 He Heirs also doth make them every one
 Of a most glorious Kingdome, and a Crown
 He doth assure them that they shall obtain,
 And when they come to age, for ever reign
 With him triumphantly, and tread down those
 Who were their Enemies, or did oppose
 Their rising up to such great Dignity,
 Or treated them on Earth with cruelty.
 He's rich in every thing, no good is found,
 No wealth nor worth, but all in Christ abound.
 Few in all kind of Riches do exceed :
 But there's in him what ever Sinners need.
 Cast but a look, O view this Treasury,
 Riches of Life, Love, Pardon, all does lie,
 Laid up in Christ, in him 'tis hid, for those
 Who do with him in true affection close.
 These Riches do enrich the Soul of Man,
 Which earthly Riches never did, nor can.
 Nay prethee hark to me, I'll tell the more,
 Although Christ has paid off our former score, }
 He han't consum'd one farthing of his store.
 Though he has made some millions rich and high,
 He hath with him such a redundancy
 Of glorious Riches, that let come who will,
 Their Treasuries with substance he can fill.
 The Sun is not more full of precious Light.
 Whose sparkling rays do dazle mortals sight ;
 Nor is the great, the vast and mighty Sea
 More fill'd with water than (in truth) is he
 With grace and Riches, yea of every kind :
 Which if thou close with him, and dost not find

To be a truth (Soul) then let me obtain
 Reproach from all, yea an eternal shame.
 Christ's Riches are so great, St. Paul knew well
 No tongue could set them forth, no Angels tell
 Th' nature of them, they unsearchable be ;
 Men may find out the bottom of the Sea,
 As soon as they can learn or comprehend
 How rich Christ is, who is thy dearest Friend.
 Nay, more than this his Riches are so stable,
 Moths can't corrupt them, nor can Thieves be able
 To rob us of them. Nay, yet further-more,
 He that hath them, what e're comes, can't be poor.
 His Riches can't be spent, his Treasury
 Cannot exhausted be, nor yet drawn dry.
 These Riches will rejoyce thee, make thee glad,
 Revive thy heart ; and God will never add
 Sorrow with them whilst thou dost live on earth ;
 They'll quiet thee, and fill thy Soul with mirth ;
 They'll be a breast of such sweet Consolation,
 That when all other dwellers in the Nation
 Shall be perplext through loss of earthly gain,
 Thou shalt be satisfied, and remain
 In perfect peace ; nought shall distress thy mind,
 When they shall nought, save horrid anguish find,
 Though Gold and Silver will not satisfie
 The Soul of Man, yet this I do espy,
 The loss of them, and other earthly things,
 It grief and sorrow to the Spirit brings.
 And so uncertain are things of the world
 Though here to night, e're morning all are hurld
 Away from him who now possession hath ;
 Like to a bubble are all things on Earth.
 He that on worldly Riches sets his mind,
 Strives to take hold on shadows, and the wind.
 But if Christ's Riches once thou dost obtain,
 The loss of them thou never shalt sustain ;
 Nor will they leave thee when thou com'st to die,
 But cleave unto, and thee accompanie
 Beyond the Grave, ev'n to Eternitie,

What,

What dost thou say? canst make a better choice
Than close with Christ? O hearken to his voice,
And don't withstand the proffer made to thee,
If any good thou dost in Riches see.

Christ's Bounty.

What sayest thou? what hast thou in thine eye?
Will not Christ's Riches move thee? then I'll try
To gain thee by some other property.
He's bountiful, and of a generous heart,
Most free and noble, ready to impart
What e're he hath unto the Soul he loves.
O see how his Heroick Spirit moves
In him, whose generous, whose bounteous hand,
Holds forth to thee what e're thou canst demand.
'Tis thine for asking; do but speak the word,
Thou hast it done. O! none like this dear Lord.
Some mens great Riches seem to overflow,
Who do a base ignoble Spirit show.
They treasure up their bags, lay heap on heap,
Yet with a narrow covetous spir't keep
All from the poor: Nay their own Wives can get
But now and then a little in a fit;
In a good mood sometimes perchance they'll be
Kind unto them, though but unfreely free.
But Christ's rich Bounty does to all extend,
He stretches forth his hand to Foe and Friend.
Refined Gold, Eye-salve, and Rayments white,
Ev'n all choice things for profit and delight;
Sweet Frankincense Spicknord, Calamas fine,
Myrrh, Saffron, with all choice of spiced Wine,
He freely gives to all: O come who will,
He'll bid you welcome, and your Treasures fill.
O what doth he then to his Friends impart,
Unto his Spouse, the Soul who has his heart?
Come, eat, O Friends and drink abundantly,
Beloved ones, 'twas for your sakes that I good
This Banquet made. There's nought (says he) too
For those that I have purchas'd with my blood.
Take Grace and Glory; all I have I give you.
And to my self I will e're long receive you.

Ask,

Ask, that your joy may now be full : for I
Can't any thing that's good your souls deny.

The Sovereign Power and Dignity of Christ.

What can I now do more, if still thou art
Resolved to deny *Jesus* thy heart?
If Beauty will not move thee to incline
To close with him, who longs till he is thine:
Strange ! Beauty oft prevails, great Conquests gains;
Like to a mighty Victor, binds in chains
Those wch would not by other means e're yield. }
Such is the nature of his pow'rful Shield, }
Triumphantly it has obtain'd the Field. }
No standing out against its piercing Darts
It hath a secret way to wound those hearts,
Whose constitution leads them naturally
To steer that course, and on it cast an Eye
To search the sweet, which Fancy says doth lye
Hid in the same. For human Beauty's vain,
Which some have sacrific'd their lives, to gain.
But Christ's sweet Beauty is a real thing,
And doth substantial joys and pleasures bring ;
Such pleasures also which will still abide
For evermore, like Rivers by thy side.
Shall Beauty which is spotless, without stain,
Nor Riches neither, sweet Imbraces gain ;
Nor generous Bounty, win thy purer love ;
Then let Ambition thy affections move.
Is Greatness barren quite of solid joys ?
Are all her Merchandize but empty toys ?
If it be earthly, 'tis an Airy thing,
Though 'twere to be a Spouse unto a King.
But let it not be so look'd on by thee
To be espous'd to that great Majesty,
From whom alone true Honour does descend,
This Greatness lasting perfect, ne'r will end.
Come, *Soul*, let us most seriously now pry
Into Christ's Pow'r and regal Sovereignty,
And next let me his glorious Pow'r show
By which he works, and all great things can do.

Some

Some have a Pow'r whereby they can command,
But to accomplish things do want a hand:
But Christ in both excels, 'tis he alone
Hath regal Pow'r; and what he will have done
He can effect i'th twinkling of an eye,
Though all combine against him far and nigh.
He's over Angels, (as thou heard'st before)
They gladly him do rev'rence, and adore.
The Head o'th Church, makes Laws, and governs it,
According as he sees 'tis best and fit.
His regal Pow'r also doth descend,
And over all the Devils doth extend.
The Keys of Hell and Death to him are given;
Tis he alone can shut and open Heaven.
Power to Rule, to command, to forbid,
To punish, or deliver, they'r all hid
In him alone; 'tis he can bind or loose;
To damn or save, 'tis all as he doth chuse.
He's King of Kings, all mighty men below
To him their Princely Crowns & Kingdoms owe.
Yea such an universal Monarch's he,
Commands the mighty Winds, and stills the Sea.
'Twas by his hand the glorious Heav'ns were made,
And wondrous Earth's foundations first were laid.
The Sun, the Moon, and Stars receiv'd their light
From him at first, to rule both Day and Night.
His Power's absolute without controule,
He governs all the World from Pole to Pole.
His Sovereign Pow'r was not gain'd by fight,
Or Usurpation, but a lawful Right;
As he is God, 'tis his essentially,
Born Heir o' it from all Eternity.
And as he's Mediator, th' God of Heaven
This glorious Power unto him has given.
His Pow'rs Infinite, it hath no bound,
No ends, or limits of it can be found.
He made the World, which by him doth subsist;
Nay he can make ten thousand if he list.
He can do more than we can think or know,
Can kill, and make alive, save, or o'rethrow.

The Conquests he has gain'd, demonstrate
 The matchless Pow'r of this dread Potentate.
 Sin is ore-come, the Devil's forc'd to fly,
 Nay, he hath obtain'd a perfect Victory
 O're Death, o're Hell, o're Wrath, & o're the Grave,
 And from them all he able is to save,
 If thou wilt but consent, grant his request,
 Thon never more by Foes shalt be distress'd.
 Ah Soul! is't not a very glorious thing,
 Daily to be thus courted by a King,
 And such a King? shall *Jesus* who in vain?
 Shall such a Prince not thy sweet love obtain?

The Wisdom of Christ.

What say'st to Wisdom, from whose Odour springs
 That wch makes glorious inferiour Men, as Kings:
 This spreads the sweet perfume of *Solomon's* fame;
 'Twas this that rais'd his most illustrious Name,
 The noise of Wisdom made so great report,
 'Twas heard as far as *Sheba's* Princely Court.
 It made the Lady's Charriot-wheels to run
 Most swift, like to the new-rai'd Eastern Sun,
 Mounting aloft, and vanquishing black Clouds:
 She hasts away, and through obstructions crouds;
 Defying danger, she's resolv'd to see
 What Fame reports touching this Prodigic.
 The emulous Queen's arriv'd, she stands amaz'd,
 She lessons, wonders, and be'ng over-daz'd
 With this great Beam, she breaks forth, could not
 But must expresse, that what to her was told (hold
 In her own Country, was in no wise nigh
 Half what she found did in his Wisdom lie.
 What's Riches, Bounty, Honour, Beauty rare,
 Unless true Wisdom also do dwell there?
 If Wisdom may a person recommend,
 Christ is all Wisdom. Shall I now descend]
 Into particulars? wilt lend an Ear
 Whilst I endeavour to make it more clear?
 Alas, I stand amaz'd! Can Infinite
 Perfections be exprest? what shall I write;

He's

He's wise, all-wise, only wise ; shall I speak ?
Wisdom it self i'th' abstract. Can I take
Upon me then to ope this Mystery,
When in him doth all depths of Wisdom lie.
The wise mans Wisdom, if't compar'd might be,
Was like a drop of Water to the Sea ;
Nay, far a greater disproportion's there,
Should we Christ's wisdom once with his compare.
'Twas he which did to *Solomon* impart
That wisdom, and that understanding heart.
'Tis he which makes all good men grave and wise,
To hate all evil, and true Vertue prize.
He to our Fathers doth right knowledg give,
And 'tis by him all pious Judges live.
Th' infinite wisdom of th' Eternal One
Shines forth in him ; nay, 'tis in him alone
All is laid up ; he is God's Treasury,
Where Wisdom and true Knowledg both do lie.
He knows all things and persons here below ;
Nay, perfectly does he the Father know,
And all Decrees and Counsels, which of old
Have been, and their events he can unfold.
He knows each glorious purpose, and design,
In him alone do all Perfections shine.
The frames, the thoughts, the ways, the fears, the
Temptations, burdens, & the grief of Saints (wants
Most perfectly he knows, and quickly can.
Save and defend from th' greatest rage of Men.
For Counsel and wise conduct he exceeds,
And in the midst of paths of Judgment leads.
The crafty Council of *Achitophel*
He can defeat, though laid as deep as Hell.
He over-turns the wisdom of the wise,
Confounds their plots, and shews what folly lies
In their grand Councils, making them to know
Their purposes can't stand, if he says no.
He orders things, that no design shall take
Further then 'twill for his own Glory make.
None like to Christ, he is without compare,
He's wise as well as wealthy, great and fair.

What's

What's thy opinion, Soul, canst not espy
 All Glory hid in his blest Majesty ?
 What hinders then but that without delay
 Triumph may celebrate th' espousal day ?

CHAP. IV.

Shewing how the Conscience of the Sinner comes to be effectually awakened ; together with the effects thereof.

THIS being said with bowels of Affection,
 Tho often mix with gall of sharp detection,
 Her former stubbornness being all laid o'pe,
 Yet this, nor that, nor nothing, gave much hope
 He should prevail, which put him in a maze,
 And did his voice and spirits higher raise.
 He still went on with sweet commiseration,
 Yet was his pity mixt with some small passion,
 And to this purpose did this good man speak,
 Not knowing how his last farwel to take.

Theologue.

Poor stupified Soul ! Alas ! alas !
 What is the cause ? whence doth it come to pass
 Thou art so senseless ? why dost thou despise
 All those Soul-melting tears, those sighs and crys ?
 What is thy heart more harder than the Rocks,
 That thou canst bear these oft-repeated knocks,
 And never break at all ? O strange ! O strange !
 Thy heart, poor Soul, is't harder than a stone,
 That feeble drops of water fall upon,
 And makes impression. What, shall stones relent,
 And yield themselves, and as it were consent
 These frequent droppings should impression make ;
 And showers move thee not ? Awake, awake,
 Before the dreadful Message I impart,
 Shall rouse thy hard and fir-congealed heart.
 Thy night comes on, thy Sun's a going down,
 Thy seeming favourites begin to frown.

So

So all thy pleasures with their wanton charms
Are flying from thee, Death spreads forth his Arms,
To take thee hence unto another place:
Canst thou, poor wretch, this ghastly King embrace?
What will become of all thy wealth and pleasure?
Behold (alas) Death's come to make a seizure
Upon thy poor deceived Soul this night!
Then all thy joys, and empty vain delight
Will vanish like the smoke, and thou shalt be
Cast into Prison for Eternitie;
Where thou shalt evermore bewail thy loss,
In changing Gold for that, that's worse than dross.
Shall Beauty, Wealth, or Honour make thee yield?
Much more that Wisdom wherewith Christ is fill'd.
Shall Love and Patience be so ill rewarded
By thee, by whom he should be most regarded?
And sensual Objects harbour'd in thy heart?
Then wilt thou hear what further I'll impart?
Soul, now thou must be anathematiz'd;
And when Christ comes, how wilt thou be surpriz'd?
For those that love not *Jesus*, are accurs'd,
And when he doth appear, for ever must
That fearful doom and sentence then receive.
O may the thoughts of this cause thee to cleave
To him with speed, before this day is gone.
I'll now break off, adieu, this think upon:
Poor drowsy wretch, let sin no more deceive thee,
Give me thine Answer now before I leave thee,
O may these Soul-confounding terrors break,
Thy stony-heart, and make thy Conscience speak!
Eternal God, do thou thy Spirit send,
'Tis he which must the Soul in pieces rend.
The Work's too hard for weakness. Alas! I
Shall not prevail, if help thou dost deny.
Speak to her heart, set home the word with Pow'r
Shall this be the good day, the happy hour?
Her Conscience touch, O wound her, let her see
What 'tis to be a Captive unto thee.
Open her Eyes, blest Spirit, thou canst do it.
Sad is her state; O come, and let her know it.

Let

Let not my pains nor labour quite be lost :
 For dear she has my Master, *Jesus*, cost.
 Thou canst effectually change her bad mind,
 Which unto sensual Objects is inclin'd.
 O shed and scatter precious Love abroad,
 And unto her some of that grace afford.
 Moral persuasions barely ne're will bring
 The Soul to love and like our Heav'nly King.
 But I'll return and speak yet one word more
 Unto her Conscience, e're I do give o're.

Speak *Conscience*, if alive ! thou us'd to keep
 A faithful watch : what art thou now asleep ?
 Hath she not slighted Christ, like unto those
 That him reject, and cleave unto his Foes ?
 What dost thou say ? speak, I adjure thee, rouse !
Conscience, I speak to thee, shake off thy drouse ;
 Gripe this deluded Soul, who puts her trust
 In those that seek her Life, 'tis thou that must
 Stop her vain course : what, shall the Sinner die }
 When *Conscience*, God's Vicegerent, is so nigh, }
 And gives not one sad sigh, nor groan, nor cry ?
 Strange ! what's befallen thee ? art lost, or fled,
 Who shouldst the tidings bring that all are dead ?
 Like *Job's* last Messenger, thou shouldst declare,
 How all the faculties corrupted are.
 Wilt thou betray that trust repos'd in thee,
 And lose thy regal Right and Sovereignty ?
 Wilt thou connive and wink at such a crime,
 Or fault which she commits ? O no, 'tis time
 Now to awake, and fiercely her reprove.
 What, hate that Prince whom she pretends to love ?
 Immediately the Spirit sweetly spake,
 And touch'd her heart, and Conscience did awake,

Conscience.

What Soul-amazing voice is this I hear ?
 What Heav'n-rending Thunder fills mine Ear ?
 Awake, why do I sleep ? can Conscience nod,
 That keeps a watch betwixt the Soul and God ?
 If so, yet when Heav'n's voice cries out amain,
 That will awake and make me rouse again.

I have

I have most basely (Sir) corrupted bin,
 By *Satan* and that poisonous Evil, S I N.
 A Register I kept, but then alas
 It has so fallen out, so come to pass,
 That I unfaithful was: for always when
 I should have set down scores, I set down ten;
 Nay, to their party so entic'd have bin,
 That I have often winked at her sin.
 And when my Office was for to accuse,
 'Twas to wrong ends, her Light I did abuse.
 My faults I see, I'll watch that no offence
 May pass the Soul without intelligence.
 Sir, Strange it is, it puts me in a muse,
 As one amaz'd to see the Soul refuse
 To hearken to your voice, which constantly,
 Like pointed Darts, against her breast doth fly.
 I'll take up Arms, and fight for *Jesus* now,
 And make her bend to him, if I know how.
 I now declare my self, though for a season
 I silence kept, to hear what Goodman *Reason*
 Could find to say, whereby he might excuse her,
 But he's most blind, and surely doth abuse her.
 I know her byass'd Judgment will conjecture
 She's not oblig'd to kearken to that Lecture
 She lately heard, although it was Divine,
 Her will and Judgment doth with Hell combine
 To work her ruin; do you what you can,
 Till Judgments rectifi'd, and the Old man
 Be put to death, she'll be rebellious still,
 Yield to her lusts, and please her vicious will.

Theologue.

Doth *Conscience* yield? Blest day! I'll try again,
 With hope of a full Conquest to obtain.
 Good service may'st thou do, act well thy part:
 Whilst the great King doth thus besiege the heart;
 Keep thou a narrow watch, look well about,
 Observe who doth come in, and who goes out.
 In one thing am I glad, I know from hence
 I shall by thee have true intelligence.

How

How things are manag'd in her house always ;
 Thou know'st her thoughts, hearst all the words she
Apollyon Prince of Darknes. (says.

Apollyon that degraded Seraphim,
 And Grand-fire of that Hell-bred Monster, *Sin*,
 No sooner did of these late tidings hear,
 How Conscience was awakened, but in fear
 Presently calls a Council to advise
 Which way they might the Soul by craft surprize,
 And hinder her from being crowned Queen.
 Which to prevent, successful have we been,
 Saith he, till now, but I am in great doubt
 Much longer we shall hardly hold it out.
 The Preacher doth his business follow so,
 I am afraid of some great overthrow.

Satan.

Dread Prince ! fear not, we yet possession have,
 And want no skill. Can't subtilty deceive ?
 Can't strength subdue ? besides, she's in our chain ;
 Though one links broke, we'll fasten it again.
 And if grave Judgment will with us abide,
 Conscience will not be able to decide
 The differences, nor right decision make ;
 No matter then which side the fool doth take.
 But since, my Lord, I see what greives your mind,
 No safety shall these Gospel-Preachers find :
 Our Vassals we'll prepare with Hellish rage,
 Them to extirpate, and drive off the stage.

Lucifer.

I do approve of that last Counsel given ;
 Let not a place nor corner under Heaven
 Be found for those our int'rest dare oppose,
 Or once attempt to move the Soul to close
 With him whom we account our mortal Foe,
Satan, for this I bless and thank thee too.
 The brave design which we have now in hand,
 Will soon effect this thing in every Land.
 That Enterprize let us pursue with care,
 But mind us well how things more inward are.

To

To Judgment look, lest he from us should run ;
If once his Eyes are ope, we're all undone.

Soul.

Lord, what sad gripes and lashes do I feel ?
My courage fails and resolutions reel.
Strange thoughts disturb my mind, no rest, alas,
Can heart or eyes obtain ? whole nights do pass,
Whole weeks and months, and nought can I possess
But horror great, sad grief, and weariness.
What's my condition now ? who'll shew to me
My present state and future misery ?
Hark, what's within, a very frightful noise,
It mars my hopes, imbitters all my joys.
My morn's ore-cast, my fair day proveth foul,
My Conscience terrifies, and makes me howl :
Lash after lash, and blows succeeding blows,
He's void of mercy, and no pity shows,
Here ends my joy, and here begins my woes.
O how my mind is hurried to and fro !
I know not where to fix, nor what to do.
My unresolv'd resolves do greatly vary,
This way one while, and then the quite contrary.
Who is't wth counsel give ? to whom must I
Go for some ease in this perplexity ?
My Conscience says I wickedly have acted,
Not breaking the vile contract I've contracted
With those sweet Lovers which my sensual heart
So long a time has lov'd, how shall we part ?
Must I be forc'd, by Conscience to imbrace
One whom I cannot love ? 'tis a hard case.
Yet have I cause to love him dearly too ;
But how shall I for him let others go ?

Depraved Judgment.

Poor silly Soul ! and is thy choice so hard ?
In two extreems can thy weak thoughts reward
Two so unequal, with the like respect ?
Know'st thou not which to slight, which to affect ?
Submit to me, 'tis Judgment must advise,
In this great case take heed and be thou wise.

Fix

Fix where thou wilt, thy doubt-depending cause
Can ne'r expect a Verdict 'twixt two Laws
Which differ, and are opposit in kind,
Yet a fit medium I'll attempt to find
To ease thy sad, and sore preplexed mind.
Divert those thoughts by some rare Speculations,
And vanquish all these dolesome cogitations.
Look, look abroad, and view the world, pray mark
The Wise and Prudent, and the Courtly Spark:
Will they direct thee so, such counsel give
That thou an Hermits life on Earth shouldst live?
What, marry one that in possession hath
Not one small house, or foot of Land on Earth;
When Wealth, and Honour, Dignity and Power
Are offer'd to thee, as a present Dower;
Thou may'st be deckt with Bracelets rich and rare,
And live on Earth free from perplexing care;
If thou dost look about and take advice,
And suffer Men nor Conscience to entice,
Or thee allure, such a choice to make,
Those joys to leave, and utterly forsake;
Which most men do, nay all accounted wise
Pursue amain, esteem, and highly prize;
But if thou hast a thought to change thy state,
Be wise and stay; don't holy Writ relate,
He that believes, doth not make hast: O why
Shouldst thou have thoughts to mind it presently?
Come, pause a while, be not so hot; alas
By inconsiderateness it comes to pass,
So many Souls are spoil'd and ruined,
Be wary then, not rashly be misled.

Nay, furthermore, I'll speak to thee again,
Thou may'st love him, and yet maist thou retain
Respect and love other Objects too.
Love thy God well, but why shouldst thou let go
This world, with all the precious joys therein?
But don't mistake, thou must leave off thy sin;
For Holiness I must tell thee is right,
And very pleasant in *Jehovah's* sight:

But

But know, O Soul, yet over and above,
Thy Sovereign Lord and Prince hath set his love
So much upon thee, that his gracious Eye
Will overlook thy smaller vanitie.
Ne'r doubt but thou shalt have his favour still,
Though in some things thou satisfie thy will.
Dost think that he who came down from above,
And dy'd for thee, will ever quite remove
His dear affection from thee, or e're hate,
And leave the Soul he bought at such a rate?
It is enough, and happy wilt thou be,
If thou escap'st all gross impurity.

*Thus the base heart be'ng inflam'd by the Devil,
Undoes the Soul. No Enemy's more evil
Than that curst Foe we harbor in our breast,
Which all enlighten'd ones have oft exprest.
Corrupted Judgment blindly would inform her,
Christ having dy'd her sins can never harm her.
Alas, saith Reason, do not all men sin?
Nay, more than this, the very best have bin
To blame in many things, and yet esteem'd
As righteous ones; and as the Lord's redeem'd?
If famous Men of old offenders were,
What needst thou be so nice, what needst thou fear?
The glorious King is filled with compassion;
Besides he sees in the great reformation:
Thy love to sinful lusts is but in part
To what 'it was, and thou must know thou art
Plac'd in this world, and therefore must comply
In some respects with smaller vanity.
When Reason to the vicious Will gives ear,
How can the Understanding then be clear?
When vile Affection thus corrupteth Reason,
All works and thoughts are turn'd to perfect treason.
O see how blind poor Souls by Nature are,
How vain their thoughts, how ready to insnare
Themselves are they with false Imaginations
With earthly toys and idle speculations.
To learn and understand all humane Arts
Most apt they are, they'l magnifie their parts;*

How very quick and dext'rous are they when
 They talk of things that appertain to men?
 But things of God are quite above their sphere,
 Can't then discern, nor do they love to hear
 Of God, or Christ, they count that man a fool
 That daily goes to learn at *Jesus's* School.
 Unto the blindness of the natural mind
 Add this besides, most evident you'll find
 It doth resist the Truth, 'twill not receive it;
 Nay 'tis incredulous, 'twill not believe it.
 Apt to believe false tales, and stories vain;
 Nay, like to Eve, 'twill quickly entertain
 Suggestions of the cursed Prince o'th Night,
 But what God says, seems evil in their sight,
 Nay, more than all, this treach'rous faculty
 Is so deprav'd, St. Paul doth plain descry
 Much enmity to God therein to lie.
 Unto God's Law it will not subject be;
 For in the mind is great malignity.
 But I must not the Reader here detain;
 Because that our old Friend is come again.

CHAP. V.

*Shewing how the Judgment of the Soul comes to be enlight-
 ned, and the effects thereof.*

Theologue.

MY patience's not yet tyr'd, my bowels move,
 With bended knees shall I now gain thy love
 To *Jesus Christ*? how shall I leave thee quite,
 When I behold such terrors, which affright
 My trembling Soul? wch soon will thee o're-take,
 Unless thou dost with speed this Contract make,
 Thy Judgment 'tis which I would fain convince.
 Thy danger's great, I do perceive from thence:
 When Conscience had almost (in truth) perswaded
 Thee to repent, it was straightway invaded

By thy blind Understanding, and dark mind,
 From whence thou art to evil still inclin'd.
 Thou often-times hadst listen'd unto me,
 And lest thy sin: but they deceived thee,
 And chang'd thy thoughts (as *Conscience* doth relate)
 Till thy condition's grown most desperate.
 Wilt thou once dare to harbour such a thought;
 Because with blood thy Soul by Christ was bought,
 Thou mayest sin, and take thy pleasure here,
 And prize the world as equal, nay, more dear
 To thee than him? How canst thou be so dark
 This to imagine, Soul? I prethee hark;
 Did he not bleed, and die upon the Tree
 Thee to redeem from all iniquitie,
 And that to him thou shouldst espoused be?
 Should a great Prince love a poor Virgin so
 As for her sake ten thousand sorrows know,
 And be content at last when all is done,
 Another should enjoy her for his own?

Oh! ope thine eyes, imbrace the chiefest Good;
 Let him be dear to thee, who with his blood
 Hath thee redeem'd from Sin, the chiefest ill,
 Be not unto thy self so cruel still,
 And void of Reason, foolishly to chuse
 The greatest Evil, and chief'st Good refuse.
 The good in Christ with every state agrees.
 It suits the Soul when troubles on it seize.
 When thou art sick, he'll thy Physician be,
 He all distempers cures. Nay, it is He,
 And he alone, that heals the precious Soul,
 And with a word can make the Body whole.
 Art dark? O, he can straightway make thee see;
 Nay, if born blind, he can give eyes to thee.
 If thou art weary, he alone's thy rest.
 Or, art thou sad, and grievously deprest?
 He is thy comfort, and thy joy will be,
 Like to the deep and overflowing Sea,
 If thou an hungry art, he is thy food.
 O taste and see, and thou wilt find him good.

The Fatling's slain, and all things ready are ;
Thou'rt welcome too ; O come, and do not spare,
But freely eat, and drink his spiced Wine,
Wch will make glad that drooping heart of thine,
The Father calls, the Spirit says, O come ;
And Christ doth say, here's in my heart yet room,
O Sinner ! come to me : hark, he doth cry,
O come to me, poor Soul, why wilt thou die ?
Art thou in Prison, he will ope the door,
He'l pay thy debts, and wipe off all thy score.
If thou a Widow or an Orphan be,
Husband and Father both he'l be to thee :
A Husband that does live, yea, live for ever :
Match here, poor Soul, where Death can part you
Or, art thou weak, & canst not go alone ? (never.
He is thy strength, O thou mayst lean upon
His mighty Arm ; for that is thy support.
Art thou beleaguer'd ? he's thy Royal Fort.
In times of danger and of trouble great,
Unto his holy Name do thou retreat :
Which is a Tower strong to all that fly
With care and speed from all iniquity.
Under his Wings he'l hide his purchas'd One,
Till these calamities are past and gone.
Or, art thou dying, and dost fear the grave ?
He is thy life, from Death he will thee save ;
They cannot die, who such a Husband have.
Or, art a Sinner ? he's thy Righteousness ;
He's more than I can any ways express.
The good in Christ is so exceeding sweet,
None understand until they tast of it,
He is a Good which none can comprehend,
He is a Good which doth all others send ;
The chiefest Good, good of himself alone,
When carnal joys and pleasures all are gone.
That's not the good that fills not the desire,
That can't be chief, if there be yet a higher.
God is so good, noughts good if him we want ;
Small things, with him, will satisfie a Saint.

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Chap. 5.

Wars in the Soul.

155

He is so good, that nought can bitter make him
Unto that Soul, who chearfully does take him,
And his sweet love and precious grace enjoys ;
Yet this rare Good ne'r gluts, nor sweetness cloyes.
The best of earthly sweets, which fools do prize,
By sin and sickness doth much bitter rise.
They loathn them straight, and can't abide to hear
Of that which lately they esteem'd so dear.
That, that's the Good on whiah thou shouldst de-
That is desired for no other end (pend,
Than for it self ! O tast of him, and try,
And thou'lt be filled to Eternity.
That's not the Good which suddenly doth leave us,
That's not the Good of which Death can bereave
Christ is a Good, that's lasting, and abides ; (us,
All other Good, alas, will fail besides.
Make him thy choice, dear Soul, O do but try
How sweet it is in *Jesu's* Arms to lie.
Make him thy joy, and thou'lt see cause to sing,
Whatever days or change may on the bring,
Soul.

Sad times, alas ! here is a sudden change ;
Nought can I hear of now but rumors strange,
Of Wars and Tumults, with perplexity,
Which do encrease and swell most vehemently
Within the regions of my inward man,
Which causes tears, and makes my face look wan.
Cross workings in me clearly I discover,
I am distrest about this glorious Lover.
The Counsel which my heart did lately give
I cannot take, I dare not it receive.
Great slaughters there will be in my small Isle,
For without blood be sure this fearful broil
Will never cease ; which side now shall I take ?
I tremble much, yea all my bones do shake.
Some of my sins which I have loved dear,
Are forc'd to fly, and others can't appear,
Lest *Conscience* should upon them fall : for he
Crys out, Kill all, let not one spared be,

Nay, *Judgment* too is almost at a stand,
Which doth amuse me much o'th other hand.
Yet *Will* and *Ol'-man*, are resolv'dly bent
To hinder me from granting my consent.
Yet if I could but have some glimm'ring sight
Of this great Prince, I know not but it might
Work strange effects in me : for I do find
My eyes are out, my Understanding blind.
Lord, pity me : for I a wretch have bin,
To slight thee thus, and love my cursed sin.

Thus whilst God's Word was preacht, and she also
Began to cry ; I did observe, and lo,
A Friend was sent from the blest Prince of Light,
The glory of whose Face did shine so bright,
That none were able to behold, for he
Seem'd not infer'our to the Majesty
Of the great God, and his eternal Son :
For they in Essence are all three but one.
His Power's great, and Glory is his merit ;
His nature's like his Name (*most holy Spirit.*)
Who to the Soul did presently draw near,
And toucht her heart, and then unstopt her ear ;
And from him shone such glorious rays of light,
Some scales flew off, and she recover'd sight.
Which straitway did her Judgment rectifie.
Who to this purpose did himself apply
Unto the Soul whom he had led astray.
I must confess my faults to thee this day.

Judgment.

For want of light false judgment I have given,
And treacherously conspired against Heaven ;
And 'gainst thy life and happiness have I
Been drawn into a vile conspiracy
Of th' highest nature : for I did consent
With thy base Foes, who hellishly are bent,
To tear thee into pieces, quite undo thee,
Whilst smilingly they proffer pleasures to thee.
And now though not t' extenuate my sin,
I'll tell thee how I have been drawn in.

Thy

Thy heart's corrupted, and from it proceeds
The cursed *Old-man*. with his evil deeds.
They with *Apollyon* jointly did unite
To draw a Curtain 'twixt me and the light.
And thus though I sometimes was half inclin'd
To judge for God, they basely kept me blind.
They've me corrupted with thy wilful *Will*
Who, I do fear, remains most stubborn still :
Which if't be so, and he's not made to bend,
Conclude the match thou canst not with thy friend }
And I, poor I, can't make him condescend :
Some higher Power 'tis must make him yield,
Or he'l stand out and never quit the Field.
For he's a churlish peice, and thou wilt find
To what is evil, he is most inclin'd :
But hath no will at all to what is right,
A very Traytor to the Prince of Light.
But as for me, my thoughts are clearly now
Thou oughtst forthwith to yield, and meekly bow
To the great King, thy mighty Lord and Lover.
And more than this to thee I must discover ;
Now, now I know thy Sovereign Lord will pry }
Into thy very heart, his piercing Eye
Will find that Soul amongst the Company }
Who wants the wedding-garment, and will sever
That unprepared man in wrath for ever
From his sweet presence : *Soul*, his Word doth shew
Nothing will serve but *universal new*.
He is a *jealous God*, will not endure
To see thee only counterfeited pure ?
O now I see he will not take a part.
But claims both ears, eyes, hands, yea, the whole
Now, now I see 'tis pure simplicity (heart.
That is alone accepted in his Eye.
That sin which has been like to a right hand,
For profit sweet, thou must at his Command
Cut straight-way off. Nay, Soul, look thou about ;
For right-eye sins must all be pulled out.
Though they for pleasure have to thee bin dear,
Yet must they have no room, nor favour here,

Of every sin thou must thy self deny;
 One sin will damn thee to Eternity,
 If thou to it dost any love retain.
 Nay, hark to me, Soul, listen once again;
 The Law must also unto thee be dead,
 And thou to it, or never canst thou wed
 With Jesus Christ. If thy first Husband live,
 Who to another Husband can thee give?
 The smallest sin thou ever didst commit,
 The Law's so strict, it damns the Soul for it.
 Let this divorce thee from it, 'tis severe,
 No life nor help (alas) canst thou have there.
 And therefore unto Jesus come with speed,
 For such a Bridegroom 'tis which thou dost need.
 And th' glory of the blessed Bridal-state,
 Will far exceed the greatest Potentate.
 What's he? Ah Soul! what grace and favor's this:
 Where dwells that Queen, nay where that Empress,
 Whose splendent glory can e're equal thine,
 When thou canst say, I'm his, and he is mine?

*A Consultation held between the Prince and Powers of
 Darknēss; hearing how the Judgement was rectified,
 and the understanding of the Soul somewhat en-
 lightened.*

Apollyon.

Most mighty Pow'rs, who once from Heav'n fell,
 To raise this Throne and Monarchy in Hell;
 Do not despair, rouse up, all is not gone,
 The Conquerour han't yet the Conquest won.
 'Tis far below your noble extract thus
 To stand amaz'd; is there no pow'r in us,
 For to revive our scattered force? let's try
 What may be done, we can at last but fly.
 Ne'r let us yield that she should raised be
 To such a hight, to such great Soveraigntie.
 What, she, whose birth and pedigree was mean
 To what our's was, shall she be crowned Queen,
 Whilst we are made the Objects of her scorn,
 Hated of God and Man? This can't be born.

What

What, shall eternal Arms embrace the Soul,
 Whilst we in chains of Darkness do condole
 Our former loss ? in spite of Heaven let's try
 Yet once again to spoil th' Affinity.

Satan.

Bravely resolv'd ! and if in Hell there are
 A legion of such Spirits, never fear
 But we the Conquest yet o're Heaven shall gain,
 And all the hopes and pride of Mortals stain.
 We venture very little, yet shall win
 All at one blow, if we prevail agin.
 And there's great hopes methinks ; for ev'n success
 Makes foes secure, and makes our danger less.
 Lo ! don't you see how the fond Soul doth lie
 Ope to our Arms in great security ?
 And though some ground is lost, yet seek about,
 View well our force within, and that without.
 We in her house have a strong party yet,
 Who in our bands keep her unwary feet.
 Let's make a search, and now more careful be,
 For sad it is the wretch such light should see.
 Without all doubt there has been some neglects.,
 Which has produc'd such undesir'd effects.
 Could none keep out the light ? or has her heart,
 Always so true to us, play'd a false part ?
 Sure *Will* and *Old-man* both do stand and pause.
 Or some grand Foe hath quite betray'd our cause.
 We must be-stir us, and give new directions,
 And by all means keep fast the Soul's affections ;
Affection's still by *Old-man* is directed ;
 And *Will* to us does yet stand well affected.
 Let us pursue our present enterprize,
 With all the craft and Pow'r we can devise.
 Our Prince, I see, is very much offended,
 And thus in short the Consultation ended.
Apollyon with whole troops of hellish Fiends
 Immediately into the Soul descends,
 To raise sad storms and Tempests in her breast,
 Who being curst, hates any should be blest.

And that he might the better have his ends
Accomplished, he thus bespeaks his Friends :
The Flesh with all its lusts, to whom he said,
Old-man, my grand Ally, I am afraid
My tottering Kingdom has not long to stand,
If to my aid thou dost not lend thy hand.
'Tis thou (old Friend) that must my cause main-
Or otherwise thou wilt thy self be slain. (tain,
Hark ! dost not hear that flesh-amazing cry,
* Kill the *Old-man*, O kill O crucifie
" *The Old-man with his deeds*, rise up and slay,
" Let not that Foe survive another day ?
" It is that cursed *Old-man* works our bane,
" Then let him die, let the *Old-man* be slain.
Bestir thy self, and try thy utmost skill,
Undoubtedly thou must be kill'd, or kill,
'Tis not a time to pause, or slack thy hand,
Negligence will not with thy int'rest stand.
Tell, tell the Soul, in vain thou dost deny
Thy self of that which satisfies the Eye ;
Adorn thy self with Pearl, be deckt with Gold,
Such pleasant things are lovely to behold ;
Avoid all those penurious Niceties,
That makes thee hateful in thy Neighbour's eyes ;
Delights thy self in that the world counts brave,
And let thy senses have what e're they crave,
Say to the Soul, let not thine Ears and Eyes
Be satisfy'd alone, but please likewise
Thy Appetite, but grant all the Soul desires,
And if it chance to kindle lustful fires,
Tell her the earth was fill'd with boundless treasures,
Thae she thereby might take her fill of pleasures.
And for that end the senses are united
In one fair body, there to be delighted.
And tell her, if she do restrain one sense
Of what it craves, she offers violence
Unto her self, and doth her self deny
Of the best good, and chief'st felicity.

The Old-man's Reply.

This Hellish Lecture past, the *Old-man* breaks
His Silence ; and, half Angry, thus he speaks
Renowned Father ! let thy Servant borrow
A word or two to mitigate my sorrow.

This Counsel might have done some time ago,
But now enlightned Judgment lets her know
All these are painted pleasures, and their date
Ends with her life : dread Prince ! it is too late
To mind this Counsel, she will not receive it,
Her understanding now will not believe it.

I by thy Aid have oft endeavoured
In fitter times such kind of things to spread
Before her eyes ; but now of late we find
There is an alteration in her mind.
Could you have took the Gospel quite away,
I would not have been as 'tis, you do delay.

Apollyon.

No more of that — *Old-man*, take my direction,
Improve thy int'rest now with her *Affection*.

I know *Affection* still's inclin'd to love
That which the Understanding doth reprove.
This being so, if we improve our skill,
And can but keep firm unto us the *Will*,
If he's not over-powr'd, thou maist gain,
Thy former strength, and long thou mayest reign.
For *Conscience* thou may'st once again hereby
Lull fast asleep, and then also her Eye
Will grow so weak, her light diminished,
That *Judgment* by *Affection* shall be led.

And if thou canst but once this way persuade her,
Will and *Affection* quickly will invade her
To please her senses ; and for those intents
Affection may use weighty Arguments ;
And thus being overcome, she will be more
Intangled in our fetters than before ;

Lusts of the eyes, and *pride of life*, these be
My Agents both, they are employ'd by me.

Old-man, therefore proceed, the Interest's mine ;
But be victorious, and the Conquest's thine,

Once lose the day, and thou be sure must die.
Which being lost, thou'lt suffer more than I.

Old-man.

Most dread *Apollyon* ! thou must understand,
As I have ever been at thy command,
And am thy Servant so I will remain ;
And fight until I slay, or else am slain.
Yet let me lodg this secret in thy breast,
Canst thou be ignorant, how she's possesst
With such a Soul-convincing beam of light,
That I do seem a Monster in her sight.
I shall not overcome her now, unless
I do appear to her in some new dress.
Time was indeed when I have been respected,
But now, alas, I greatly am suspected
Of being thy great fayourite ; nay, she
Affirms that I am wholly led by thee.
These things consider'd, I must be advis'd,
Fear lest I should be unawares surpriz'd.

Apollyon.

Thou hit'st the case, and I agree thereto ;
Thou shalt be clothed new from top to to :
And I'll transform my shape, and will appear,
For thy assistance ; haste, and nothing fear.
With specious shews of love, do thou pretend,
Thou com'st to reason with her as a Friend,
Not meaning to perswade her to remove,
Or to withdraw in any case her love
From her great Soveraign, whom thou maist confess
Cap only her advance to happiness ;
Yet tell her she's too strict, she's too precise,
She'l never hold it ; bid her to be wise :
Soft pace goes far ; an over-heated zeal
Ruins the Soul, and spoils the Common-weal.
Go bid her carry't in her Prince's sight
With Saint-like sweetneess ; bid her to delight
In his presence, and there demurely stand ;
But when she's absent, let both heart and hand
Be still delighted, as they were before,
With sense-deluding Objects. Furthermore,

Tell

Tell her he's not so strict as to debar
Her of these joys below, for her's they are :
Of which *Paul* rightly speaks, this is the sum,
All things are yours, both present and to come ;
Thus we'll combine, and all our pow'rs unite,
And in this mode and curious dress incite
Th' enlightn'd Soul to play the Hypocrite.

The flesh being thus with th' pow'rs of Hell a-
The inward Foe bestirs himself with speed, (greed,
Vile Traytor like, a *Panther* doth become,
To work about the Soul's eternal doom.
A cruel Serpent, in a Saint-like guise,
The better to trapan the long'd-for prize
As *Balaam*, once, and *Balak*, so do they
Seek to find out some curst insidious way,
The poor unwary Soul for to betray
To the last death's dark and eternal shade.

Balaam advises *Balak* to invade
God's Heritage, 'twas by the beauteous train
Of *Moabite* Damsels, who he thought might gain
The *Israelites* affections, and thereby
Make them offend against the Majesty
Of God All-mighty, by whose powerful hand
Jacob prevails, and *Moab* could no ways stand.

Ah ! see how the wise Fowler lays his snare
To catch the poor enlightned Soul. Beware,
And do not close thy new-inlighten'd Eyes ;
Under the Golden clew the *Panther* lies.

The Eye-intangled Creature stands to gaze

Upon the lovely *Panther* in a maze,

Till the deluded Beast doth by his stay

Unwillingly become the *Panther's* prey.

Just as you see sometimes the nimble fly,

Dancing about the flame, advance so nigh,

Until it's taken and doth burn its wings.

Thus from it self its own destruction springs.

Or like two Men, who running in a Race,

With hopes the Golden Diadem shall grace

The Victor's Temples, in the way doth lie

A Golden Ball ; one of them casts his Eye

Upon

Upon the same, makes but a little stay
 To take it up, the other hasts away,
 And never turns aside to fix his Eyes
 On this or that, but runs and wins the prize:
 The other he the Ball espies, is loth
 To let it lie : in hopes to get them both,
 He loses both : for when he comes to try,
 Doth find the Golden Ball deceiv'd his Eye ;
 For when he thought to lay it up in store,
 Finds it an Earthly Ball, but gilded o're.
 O then he grieves, but then it is too late,
 His Eye's the cause of his unhappy fate.
 A fit resemblance : for thus stands the case
 With every Soul. This mortal life's the Race.
 A blessed Kingdom crowns the Victor's brow
 With endless glory, but whilst here below
 We're tempt by Earthly pleasures, that's the Ball ;
 Satan's the Sophister, who lets it fall.
 Now look about thee, Soul, thy time's at hand,
 Thine Enemies approach, nay, lo they stand
 Ready prepared, and resolv'd to try
 Both strength and craft to get the Victory.
 Thy precious Lord is the eternal Prize,
 Mind well thy Mark, take heed of wanton Eyes,
 If Pleasures thou, or Honours, shouldst espy,
 Stop not to gaze, run swift, and pass them by ;
 Take no regard unto that painted Ball,
 Which Satan, to deceive thee, has let fall.
 The *Old-man's* near (the flesh) in a new dress,
 And whose with him? Ah ! thou mayst eas'ly guess.
 'Tis to deceive thee he appears so trim,
 And thou mayst see the *Devil* plain in him.
 The pow'rs of Hell in thee will try their skill
 For to insnare *Affections*, and the *Will* ;
 Nay, *Satan* has got them to take his side ;
 Thus treacherously thy heart they do divide.
 Thus though the Soul obtains inlightned Eyes,
 Whilst thicker darkness vanishes and flies,
 Yet is she vex'd with sore perplexities

Twixt two extreames and two contrary Laws,
Judgment is led by one, *Affection* draws
The other way; she can't tell which to please:
She knows what's best but strong temptations seize
Upon her so, that she's at a great stand,
This way she goes, then to the other hand.
Her faculties fall out, they disagree.
O look, methinks I in the Soul do see
Four mighty Warriours draw into the Field
To try their Valour, and refuse to yield
Unto each other, here's two against two:
Judgment with *Conscience* are untied so,
That *Will* and the *Affections* do resolve
The trembling Soul in Wars still to involve.
Will rouses up, refuses to give way,
That his great opposites should have the day;
Apollyon also with him doth take part,
To hold his own, and to beguile her heart.
They meet, they strike, & blows exchange for blows,
Darts are let fly, they with each other close.
The conflict's sharp, 'tis very hard to know
Which will the other beat and overthrow.
Will's hard put to't, nay, had lost the day quite,
But that more Traytors join'd him in the Fight.
Th' *Old-man* rouses with rebellious flesh,
And these domestick Wars renew afresh.
They fight about the *Soul*, would know who must
Have th' heart and its *affections*, *Christ*, or *Lust*.
Satan by inward motions straight reply'd,
My sentence is, we'l equally divide,
And give alike, both can't have the whole heart
Christ take a piece, and I other part.
He'd have the question by the Sword decided,
Knowing the Soul lies dead whilst 'tis divided.
Thus 'tis with many. Ah! look well within,
Judgment convinc'd may be, yet may thy sin
In thy *affections* live, and also thou
Mayst not to th' pow'r of *Grace* and *Jesus* bow.
Thou mayst have light, and speak as *Balaam* did,
Whose Eyes *Jehovah* so far opened,

That

That he cry'd out, *O happy Israel!*
How goodly are the Tents where thou dost dwell!
 He (like to many Preachers) did commend
 God's holy ways, and wish'd that his last end
 Might be like his, who righteously doth live,
 And his whole heart doth unto *Jesus* give.
 He to this purpose spake, yet ne'r-the-less,
Lov'd best the wages of unrighteousness.
 The Understanding may much light receive,
 And yet may not the Soul rightly believe,
 Nor be espous'd to *Christ*, may not rely
 On him alone in true simplicitie.
 But to proceed ; with careful Eye let's view
 What follows here, what 'tis doth next ensue.
 As Combatants sometimes a Parly beat
 After some sharp Encounter, or retreat,
 And with each other do expostulate
 About their rising or their sinking fate.
 Even so likewise do these strong inward Foes,
 They pause as 'twere, parly, then fall to blows.
Old-man.

The *Old-man* moves, and presently he meets
 With the poor Soul and thus *Affection* greets :
 Thou for my Int'rest ever yet hast been,
 And sweet (says he) Ah ! sweet's a bosom sin ;
 Thou never yet deny'dst to yield subjection
 Unto my will ; now, indear'd *Affection*.
 Our Master, great *Atollyon*, doth command
 That we unite our force, and faithful stand
 Against our Foes ; thy int'rest is invaded,
 Thou seest by whom, thou knowst who are enraged :
 Hold fast thine own, ne'r let these Objects go
 Thou lov'st so dear, 'twill be thy overthrow ;
 And thereby too the Soul will unawares
 Be much involv'd in more vexatious cares ;
 And those delights which thou wert wont to have,
 Will be obscured in the darksome Cave
 Of black Oblivion, buried out of sight,
 Should once the Soul close with this *Prince of Light*.
 Not

Not that we think thou canst i'th' least approve
Of this, whereby she should withdraw her love
Quite from those things which we esteem so de
For Heart and Will some ways do yet adhere
Unto our Int'rest; yet basely misled
She is, e're since she's been enlightned.
We are content she should cry up the choice
She thinks to make, let her in that rejoice;
Yet there's a secret we would fain reveal,
She's blinded by her over-tervent zeal.
It is enough since she has made such vows
To love him so, as to become his spouse, (sures
Why should she not have yet sweet sensual plea-
To please the flesh, to whom the greatest treasures
Of right belongs that ever were possess'd?
How can her glory better be express'd,
Than to imbrace what is so freely given,
Joys here below as well as blis in Heaven?
Let her not fear to spend her days in mirth,
That's Heir of Heaven, and Lady of the Earth.
This think upon, and secretly impart
So sweet a Message to the yielding heart.
Affection hears, and willingly consented,
And strives with this to make the Soul contented;
Nay, with it too, the Soul began to close,
Until poor *Conscience* did them both oppose.
Affection, *Will*, and *Conscience* talk a while;
Apollyon straight starts up, and with a smile
Salutes them all, seeming as if he were
One unconcern'd with any matters there:
Who well observing how these three contended,
Begg leave to speak a word, as he pretended,
In favour to them all, desiring he
Might at this time their Moderator be.
At this they seem'd to pause, and stand all mute;
At length the Soul, but faintly, grants his Suit:
The Devil having thus obtain'd his end,
Salutes the Soul, *Fair Virgin*, I commend
Thy happy choice, almost, if not quite made;
Yet, if all matters were but wisely weigh'd,

Thou

Thou'lt find *Affections* has advis'd thee right ;
 And 't can't be safe such Counsel now to slight.
 The greatest honours oft, for want of care
 In just improvements, have been made a snare.
 What bount'ous Heav'n & Earth affords, refuse not ;
 Be not so nice ; ye 'buse the things you use not.
 What, is thy Sovereign willing to receive thee
 Into Celestial Joys, yet quite bereave thee
 Of present sweetness ? Tush ! this cannot be ;
 He will sure ne'r such wrong do unto thee.
 Reflect not what thy former state hath been,
 But what 'tis now, a *Saint*, more than a Queen.
 Things present, and to come, nay, all are thine ;
 Come, merry be, drink of the choiest Wine.
 Thine honour's great, and let thy joys abound ;
 Chant to the Viol, hear the Organ sound ;
 Let the melodious Lute and Harp invite thee,
 And each transcendent joy on Earth delight thee.
 A sweet is, (What ?) a thing reproacht, call'd *sin* ;
 It in the bosom lies, has harbour'd bin
 By chiefest Saints : O then, do not deny
 The present good, that's pleasant to the Eye.
 But if thou fearst thou shouldst thy Lord offend ;
 Observe this Rule, which I shall next commend :
 Let all thy words be pleasant, smooth, and sweet,
 When him thou dost in daily Duties meet.
 Seem to be chaste, and let no Saints espy
 The smallest sign of Immoralitie. (them,
 Be grave in speech, and lowly when thou meetst
 And call them thy *dear Brethren*, when thou greetst
 And if thy Sovereign seek to have thy heart, (them
 Let him have some, yet must the World have part.
 Call him thy *Friend*, thy *Saviour*, own him so ;
 And to poor Saints thou must some kindness show,
 Or else thy covetousness they will espy,
 And thou'lt be charg'd, (*with what ?*) Idolatry.
 Thus mayst thou keep his love : but when thou go'st
 Amongst thy old acquaintance, (yet his Foes)
 Let them know nothing, let no sentence fall
 Which may discover this to them at all.

Thus.

Thus having spoken briefly, be thou wise,
And with thy Friends, my Agents, now advise.
Thus ends the *Old-man*, and *Apollyon's* suit;
And the poor *Soul* in this assault stood mute,
Not well discerning who these thoughts did dart
Into her yielding and divided heart.
Nor hath she got that grave and good inspection
What's best to do, and where to take direction,
But goes to th' *Flesh*, with that doth she consult,
Which quickly brings her to a sad result.
I hitherto, saith she, have been deprest;
What shall I do, how may I be at rest?

The Flesh, or corrupt Affection.

What's the reversion of a Prince's State,
When't must be purchas'd at so dear a rate?
Tis but arriving at a seeming pitch
Of Honour, and to be conceited Rich.
If there's no way to get this promis'd Crown,
But to incur the world's vile scoff and frown,
With loss of life, and all we call our own;
'Twould folly be to seek for such a prize:
For what we have is pleasaut in our Eyes.
A real thing, and present, as 'tis dear;
To part with it is more than flesh can bear.
But by the way, mind what our Friends propound:
A *Medium* to enjoy them both, is found;
Wherefore 'tis best in this perplexing case,
For to unite, that Counsel let's imbrace.

Soul.

Hast thou forgot, or knowst thou not, mine eyes
Have been enlight'ned? let us first advise
With *Judgment*, lest this over-rash conclusion
Turn all our Consultations to confusion.
It would be well could we (I must confess)
Those sinful sweets and present joys possess,
Without the loss of those transcendant pleasures
That's in *Jehovah's* unconfined Treasures.
But what if *Judgment* says it must not be,
Nor *Truth* nor *Conscience* with us will agree?

If

If so, what shall I do, what shall I choose?
 Whilst I secure one, I both may loose.

The flesh, or corrupt Affection's Reply.

One word I'll briefly drop, and speak no more.
 Thou'lt put thy case to *Conscience* heretofore;
 And what redress pray had you, what didst gain?
 Did he not gripe thee sorely for thy pain?
 Wilt thou neglect so sweet advice as this?
Judgment and *Conscience* both may judg amiss.
 But if thou lik'st it, and canst be contented,
 By gnawing *Conscience* still to be tormented;
 Then I'll be silent, and improve thy skill,
 Yet will I love and like where I did still.
 Hadst thou been counsel'd to forsake the Lord,
 Would I, do'st think, have spoken the least word,
 Once to dissuade thee from so just a thing?
 Nay, *Soul*, thou ought'st, nay must respect this King:
 But whilst he's absent, whilst he dwells on high,
 Thou hast no other Object for thine Eye
 Than these -----
 Consult with *Conscience*, now do what you please;
 But as for me I am for present ease.

CHAP. VI.

Shewing the policy of Satan in keeping the Soul from a full closing with Christ. Also the nature of a bosom sin.

NO sooner was this sharp Encounter over,
 But in a little time you might discover
 The Soul half vanquish'd by her weak opposing,
 Sometimes resisting, and then faintly closing.
 Sometimes you'l see her just as 'twere consenting,
 And presently you'l find her much lamenting,
 Beset on every side with troops of fears;
 Which makes her to bedew her cheeks with tears;
 Complains to *Conscience*, hoping for relief,
 Till *Conscience* checks her, and renews her grief.
 Sometimes she's drawn to fix her tender Eye
 Upon the Gospel's pure Simplicitie.

Her

Her love-sick thoughts at fits seem to aspire,
 As if she could pass through hot flames of fire,
 And say with *Peter*, Though all should deny
 Thee, my blest Lord, yet so will never I.
 But when the Soul once comes to see the Cross,
 Its courage fails, O! 'tis at a great loss.
 When she perceives she and her lusts must part,
 O that sticks close, go's to the very heart.
 The thoughts of that is hard; 'tis *Self-denial*
 That puts the Soul upon the deepest tryal.
 Some ready are to make a large profession,
 In hopes of somewhat, perhaps the possession
 Of Heav'n at last; but straight sounds in their Ear,
Deny thy self; come, part with all that's dear
For Jesus sake. Ah! this they cannot bear. }
 The Young-man ran, he seem'd to be in haste,
 But news of this, did all his courage blast.
 The gate is streight; O! 'tis no easie thing
 To for-go all in love to this best King.
 The way is narrow which leads unto life,
 'Tis *Self-denial*, that begets the strife.
 'Twixt Flesh and Spirit there's a constant War,
 They opposite, and quite contraries are. }
 As Fire and Water, Light and Darkness be, }
 Such differing Natures never can agree?
 So between these is like antipathie,
 The flesh is like the Young-man, give's attention.
 To what the Preacher says, until he mention
 His bosom-sin, the Lust he so much loves;
 This makes him face about, and back removes.
 He goes away, yet lov'd to hear Christ preach
 Up Legal works; but when he came to reach
 His *Dalilah*, that blow so griev'd his heart,
 That Christ and he immediately must part.
 His great possessions could not give to th' poor,
 Though he had th' promise of abundance more
 Treasures above; but being not content
 To pay that price for Heaven, away he went.
 How loth's the *Flesh* to yield that *Grace* may win
 The happy Conquest of a Bosom-sin?

How

How will it plead, how wittily debate,
 Excuse, or argue, to extenuate
 The Crime: at length it yields, forc'd to give way. }
 But first cry's out, O give me leave to stay }
 A year, a month, a week, at least one day :
 But when it sees it cannot that obtain,
 The loser looks, and pleads yet once again :
 Ah ! let my fond, my fainting, breaking heart
 Hug it the other time, before we part.
 Much like *Rebeckah's* Friends, the flesh appears ;
 It parts with sin, but 'tis with floods of tears.
 Each has his Darling, his beloved sin,
 Whilst unconverted, much delighted in.
 Give me, say some, but leave to heap up Treasure,
 And I'll abandon all forbidden pleasure.
 Others again there be that only prize
 The popular applause of being wise,
 A name of being learn'd, judicious grave,
 Able Divines, 'tis this too many crave.
 Some boast their natural and acquired parts,
 Which take the ears of some, seduce the hearts
 Of many simple Souls who go astray ;
 While others are for feasting day by day.
 There's some delight in drinking choice of Wine,
 Whilst others are to Gaming more inclin'd.
 That sin that finds more favour than the rest,
 That is thy darling sin, thou know'st it best.
 O search thy bosom well, pry, pry, within,
 Till thou findest out thy own beloved sin,
 That gives thee kisses, that's the lust that slays thee.
 O that's the cursed *Judas* which betrays thee.
 Ah ! see how blind, how foolish Sinners are ;
 Like to rebellious *Saul*, they'll *Agag* spare,
 They entertain this Lust close in their heart,
 And are indeed, as loth with it to part,
 As with a Hand or Eye ; and therefore she
 Crys out with *Samson*, O this pleases me.
 Ah ! I will freely part with all the rest,
 Might I but hug this Darling in my breast.
 Souls once convicted, quickly do begin
 To hate, detest, and leave all grosser sin ;

Sins visible unto the natural Eye,
Such which are of the black and deepest die,
They are possess'd with such a dread and fear,
They'll not touch them, nor venture to come near
These foul defilements—nay, such spots disdain;
Then presently conclude they'r born again,
And shall be sav'd, though bosom lusts remain.
And if at any time some beams of Light
Discover secret Sin, or Conscience smite,
Or touch the *Dalilah*, they then begin
To think of making covers for such sin,
(Which in the secret of the bosom lies)
With the fair Mantle of Infirmities.
But if at any time the searching Word,
Which cuts and tryes like a two-edged Sword,
Pierces the heart, and will divide asunder
The soul and spirit, and e're long bring under
These Soul-deluding Covers, and espies
Those secret Lusts that which in each corner lies;
And doth unmask those evils, and disclose,
The Soul's hypocrisie, yea and expose
It's nakedness to view, unto its shame :
Now, now the Flesh begins to change the name
Of every Lust that lies so closely hidden,
Soul, touch not, saith the Lord, 'tis Fruit forbidden.
O ! saith the Flesh, 'tis pleasant in mine eyes ;
Yea, says the Tempter, Soul, 'twill make thee wise ;
Taste, it is sweet, the liberty is thine ;
And Wisdom is a Vertue most divine.
And Vertue, saith the flesh, will make thee shine.
Christ he prohibits Souls from taking pleasure
In laying up their bags of Earthly Treasure ;
For these things have in them a secret Art,
To steal away th' affections of the Heart :
Christ tells the Soul, Our Heavenly Father knows
What 'tis we want, and so much he allows
Which he sees best, which we contentedly
Should take from him, who will our wants sup-
And no good thing from us will he deny. ply,
But hark ! What saith the Flesh ? O Soul, saith she
In this give ear and hearken unto me : 'Tis

'Tis not unlawful here to lay up Treasure,
 Provided thou therein tak'st no great pleasure.
 The World thou see'st disdains those wch are poor;
 And if thou'rt Rich, thou'lt be ador'd the more.
 Nay, if thou once arrivest at the pitch
 Of being by the World accounted Rich,
 Thy words will far the greater influence have,
 And may'st thereby perchance more rich ones save.
 Besides all this; when Rich, thou mayest feed
 With thy abundance such who suffer need.
 And this also will take thee off from care.
 Which is to some a most perplexing snare,
 And thou for God may'st the more hours spare. }
 If thou art poor, and of strict conversation,
 That will not be a fit Accommodation
 To draw men by; for some thereby are frighted,
 Who might by temporizing be invited.
 Accommodate thy self to all; *become*
All things to all men, that thou mayest gain some.
 These subtil Covers doth the Flesh devise,
 To hide those sins which in the bosom lies;
 And by this crafty course perhaps a while
 The poor unwary Soul it may beguile.
 And if *Apollyon* sees the Creature yield
 In this respect, he's Victor in the Field;
 He glory's in the Conquest he has gain'd,
 As if a Diadem he had obtain'd.

But now, behold, here comes her former Friend,
 Christ's precious Love this once to recommend.
 True Minsters are filled with compassion,
 As their long patience's worth all commendation.
 The preciousness now of the Soul you'll hear,
 And how things go within he will declare.
 He'll call her *Conscience* to examination;
 For *Conscience* 'tis must give a full Relation
 Of all false Covers--Nay, and will reveal
 Those secret Lusts the Flesh seems to conceal.

Theob. *Conscience*, thou know'st, and privy art to all
 The secret strivings, and the words let fall
 To bring the Soul to join in bonds of love
 With Jesus Christ, and finally remove

Her

Her heart from sin, yea from the smallest evil;
One sin belov'd will send her to the Devil.
Speak therefore now, her inward parts reveal:
What faith hath she, what love, and O what zeal,
What indignation, care, and what desire;
Is she inflamed, is she all on fire
In love to him, who out of love did die,
Her to espouse, and save Eternally? (speak?)

Consci. She loves, (*but who?*) she sighs, Sir, shall I
She's doubtful still, she knows not which to take.
Some kind of love, some faint desires do rise
Within her breast, but then the Enemies
Immediately such great disturbance cause,
That she's amaz'd, and put into a pause.
Although she dos love Christ, I must confess,
Some secret sin is favor'd ne'rtheless.
She wants some glorious Rays, her eyes are dim,
She never yet had a true sight of him.
I must speak all, e'en the whole truth impart;
Alas! she has new Objects in her heart.
Her love is treach'rous, her affections burn
Chiefly to self, loves Christ to serve her turn.
And such a Legalist she's become now,
To her own drag she blindfoldly do's vow
To offer Incense; in her seeming grace
She glory's much, nay, sets it in the place
Of Jesus Christ, and on that Idol pores;
This is the Object now she most adores.

Theol. Wilt thou expose thy self to scoff and shame,
And bring a blot for ever on thy name?

A Monster (thou) in Nature wilt appear,
To all who of thy faults and folly hear.

Canst be so vile, so impudent, and base?

Disloyal Soul! how canst thou still give place
To *Jesus's* Foes, and up an Idol set?

What, offer sacrifice to thy own Net?

I stand amaz'd! what guilt is on thy head?

Remember that black Bill, what crimes are spread
Before thine Eyes already. But, now, further,

I am to charge thee with another Murther,

Committed

Committed on a spotless Man ; nay, worse,
 Thou letst him be betrayed to the Curse
 Of a most shameful Death ; nay, what exceeds,
 His hands, feet, sides die, and his Soul still bleeds ;
 And what is worst of all, he is God's Son,
 On whom this bloody Tragedy was done ;
 Thy Friend (O Soul) who came down from above,
 To sue to thee for kindneses and love.
 And yet doth he, whose blood thy hands have shed,
 Sue unto thee ; nay his deep wounds do plead
 For mercy, and he's able to forgive :
 He's God as well as Man ; dead, yet doth live.
 What Object is't thou hast got in thine eye ?
 Dost think the Law can help thee make hast, fly ;
 For 'tis by that thou stand'st condemn'd to die. }
 Seek a Divorcement: stand'st thou still in doubt (out
 'Twixt Law & Grace? strange! canst thou not find
 What *Judgment* told thee? sure thou knowest better:
 It is severe, O ! 'tis a killing Letter.
 'Tis time to leave that Husband, and for-go
 All hopes from him, who seeks thy overthrow.
 Christ has fulfill'd it, he alone has life :
 And if thou once art his espoused Wife,
 Thou wilt receive a full discharge from all
 Those Debts, those Deaths, and dangers wch inthral
 The Souls of those, whose blind deceived breast
 Seeks to self-righteousness for peace and rest.
 Thou canst not (Soul) become a Virgin spouse,
 Until thou art divorced from all vows
 To that, nay to Relations, though they're dear
 Must thou the lesser love, and kindness bear.
 Thy Fathers house, and all, thou must forsake,
 If thou this happy Contract e're dost make.
 Yield thy whole heart to Christ, bend to his feet
 In pure simplicity ; there's ground for it :
 For he that lay within a Virgins Womb.
 And who was buried in a Virgin-Tomb ;
 He that alone did lead a Virgin-Life,
 Must have a chaste and holy Virgin-Wife.
 Needst thou more motives still ? what shall I say,
 What shall I speak to move thee ? I will lay The

The nature of the Soul unto thy view :
Wouldst know its worth ? read then what does ensue.

1. 'Tis capable, such is its nature, State,
On great *Jehovah's* Pow'r to contemplate :
It searches, prys and nicely looks about
On nature's frame, and finds the former out.
David's amaz'd when he doth cast his Eye
On all the glorious things beneath the skie ;
He looked up and down, above, and under,
And stood astonish'd, seeing cause of Wonder ;
And then reflecting his own frame, did see
Nature's great Volume, blest *Epitome*.

Fearfully am I made : how canst-tell ?

His Answer is, *My Soul knows it full well*.

We should have known no more of Earth, or Heav'n
Than the brute beasts, had not *Jehovah* given
This precious Soul to us : O then be wise,
And it secure as the chiefest Prize.

2. Nay more than this, the Scripture makes relation
'Tis capable of glorious Inspiration.

There is in Man a Soul, a Spirit do's live
And move in him, to which the Lord doth give
By Inspiration, Wisdom, Knowledge, Fear,
That fools know more than the Philosopher.
The Soul's God's Candle, a light of acceptation,
But from himself must come its Information.
Shall not this Candle (pray you) lighted be ?
O let God's Spirit (Soul) enlighten thee.

3. Nay once again, it's Nature to declare,
'Twill sweet Impressions take, God's Image bear.
It bore it once, O then, how did it shine !

A glorious shadow of him, who's Divine :
But now 'tis blurr'd, and soil'd by filthy dust ;
O 'tis defac'd and spoil'd by means of Lust.

But he who stamp'd it there at first, can make
It once again a new Impression take :

He can wash off the soil, refine the Ore,
And make it shine fairer than heretofore.

O what a glorious thing ! how rare 'twill be,
When God renews his Image once in thee ?

Lose not the Soul, (the wax) for nought can bear
This Image then, nor can that loss repair.

4. The Soul's a glorious Piece, wherein doth lie
So great an Excellence, as doth out-vy
All outward Glory: for 'tis only she
That's capable of so great Dignitie
To be espoused to the Glorious Three.

Strange condescension! an amazing thing!
What joy and ravishment from hence may spring
Up unto thee, when into 't thou dost pry;
Will the high God take sweet complacency
In such a one? What, doth he please to chuse
Thee for his dear Consort, make thee his Spouse?
May'st thou in Christ's dear Arms and Bosom lie?
Ah! is the Soul the Jewel of his Eye?

Can any joy and sweetness be like this?
Can worldly Comforts raise thee to such bliss?
What, is thy Soul capable of such Union;
And doth there flow from thence such rare Com-
Admire it! is not one kiss worth more, (munion?)
Than all the Riches of the Eastern shore?
O! lose not then thy Soul! Ah! who would miss
Of this sweet Union and Eternal Bliss?

5. It's nature, worth, and rare transcendency,
Appears in that great incongruity,
And weakness of all Creatures to suffice it?
And from this ground great cause hast thou to prize
Nothing but God himself can satisfy (it,
That precious Soul, which in thy breast do's lie.
The Universes too little, th' whole Creation
Will not appease its longing expectation.
How vast's the Deeps? how lofty the desires
Of Man's poor Soul, above all bounds aspires;
It seeks, it prys, and views all kind of Treasure,
And still it craves, its wishes know no measure.
It walks again, it rambles, O it flies,
And ransacks all the secret Treasuries
Of Art and Nature, hurried, nay 'tis driven
To and fro, being restless, till to Heaven

It casts a look, and *Jesus* does espy,
And then full soon with greatest joy doth cry,
O there's the Pearl ! I must have him, or die. }
Thou must expect no peace, there's nought can still
Nor give it rest till God himself do's fill it, (it.
Hark to its sighs, do not befool and cheat it,
Nor of its wishings baffle and defeat it :
For nothing but that God that made it, can
Suffice the Soul, the precious Soul of Man.

6. What thinkst thou of that price, that price of blood
Which Christ laid down ? does it not cry aloud ?
O precious is the Soul ! it cost full dear :
Doth not this noise sound always in thine Ear ?

7. Don't *Satan's* rage, his enmity, and wrath
Against the Soul, shew forth its precious worth ?
Take pleasures here, and Coffers fill with Coin,
The Shop with Wares, & Cellars with rich Wine :
Let him but have the Soul, he does not care.
Take what you please besides, and do not spare.
He rages when one Soul escapes his paws ;
Ah ! that's the Prize his black and bloody jaws
Are open for. These *Demons* grin, and swell
With venom great, and Councils hold in Hell,
(As hath been hinted) that by craft they may }
Catch the poor Soul, and this Pearl bear away,
That, that's the Morfel, that's their only prey. }

8. Its blest Infusion, and God's constant care
For food and Ornaments which he does spare,
For to adorn her on th' espousal day,
Fully declares this Truth, therefore we may
Amazed stand, and wondring always cry,
O precious Soul ! thy worth and excellency
Is very great, who can it comprehend ?
It's that which does oft-times to Christ ascend
In strong desires, and longings : O ! 'twill pry
Into all places for his Company.
She in his sight rejoyces, and is glad ;
But when once gone, she sighs she mourns, is sad ;
All other joy's but meer perplexity ;
Without his Love, 'twill swound's away, nay die.

Nothing but Grace, Heaven's off-spring, can revive
 And nought but sighs of *Jesus* can enlive it. (it;
 These things considered, may make thee see
 Its worth, nay more, how also 'tis with thee.

9. How shall we prize the Soul? what rate shall we
 Upon her set? O what against her weigh?
 Come, bring the ballance, and now let us try
 What further worth or preciousness doth lie
 In the fair Soul: 'tis done, all Golden Ore
 Of both the *Indies* are i'th scales, yet more
 We still do want, more Riches pray put in,
 All precious Stones and Pearls; now weigh agin.
 Alas the ballance flies, here yet wants weight,
 The Soul out-vies them all: Lord, here's a fight
 Th' whole world at once is in, yet 'tis too light.
 Add world to world, and heap ten thousand more,
 Were there so many, could you find such store,
 Yet would the Soul in worth exceed them far.
 Nay, I might multiply, and yet not err.
 Oh! then take heed thou dost not chaffer so,
 To get the World, and in exchange let go
 This precious Soul: nor let it be thought strange,
 What shall a man for's Soul give in exchange?

10. She is Immortal, O she cannot die;
 Though 'twas not so from all Eternity.
 She was created, but in such a state,
 Man can't her kill, nor her annihilate.
 Her Being's such, her Life shall still remain
 (Although the body die) in bliss or pain.
 Then hast thou not good ground to watch & ward
 With wary eye, and set a constant guard
 Upon the portals of the treach'rous heart,
 Lest of this Jewel thou deceived art?
 What Man to gain a shilling, would let go
 A Pearl of such great price and value? who
 Would think that Men, accounted grave and wise,
 For toys and trifles should their Souls despise?
 Many, I fear there be, who day by day,
 To gain a Groat, unjustly, giv't away;
 Whilst others prostitute it to their lust:
 Nay, do by it, as by a bone or crust

That's

That's cast unto the Dog for him to gnaw.
 This Dog's the Devil, whose wide stretcht out jaw
 Stand gaping for't : his Eyes are upon all,
 Knowing when e're they sin, they let it fall.
 O then take heed ; and if this Dog should fawn,
 Or wag his Tail, let not so sweet a pawn
 Of future Glory be contemn'd or lost,
 Think, think from whence it came & what it cost.

CHAP. VII.

*Christ's Love Epitomiz'd ; the Old-man wounded ;
 Will made willing : shewing also the nature of the
 Soule's Espousal to Christ.*

I Fall that hath been said yet will not move thee
 To close with Christ, I once again will prove thee,
 By making of a brief or short collection
 Of his sweet Love and wonderful Affection ;
 And then I trust thou wilt with sacred Vows
 Contract thy self to him, become his Spouse ;
 Whose left hand's full of Treasure, in his right
 Are Honours great, and Pleasures infinite.

A Prince (you know) dispos'd to make Election
 Of a Consort, before he'l place Affection,
 Will first enquire if the Virgin be
 In Person, Parts, Estate, or Pedigree
 Equal unto himself, but if in case
 She be of low descent, of Parents base,
 Compar'd with his ; or not so noble born,
 Or has debas'd her self, or is forlorn ;
 He thinks it is below him once to place,
 Or fix his love on her, he fears disgrace :
 But if the Lady chance to equalize him,
 She's not so much oblig'd to love or prize him
 'Yond common bounds, because, saith she, I am
 No whit inferiour unto him ; my name
 Records the noble stock from whence I came.
 But if a Prince should chance to set his love
 Upon a person that has nought to move.

So great a Lord to make that choice, then she
 Amazed, yields with all humilitie ;
 Can do no less than humbly give consent,
 Yield up her self with great astonishment :
 But she who doth reject such love, is acted
 Like one bereav'd of sense, nay quite distracted.
 Misguided Soul ! and is not this the case ?
 What worth's in thee to him ? O ! vile, and base !
 Instead of love, deservest to be hated,
 Since from thy God thou hast degenerated,
 And yet the blessed *Jesus* don't despise thee,
 But from thy loathsom dunghil fain would raise
 But to proceed, I now will give to thee (thee.
 Of Christ's sweet Love a short *Epitome*.

1. 'Tis a first-love, as soon as he past-by,
 And saw thee in thy blood, he cast his Eye
 Whilst thou in that sad gore didst weltring lie.
 Nay, unto thee most precious love he had
 Before the fabrick of this World was made.

2. It is attracting Love, its nature's such,
 'Tis like the Loadstone ; hadst thou once a touch,
 'T would make thy Iron-heart with speed to move,
 Nay, cleave to him in bonds of purest Love.

3. 'Tis a free Love, there's nought at all in thee
 Which can deserve his favour, yet does he
 Not grutch thee his dear Love, although so great,
 The glorious King of Kings does oft intreat
 Those Souls to his imbraces, who contemn
 His proffer'd grace, and still love shews to them.

4. 'Tis 'bounding Love like *Nilus*, overflows
 All banks and bounds, his Grace no limit knows.

5. 'Tis a delighting Love, there's nought more
 She found it so who washt his precious feet. (sweet ;
 He takes delight and sweet complacency
 In those he loves, his heart affects his Eye.
 He resteth in his love ; and who can turn
 His heart away, or damp those flames that burn
 In his dear breast ? none ever lov'd as he,
 Who for his Spouse was nailed to the Tree.

6. It is a Victor's Love ; he'll wound and kill
 All Enemies who do oppose his will ; Where

Where he lays Siege, he'll make the Soul to yield,
By love he overcomes and wins the Field;
His Captive (Soul) thou certainly must be:
His love is such, 'twill have the Victorie.

7. It is abiding and Eternal Love,
'Twill last as long as he; nought can remove
His love from such on whom he casts his Eye,
And for whose sake alone he chose to die.
The love which 'did appear to Saints of old,
Did graciously this glorious Truth unfold.

I with an everlasting Love, saith he,
Have set my heart upon (or loved) thee,
And therefore I have drawn thee unto me.
Know he who thus doth his sweet love commend
To his dear Saints, loves them unto the end.

8. 'Tis a great Love, most powerf ul and strong
Hence 'tis he thinks each hour and minute long,
Till he imbrace thee in his Sacred Arms,
Where he'll secure thee from all the harms
And dangers great, by Men or hellish charms.
Fathers, although they love their Children dear,
Yet never did from them such love appear.

David lov'd Absolom, yet gives consent,
Nay he himself decrees his banishment.
A Mother may forget her sucking Child,
As some have done, although of nature mild,
Yet forc'd by famine, cruelly have shed
Their Childrens blood, and of their flesh have fed:
But Ah! his love's so free, so strong, so great,
He gives his blood to drink, his flesh for meat
Unto the Soul; and those who it receive,
Shall never die, and none but such can live.

9. His love is matchless, 'tis without compare,
Who neither flesh nor blood, nor life did spare.
The love of Women, which the World esteems
Most strong in sweet affection; their love seems
An empty shadow, and not worth regard,
When with his Sacred Love it is compar'd.
The Husbands, Wives, and Fathers may abound,
Yet no such love as Christ's was ever found.

Abraham and *Isaac* both lov'd their Wives,
 Yet neither of them sacrific'd their lives.
Jonathan's love to *David* did exceed
 The love of Women; 'twas a Love indeed!
 But what was *Jonathan's* great love to this?
 Ah! less than nothing, when compar'd to his.
 Christ's love exceeds all natural Love as far
 As bright *Aurora* doth the smallest Star.
 But Oh! in vain do we compare his Love
 With any thing below; no, 'tis above
 Comparison; 'tis so immense, so great,
 We cannot find it out: though Man's conceit
 Is larger than expression; though profound,
 Yet man's conception never yet could sound
 The depth of Love's unfathomable bliss,
 So great, so deep, so bottomless it is.
 Betwixt his Love and ours; the disproportion
 Is like one drop of Water to the Ocean.
 Or as the smallest dust that's fiercely driven,
 To the whole Globe; or like as Earth's to Heaven.
 The Sun for clearness with his splendent face,
 The Moon for swiftness in her Zodiack Race;
 The Sands for number, and the Heaven for height;
 The Seas for depth, the ponderous earth for weight;
 Yet with more certainty, and with less doubt (out
 Be weigh'd and measur'd, than Christ's love found
 O depth! O heighth! O breadth! O wonderful
 Of this great Love! O uncompar'd strength (length
 Of true affections! Love that is Divine!
 What's natural love; Lord, when compar'd to thine?
 Such a redundancy of Love is found,
 Whoever dives into these depths is drown'd.
 Ten thousand Seas, ten thousand times told o're,
 Add to these Seas ten times as many more,
 Let all these Seas become one deep Abyss,
 They'd all come short in depth compar'd to this.
 The Moral, Natural, nor the Spiritual Man,
 With all their Understanding, never can
 Find out the Nature of Christ's Love! alas,
 It doth all Knowledge infinitely surpass.

O may these *Depths & Heights* have Pow'r to move
On thee, till thou art swallowed up in Love.
That, that which cannot comprehended be
By men nor Angels, may comprehend thee ;
And thou being fill'd with it, may'st sweetly lie,
In depths of Love unto Eternitie.

The Spirit with this let fly a piercing Dart,
Which wounded dreadfully her stubborn heart,
It piercing th' very quick and made her smart. }
Now, now she mourns, Ah ! how she weeps, she
And water runs like fountains from her Eys. (crys
Now her whole Soul's dissolv'd into tears
By Love-sick passions ? yet she's fill'd with fears
Lest Christ should now with angry frown deny
To give her one sweet aspect of his Eye :
Because his love she had so long refus'd,
And wondrous patience shamefully abus'd.
Oh ! now she spends whole days & nights in prayer,
She sighs and grieves, but can't see Christ appear.
The panting Hart ne'r long'd for Water-brooks
More than does she for son e-reviving looks
From the great Prince, the God of Love and Grace;
But he at present seems to hide his face.

But stop, my Muse, hark how the winds do roar,
All storms i'th Soul (alas) are not yet o're.
No sooner did the *Old-man* cast his Eyes,
And view'd this change, but in great wrath did rise
For to renew the War ; he joins afresh
With scatter'd force of *Will* and *Lust* of th' *flesh*,
To make what strength they can, with hellish spite.
The Devil's with these conquer'd power's unite,
Arm'd with despair, and like to Lamps, wch make
The greatest blaze at going out, they take
Their blunt and broken Weapons in their hand,
Resolving Christ in her shall not command,
Nor she desert their cause, nor break her Vows
With *Sin* and *self*, and so become *Christ's* Spouse.
But now, I find in vain they do resist :
True Grace is come, the *Spirit* doth assist.
Sin, *World*, the *Flesh*, nor *Devil*, can long stand
Before the *Spirits* strong and powerful hand. See

See how the *Spirit* now doth search about
 To find each *Sin*, and cursed *Darling* out
 Did you never behold in what dread sort
 The wide-mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort.
 And how by whole-fail it doth batter down
 The shattered walls of a besieged Town?
 Even so the *Spirit* with his powerful Sword
 Makes glorious slaughter, will no Truce afford,
 Kills all before him, will no Quarter give,
 Nor will he suffer any Lust to live.
 The Strong -man(*Satan*) quakes; good reason why;
 A stronger's come, a stronger he doth spy
 Is enter'd in ---O therefore he's much pain'd.
 All, all is gone, and he himself is chain'd;
 The *Old-man* trembling, likewise thinks to fly
 Into some lurking-corner, secretly
 To hide him self: but th' *Spirit's* piercing Sight
 Discovers him, and now with heavenly might
 Laid on such strokes, and gave him such a wound,
 Wch with dire vengeance brought him to the ground.
 Now the *Affection's* chang'd, and *Will* doth yield,
 Being willing made, says *Grace* shall have the Field.
 O happy season! and thrice long'd-for hour!
 This is the day of God's most mighty power
 Upon the Soul. But hark, methinks I hear
 Most bitter sighs and groans sound in mine Ear.
 The Soul's afflicted! it is she doth mourn,
 To think what sorrows for her Christ hath born.
 She hates, nay loaths her self to th' very dust,
 And seeks to mortifie each former Lust.
 And something more doth still perplex her mind,
 Him whom she dearly loves, she cannot find.
 Her heart I fear will quickly burst asunder,
 If any long time she should be prest under
 This heavy weight: no grief like hers, is there: }
 Who can (alas) a wounded Spirit bear? }
 She's almost swallow'd up in deep despair. }
 You next shall hear (if you attention lend)
 How she bewails the absence of her Friend.
 Soul. Ah me! I faint, my Spirits quite decay,
 And yet I can not die, O who can stay My

My sinking Soul, whilst I these sorrows feel?
My feeble knees under their burden reel.
Infernal deeps, black gulphs, where horror lies,
Open their ghastly mouths before mine Eys.
O wretched Soul! curs'd Sin! I might have been
The Lamb's fair Bride, and a Celestial Queen,
Had I imbrac'd my Lord, my King, my Love,
(Who was more faithful than the Turtle Dove.)
O had I then receiv'd him in mine Arms,
He would have sav'd me from eternal harms.
But now I fear those happy days are past,
And I poor wretch shall into Hell be cast,
Bound up in fetters, and eternal chains
Of burning Wrath, and everlasting pains.
O sinful Soul! I who have lightly set
By the blest Prince, who would have paid my debt;
O he that would have freely quit my score,
Ah! Now I fear I shall ne're see him more.
Could I but once more hear his Sacred voice,
I would make him my joy, and only choice.
But's Wooing-time I fear it is out of date;
Now I repent, but dread it is too late.
I melt, Lord, into tears, whilst thou the Sun
Of precious Light, art hid, where shall I run
For Light and comfort in this dolesom hour,
Whilst I lie drenched in this brinish shower?
More would she speak, but her great passion stops
Her mournful speech, whilst her eyes flood-gates opes,
Smote with despair; so faint, she scarce appears
To breath or live, but by her sighs and tears,
A Friend amidst this passion straight arriv'd,
Whose shining beams and lustre much reviv'd
The troubl'd Soul on every side, that she
Cry'd out, O heavenly Spirit, it is thee,
Who with Diviner and mysterious Art
Did such illustrious beams of Glory dart,
Which did not only tend to joy and peace,
But much inflam'd her heart, made love increase;
And lo, before her Eyes she doth behold
The Prince to stand, whose Glory to unfold

Is 'bove the reach of Man, or Seraphim ;
 And thus had she a blessed sight of him.
 Like as the Sun breaks forth beneath a Cloud,
 Whose conqu'ring light cast off each envious shroud,
 And round about his beauteous beams displays,
 Making her Earth like Heav'n with his bright rays.
 This glorious Aspect of his lovely Eye,
 Which she through Faith beheld, did by and by
 With such transports, or Raptures, on her seize,
 And from her former sorrows gave her ease :
 Yet could she not be fully satisfy'd,
 Until the Marriage-knot was firmly ty'd.
 A Promise she endeavours to procure,
 To make Christ's Love and Pardon to her sure.
 She to this purpose does her self address
 To him she loves, with sweet composedness
 Of heart and mind ; tho' thinking what she'd bin,
 She's under fears, and oft distressed agin ;
 Much questioning (for want of Faith) how he
 Could e're forget past wrongs and injurie.

Soul. Life of my life ! alas, Lord what am I ?
 A wretched Creature ; who deserves to die
 A thousands deaths, nay, and a thousand more,
 For wounding thee within, without, all o're,
 In every part : O this doth make me mourn,
 It melts my heart to think what thou hast born
 For a vile worm. But wilt thou view the wound
 That's made in me ? Lord, I am drench'd & drown'd
 In bloud, and brinish tears, my wasting breath,
 And sighing Soul, will period soon in Death,
 Unless thou seal, and dost confirm to me
 Thy Love by promises ; O ! shall I see
 Thy hand stretch'd out ? or shall I hear thee say,
 Come, come to me, poor Soul, O come away ?
 'Tis thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
 Hurt not my sores, nor crush the wounds that bleed.
 O let my chilled Soul feel the warm fires
 O thy sweet Voice, that my dissolv'd desires
 May turn a sovereign Balsam, to make whole
 Those wounds my sins have made in thy dear Soul.

Ah!

Ah ! wilt thou let me swoond away and die,
 Whilst thou standst looking on ? Lord cast an eye
 On me, for whom thou on the Cross didst bleed ;
 Some comfort, Lord, now in my greatest need :
 No Corrosives, some Cordial Spirits, or I
 For ever perish must ; Lord, hear my cry.

Jesus. Afflicted Soul ! the purchase of my Bloud,
 Come, hear, come hear a consoling Word.
 Shall I who have through sore Afflictions past
 For love of thee, refuse thee now at last ?
 No, no ! I cannot, Soul, I cannot bear
 Such piercing moans that wounds my tender Ear.
 Now will I magnifie my Pow'r and rise
 To scatter thy malicious Enemies ;
 I'll thee enlighten with my glorious Rays,
 And make thee happy, happy all thy days.
 Who will betroth, or give this Soul to me ?
 Let's Celebrate with great'st Solemnity,
 And glorious Triumph, the espousal Day :
 Come, come, my Dear, let us no longer stay.

The Father. 'Tis in my Pow'r, 'tis I, I give her thee,
 As th' fruit of my own Choice, Love and Decree.

CHAP. VIII.

The mutual and blessed Contract between Christ and the Sinner.

Jesus.

GIVE me thy heart then, Soul, I do betroth
 Thee unto me, that no approaching Wrath
 May any ways be hurtful unto thee,
 In Righteousness I thee betroth to me.
 In Judgment also thou betrothed art,
 And all I have to thee I do impart
 In faithfulness and tender mercy, so
 That thou thy Lord, thy Friend, & God shalt know.
 I do betroth thee unto me for ever,
 And neither Death, nor Earth, nor Hell shall sever
 Thy Soul from me. If thou wilt pay thy vows,
 I will be thine, and thou shalt be my Spouse.

I take thee now for better, and for worse :
 Give me thy hand, let's jointly both of us
 With mutual love tie the conjugal Knot,
 Which on my part shall never be forgot.
 My Covenant with thee is seal'd by blood,
 'Tis firmer than the Oath at Noah's Flood.
 Into my folded Arms I now do take thee,
 And promise that I never will forsake thee.
 Thy sins are cast behind my back, and I
 Will cover each future infirmity.

The Sinners closing with Christ.

Soul. Upon my bended knees I do this day
 Accept of thee, my Lord, my Life, my Way,
 By whom alone poor sinners have access
 Unto the Father ; nay, and do confess,
 Declare, pronounce i'th' sight of God, that I
 Do enter now with all simplicity
 Into a Contract with thee, make my Vows
 That I will be to thee a faithful spouse.
 O blessed *Jesus* I'm as one undone,
 A naked, vile, loathsome and guilty one,
 Unworthy far to wash the very feet
 Of th' Servants of my Lord ; O how is it
 That thou, the glorious Prince, shouldst ever chuse
 Such an unworthy Worm to be thy Spouse :
 O what's thy Love ! O Grace, beyond expression,
 Doth the great God on me place his affection ?
 But sith 'tis so, this I engage to do,
 I'll leave all for thy sake, and with thee go.
 And in all things own thee alone as Head,
 And Husband dear, by whom I will be led,
 And in all states and times will thee obey,
 Whatever comes, unto my dying-day.
 I take thee as my Prophet, Priest, and King :
 And my own worthiness in every thing
 I do renounce, and further vow that I
 Upon thy Blood and Righteousness will lie ;
 On that, and that alone, will I depend
 By Faith always until my life shall end.
 I covenant with thee, and so I take thee,
 And whatsoe'r falls out, I'll ne'r forsake thee, But

But run all hazards in this dolesom day,
And never from thy holy ways will stray.
All this and more I promise shall be done.
But in thy strength, Lord, in thy strength alone.

Th' solemnity thus ended, presently
The glorious Prince, the Bridegroom, casts his Eye
Upon the soul, and bound up all her sores,
Nay healed them, and cancell'd all her scores:
But be'ng her self defil'd, she soon espy'd
A precious Fountain flowing from his side,
A Fountain for uncleanness to wash in
In which she bath'd, and wash'd away her sin.
Then gloriously by him she was array'd
With Robes imbroid'red, very richly laid
With Gold and Diamonds, that she did seem
Like an adorned Heav'nly Seraphim.

One Vesture was especially most rare,
Without a seam, much like what he did wear
It is the Wedding Robe, both clean and white,
Whose lustre far exceeds the Morning-light;
And other garments also, which she wore,
Curiously wrought with Silk, and spangl'd o're
With stars of Gold, of Pearl, of precious Stone,
Enough to dazle all to look upon:

Which be'ng made up of every precious Grace,
Did cause a splendent Beauty in her Face,
That whilst he did behold her, could discry
His Father's Image clearly in her Eye,
Which did so please him, that he now admires,
And after this her Beauty much desires.

O see the change, she which was once so foul,
Is now become a sweet and lovely Soul.

Her beauty far excels what it had been
In ancient days, no mortal Eye hath seen
So sweet a Creature, no such Virgin Queen.

Yet all her Beauty now's but spots and stains,
To what it will be when her Saviour reigns

O hear the melody! Angels rejoice,
Whilst she triumphs in this most happy choice.
Who would not then all Earthly Glories slight,
To gain a minutes taste of such delight?

No sooner did *Apollyon* cast his Eyes
 On what was done, but furiously did 'rise
 To damp her joy, or cause her mirth to cease,
 And by some stratagams to spoil her peace.
 He first stirs up the *Old-man's* broken force
 For to estrange her: if he can't divorce
 Her from her Friend, yet raises inward strife,
 How to deprive her of those joys of life,
 Which do abound in Lovers every way,
 Betwixt th' espousal and the Marriage-day.
 A thousand tricks contriv'd before had he
 How to delay or spoil th' Affinitie.
 But if he can't rob us of inward joy,
 Our name, or goods, or life he will destroy.
 For failing in the first, he stirs up Foes
 To lay upon her persecuting blows.
 He that will follow Christ, must look each day
 To have his worldly comforts took away.
 Besides, the *Old-man* being not yet slain,
 Great troubles in her mind there rose again.
 But her dear Friend so faithful is, that he
 Will never leave her in Adversitie.
 And to the end her joy may more abound,
 A way by him immediately is found
 To free her from the *Old-man's* hellish spite,
 He must be crucify'd; but first they cite
 Him to the Bar to hear what he can say,
 Why now his life should not be took away.
 But hear, before that's done, how the blest Lover
 Doth his dread threats and awful frowns discover.
 Against the Foes of her he loves so well,
 Who e're they be, Men, Lusts, or Fiends of Hell.
 He reads his great Commission, lets them know
 He in a moment can them overthrow.
The dread Power and awful frowns of Jesus Prince of Peace
over his Saints Enemies.

When Man transgress'd 'twas I, Eternal I;
 Gave forth the Sentence, *Thou shalt surely die.*
 'Twas I that curs'd the Serpent, who remains
 Unto this day, and shall in lasting Chains.

When

When *Cain* did shed his righteous Brother's blood
I sentenc'd *Cain*; 'twas I that brought the Flood
Upon the Earth. By me the World was drowned,
Proud *Babel's* Language was by me confounded.
I am *Jehovah's* everlasting Word,
Who in my hand do bear 'th' two-edg'd Sword.
'Twas I, and only I that did Command
The dismal darkness in the *Egyptians* Land.
'Twas at my Word the Seas divide in twain,
And made an even passage through the Main.
At my Command *Pharaoh* and all his Host
Were utterly within the Red-Sea lost.
'Twas I that made *Belshazzers* joints to quake,
And all his Nobles tremble when I spake.
'Twas I that made the *Persian* Monarchs great,
And threw them with the *Grecians* from their Seat.
I say the Word, and Nations are distress'd;
I speak again, and the whole World's at rest.
Let all Men stand in fear and dread of me;
I was the first, and I the last will be.
All knees shall bow to me when I reprove,
And at my Voice the Mountains shall remove.
The Earth shall be dissolved at my Threat,
And Elements shall melt with fervent heat.
My Word confines the Earth, the Seas, the Wind,
I am the great *Jehovah* unconfi'd.
'Tis I divid'd between the joints and Marrow;
No place so close, no cranny is so narrow,
But, like the Sun's bright beams, I enter in,
Discovering to each heart, the darling Sin
That lodges in the Soul. 'Tis I alone,
Who by my piercings make them sigh and groan.
If from true sense and sorrow they complain,
I graciously bind up those wounds again.
'Tis I that save the humble and contrite,
And do condemn the formal Hypocrite.
My circuit's large, I coast the World about,
No place, nor secret, but I find it out,
All Nations of the World I rule at pleasure,
To my Dominion's neither bound nor measure.
Therefore,

Therefore, dear Soul, chear up, and do not fear.
 I'll confound all thy Foes both far and near,
 And now I do command to bring to th' Bar
 That inward Foe, *Old-man*, I w'o'nt defer
 His Tryal longer, his Indictment's read,
 And he had leave and liberty to p'lead,
 And on his Trial he deny'd the Fact;
 But *Conscience* swears she took him in the act,
 And other witnesses too; but to be brief,
 All prove him the Soul's Foe, nay and the chief
 And only cause of all the horrid Treason
 Acted against the Lord unto this season.
 He was deny'd to speak, the Proofs being clear,
 You shall therefore his fatal Sentence hear:
 Come thou base Traytor, impure Mass of Sin?
 That, Villain-like, dost seek revenge agin
 Upon the soul, and striv'st to raise up strife,
 Nay thirsts again to take away her life;
 Hear, hear thy Sentence, *Old-man*, thou must die,
 I can no pity shew, nor mind thy cry:
 Thy Age! away, 'tis pity thou hast bin
 Spared so long, when guilty of such Sin.
 Soul, thou must see to bring him in subjection,
 With every evil lust, and vile affection.
 This heap of Sin thou must strive to destroy,
 That so thou maist all perfect peace enjoy:
 Under the strictest bonds let him abide,
 Till he is slain, or thoroughly crucify'd.

The *Old-man* being sentenc'd, and confin'd,
 The Soul is consolated in her mind.
Affection, *Fu'gment*, *Will*, do all rejoyce,
 And are united now: O happy choice!
 Ah! she admires the excellence and worth
 Of her beloved, that she sets him forth,
 As one that's ravish'd in the contemplation
 Of his great Glory, and her exaltation,
 In this her sacred choice: and this so raises
 Her ravish'd senses, that Angelick praises
 She thinks too low; O now she doth discover,
 And not till now th' affections of a Lover.

There's

There's nothing now so tedious as delay,
Betwixt the spousal and the Marriage-day.
Her former joys in which she much delighted,
She treads them under-foot, they are quite slighted,
Nay altogether loathsome in her Eye,
Compared with his sacred Company.
Unto the place where he appoints to meet her,
Thither she runs with speed, there's nothing sweeter
Nay there is nothing sweet, nothing is dear
Or pleasant to her, if he be not there.
O! saith the Love-sick Soul, in such a case
May I but have one kiss, one sweet Embrace,
O how would it rejoyce this heart of mine!
His Love is better than the choicest Wine.
His name is like an Ointment poured forth,
And no such odour e're enrich'd the Earth.
The Eastern Gums, *Arabian Spices* rare,
Do not perfume, nor so enrich the Air,
As the Eternal and renowned Fame
Of his most precious and most glorious name
Perfumes my Soul, it elevates my voice,
Whilst gladness fills my heart: O happy choice!
My sacred Friend, my Life, my Lord, and King,
Doth me into his secret Chambers bring;
Although ten thousand fall on either hand,
My Soul in safety ever more shall stand.
Tell me my Lord, tell me my dearest Love,
Where thou dost feed, whither the Flocks remove
And where they rest at Noon in fowltry gleams
Bring me into those Shades, where silver streams
Of living waters flow, most calm and still,
There, there I'll shelter, there I'll drink my fill,
The fountains open, O see it runs most clear,
Green Pastures by; a Lodg is also near,
To hide in safety, and to save from fear
Of scorching heat; under this shade I'll rest,
My Love shall lie inclosed in my breast.
My heart shall be his lodging-place for ever,
Nothing shall me from my Beloved sever.

The terrors of the Night shall never harm me,
He saves from heat, in Frosts his love doth warm me
You Virgins who yet never felt the smart
Of Love's soul-piercing and heart-wounding Dart.
If all these sacred Raptures you admire,
Know, Virgins, know that this Celestial Fire
That's kindled in my breast, comes from above,
And sets my Soul into this flame of Love.
O he that has indured so much pain
To gain my Love, is worthy to obtain
Ten thousand times more love than his poor Spouse
Is able to bestow; yet shall my Vows
Be daily paid to him, in whose sweet breast
My love-sick Soul shall find eternal rest.
Know, know I ne'r obtain'd true peace, before
My soul cast Anchor on this sacred shore.
All earthly pleasures are but seeming mirth,
His presence is a Heaven upon Earth.
How heavy O how bitter was the Cross
Once unto me? to think upon the loss
Of temporal comforts, made me to complain:
But now I find such losses are my gain.
Terrestrial joys, as dross to me appears;
My joy's in Heaven, O my treasure's there.
Had I all Riches of both th' *India's* shore
At my command, ten thousands times told o're,
My soul would loath them, they should be abhor'd
Being worse than dung, compared to my Lord.
O may these Sun-beams never cease to shine,
By which I see that my Beloved's mine.
He is my flesh and bone, therefore will I
Rejoyce the more in this Affinity.
He is my All, my soul's to him united,
As *Jonathan's* to *David*, who delighted
So much in him that in his greatest trouble
Dear *Jonathan* did his affections double:
When *David* was in great distress and fear,
Then did his love and loyalty appear.
So when my dear Beloved is distressed,
My love to him shall chiefly be express.

But why said I, distressed? What, can my Lord,
 Who hath consuming power in his Word,
 Be touch'd by Mortals? what, can he be harm'd,
 Who with all strength of Heaven and Earth is arm'd?
 No, no; I must recall that lavish strain:
 No hand can touch him, he cannot sustain
 The smallest injury from th' greatest Pow'r
 For in a breath he can his Foes devour.

But now, methinks, I presently espy
 Upon the Earth the Apple of his Eye;
 Which are his servants, nay his members dear
 Which wicked men do oft oppress; O there
 My Lord's distressed: for if his Children smart,
 O that doth pierce and wound his tender heart.
 If cold or nakedness afflicts their souls,
 He sympathizes, and their state condole.
 If sick they be, or if by cruel hands
 They are in Prison cast, and under bands,
 And there with hunger and with thirst oppress,
 He feels their grief, he is in them distressed.
 What wrong soever they on Earth receive.
 'Tis done to him, for which my soul doth grieve.
 To see th' afflictions of his servants here;
 This is the fruit true loyal Love does bear.
 Her sorrows are his woes; for they alone,
 Being his members, are my flesh and bone.
 And all make but one Body, he's the Head,
 From whence all flows, 'tis he alone has shed
 His love abroad, in this my love-sick heart,
 Whereby I feel when any members smart.
 My bowels move and tender heart does bleed,
 Which makes me for his sake supply their need.
 Thus for my Christ, and for his Children's sake
 I'll suffer any thing; yea I do take
 My life, and goods, and all into thine hands,
 To be disposed of as he commands:
 But know for certain evermore that I
 For aid and help on him alone rely.

These pleasant Fruits, O these delight the King,
 And hereby 'tis that we do honour bring

Unto his name ; all souls of the new birth,
Who are sincere, this precious fruit bring forth.
Let not these things seem strange, because so few
Do bear such Fruit, believe the maxim's true,
That as the Sun doth by its warm reflection
Upon the Earth, produce a resurrection
Of all those Seeds, which in the Earth do lie
Hid for a time in dark obscurity :
Ev'n so the Sun of Righteousness doth shine
Into this cold and barren heart of mine ;
The precious seeds that have been scattered there
Take root and blossom, nay their branches bear
Sweet fruit, being the product of those Rays,
Which that bright Sun into my soul displays.
'Tis precious and most lovely in his Eye,
Both for its Beauty and Veracity.
You Virgins all who are by Love invited
Into his Garden, where he is delighted
With all his pleasant Fruits, come, come and see,
How choice, fair, sweet, and beautiful they be :
One cluster here's presented to thy view,
That thou mayst see, and then believe 'tis true.
These be the Fruits which I shall now express.
Love, Joy, and Peace, Long-suffering, Holiness,
Faith, Goodness, Temperance, and Charity,
These are the products of th' Affinity
That's made between me and my dearest Friend ;
Nay, more than these. Eternal life i'th' end.
But if (through sin) thou canst not cast thine Eye
On these rare Fruits, then know assuredly
When th' Vintage comes, and thou beginst to crave
For one small taste, one taste thou canst not have.
The fruitful Soul it is the King will crown
With th' Diadem of Glory and Renown
O let these things the Soul's affections raise,
In grateful Songs to celebrate the Praise
Of great *Jehovah*, who is King of Kings,
Whose glorious Praise the heav'nly Quire sings :
Then let us sing on Earth a Song like this,
My well-beloved's mine, and I am his.

An Hymn of Praise to the Sacred Bridegroom.

Praise in the Highest, Joy betide
The sacred Bridegroom, and his Bride,
Who doth in splendor shine :

Let Heaven above be fill'd with Songs,
In Earth beneath let all mens Tongues
sing forth his Praise Divine.

If sullen Man refuse to speak,
Let Rocks and Stones their silence break ;
for Heaven and Earth combine
To tie that sacred Bridal Knot,
O let it never be forgot, the contract is Divine.

Thou holy Seraphimes above,
Who do admire Jesus's Love, O hast away and come,
With men on Earth your joys divide ; (groom.
Earth ne'r produc'd so fair a Bride, nor Heaven a Bride-

Another.

'Tis not the gracious lofty strain ;
Nor record of great Hector's glory,
Nor all the conquering mighty Train,
Whose Acts have left the World a story ;
Nor yet great Cesar's swelling fame,
Who only look'd, and over came.

Nor one, nor all those Worthy Nine,
Nor Alexander's great Renown,
Whose deeds were thought almost Divine,
When Victories did his Temples crown ; (alone.
But 'tis the Lord, that Holy One, Whose Praises I will sing

My Heart and Tongue shall both rejoyce,
Whilst Angels all in Consort sing
Aloud with a melodious voice
The praises of sweet Zion's King ;
O 'tis his praise, that Holy One, I am resolv'd to sing alone.

My Heart indites whilst I proclaim
The Praises of the God of Wonder,
My lips still magnifie his Name,
Whose voice is like a mighty Thunder :
I'll praise his Name, and him alone,
Who is the glorious Three in One.

Who

100 An Hymn of Praise to the Sacred Bridegroom.

Whose feet are like to burning Brass,
Whose Eyes like to a flaming Fire,
Who bringeth mighty things to pass,
'Tis him I dread, and do admire:
I'll magnifie his Name alone, who is the glorious Three in One.

My Heart and Pen shall both express,
The Praises of great Juda's Lion,
The sweet and fragrant Flower of Jess,
The holy Lamb, the King of Zion.
To him that sitteth on the Throne, be everlasting praise alone.

Whose Head is whiter than the Snow
That's driven by the Eastern Wind,
Whose Kifage like a flame doth show
Confining all, yet unconfin'd: (One.
For ever prais'd be him alone, Who is the glorious Three in

I'll praise his Name, who hath reveal'd
To me his everlasting Love,
Who with his Wipes my Soul hath heal'd,
Whose Foot-stool's here, his Throne above, (alone.
Let Trumps of Praise be loudly blown, To magnifie his Name

This sacred Subject of my Verse,
Though I poor silly Mortal should
Neglect his Praises to rehearse,
The ragged Rocks and Mountains would (One.
Make his deserved praises known, Who is the glorious Three in

You twinkling Stars that Day and Night
Do your appointed Circuit run,
Sweet Cynthia, in her monthly flight,
Also the bright and flaming Sun, (One.
Throughout the Universe make known the Praises of the Holy

Let every Saint on Earth rejoyce
Whom Christ hath chasen, let him sing,
Whilst I to him lift up my Voice
To sound the Praises of my King:
For He it is, and He alone, hath made me his Beloved one.

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